



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

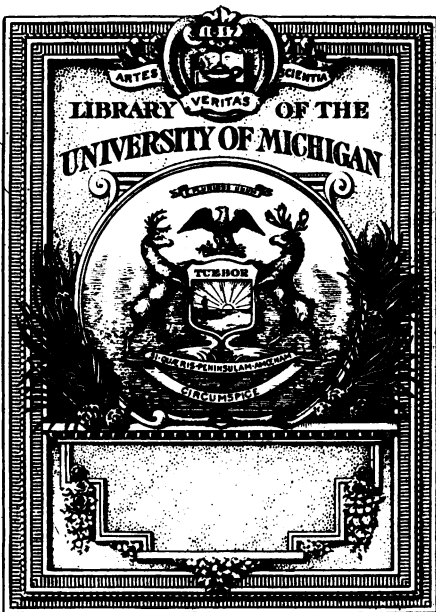
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

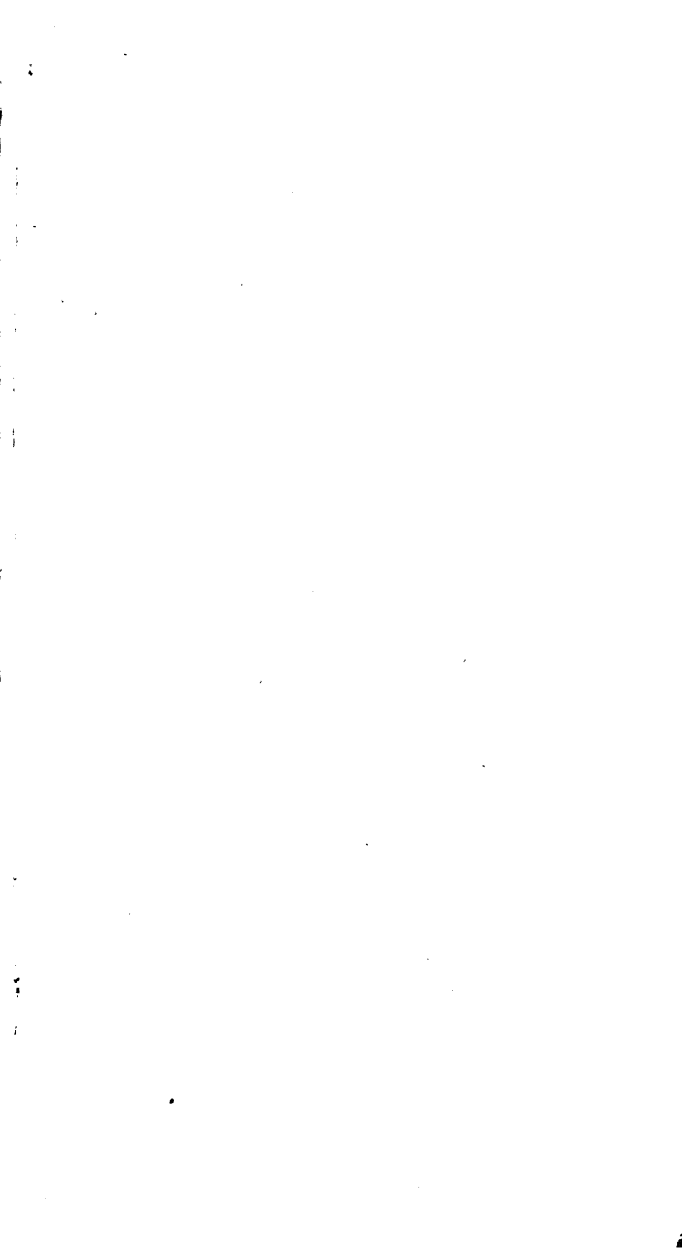
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

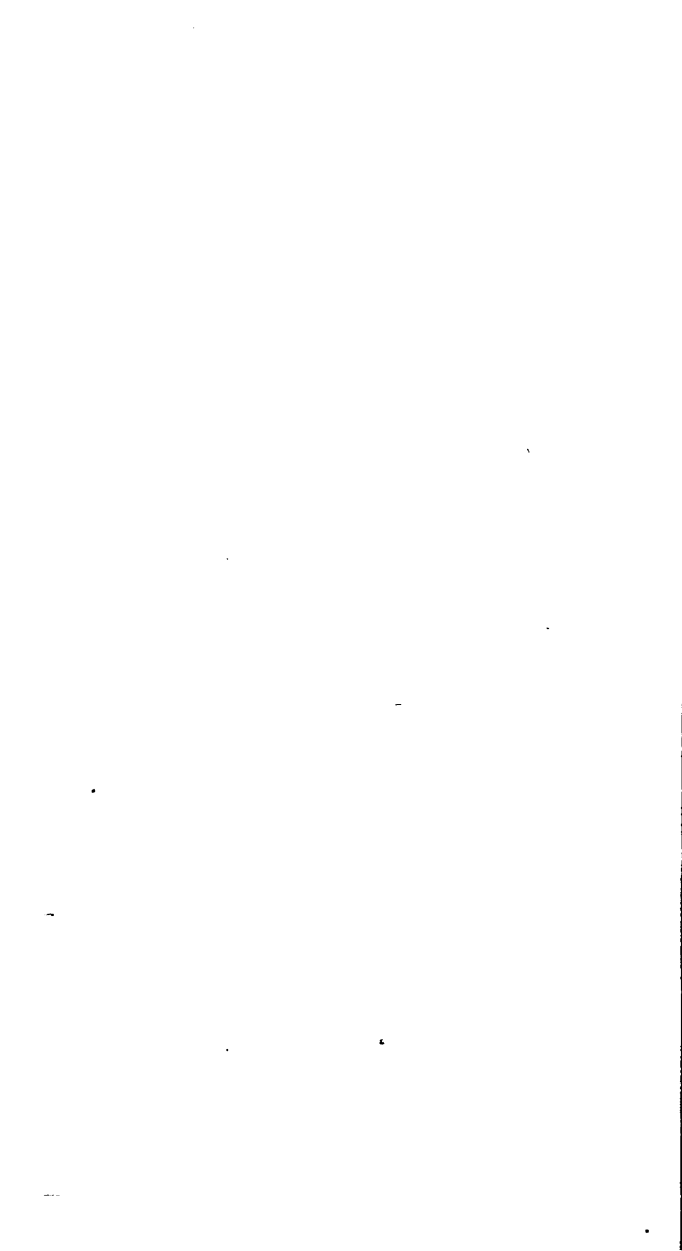












*Joseph Drapfen*

THE

L I F E

OF

Mr. RICHARD SAVAGE,

SON of the EARL RIVERS.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE LIVES OF

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,

AND

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

All written by the Author of the RAMBLER.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, the Corner of St. Paul's  
Church-Yard. 1777-

828

5264

57

1771

lib  
sign  
5-8-30  
21645

( i )

---

THE  
EDITOR'S  
PREFACE.

THE following Lives were written by the ingenious Author of the *Rambler*. The first only has been published separately, the others were many Years ago printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The Life of Mr. SAVAGE has already passed through three Editions, and a fourth being now necessary, the Editor thought the Addition of the Lives of our two celebrated Admirals DRAKE and BLAKE would make the Volume yet more acceptable to the Publick.

It

It is universally allowed, that no Species of Writing is more pleasing than Biography, and nobody ever read the Lives that have been written by this Author without regretting that he did not write more; all Recommendation therefore of those now offered to the Publick is precluded; and with Respect to their Reception, the Editor has so little to fear, that instead of one Volume, he wishes it had been in his Power to publish two.

*St. John's Gate, July 1, 1767.*

---

AN  
A C C O U N T  
O F T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
Mr. RICHARD SAVAGE.

**I**T has been observed in all Ages, that the Advantages of Nature or of Fortune have contributed very little to the Promotion of Happiness; and that those whom the Splendor of their Rank, or the Extent of their Capacity, have placed upon the Summits of Human Life, have not often given any just Occasion to Envy in those who look up to them from a lower Station.. Whether it be that apparent Superiority incites great Designs, and great Designs are naturally liable to fatal Miscarriages, or that the general Lot of Mankind is Misery, and the Misfortunes of those whose Eminence draw upon them an universal Attention, have been more carefully recorded, because they were more generally served, and  
B have,

have, in reality, been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent, or more severe.

That Affluence and Power, Advantages intrinsic and adventitious, and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the mind with Expectation of Felicity which they cannot give, raises no Astonishment; but it seems rational to hope that intellectual Greatness should produce better Effects; that Minds qualified for great Attainments should first endeavour their own Benefit; and that they who are most able to teach others the Way to Happiness, should with most certainty follow it themselves.

But this Expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The Heroes of literary as well as civil History have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered than for what they have achieved; and Volumes have been written only to enumerate the Miseries of the Learned, and relate their unhappy Lives and untimely Deaths.

To these mournful Narratives I am about to add the Life of *Richard Savage*, a Man whose Writings entitle him to an eminent Rank in the Classes of Learning, and whose Misfortunes claim a Degree of Compassion not always due to the Unhappy, as they were often the Consequence of the Crimes of others rather than his own.

In



MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 3

In the Year 1697, *Ann Countess of Macclesfield*, having lived for some Time upon very uneasy Terms with her Husband, thought a public Confession of Adultery the most obvious and expeditious Method of obtaining her Liberty, and therefore declared, that the Child, with which she was then great, was begotten by the *Earl Rivers*. Her Husband, as may be easily imagined, being thus made no less desirous of a Separation than herself, prosecuted his Design in the most effectual Manner; for he applied not to the Ecclesiastical Courts for a Divorce, but to the Parliament for an Act, by which his Marriage might be dissolved, the Nuptial Contract totally annulled, and the Child of his Wife illegitimated. This Act, after the usual Deliberation, he obtained, though without the Approbation of some, who considered Marriage as an Affair only cognizable by Ecclesiastical Judges\*; and on *March* the 3d was separated from his Wife, whose For-

\* This Year was made remarkable by the Dissolution of a Marriage solemnised in the Face of the Church.

*Salmon's Review.*

The following Protest is registered in the Books of the House of Lords:

*Dissentient,*

Because we conceive that this is the first Bill of that Nature that hath passed, where there was not a Divorce first obtained in the Spiritual Court; which we look upon as an ill Precedent, and may be of dangerous Consequence in the future.

*Hallifax.*

*Rocheſter.*

tune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having, as well as her Husband, the Liberty of making another Choice, was in a short Time married to Colonel *Brett*.

While the Earl of *Macclesfield* was prosecuting this Affair, his Wife was, on the 10th of *January*, 1697-8, delivered of a Son; and the Earl *Rivers*, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any Reason to doubt of the Sincerity of her Declaration; for he was his Godfather, and gave him his own Name, which was by his Direction inserted in the Register of *St. Andrew's* Parish in *Holbourn*, but unfortunately left him to the Care of his Mother, whom, as she was now set free from her Husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great Tenderness the Child that had contributed to so pleasing an Event. It is not indeed easy to discover what Motives could be found to over-balance that natural Affection of a Parent, or what Interest could be promoted by Neglect or Cruelty. The Dread of Shame or of Poverty, by which some Wretches have been inclined to abandon or to murder their Children, cannot be supposed to have affected a Woman who had proclaimed her Crimes, and solicited Reproach, and on whom the Clemency of the Legislature had undeservedly bestowed a Fortune that would have been very little diminished by the Expences which the Care of her Child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely

likely that she would be wicked without Temptation, that she would look upon her Son from his Birth with a kind of Resentment and Abhorrence; and instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, delight to see him struggling with Misery; that she would take every Opportunity of aggravating his Misfortunes, and obstructing his Resources, and with an implacable and restless Cruelty continue her Persecution from the first Hour of his Life to the last.

But, whatever were her Motives, no sooner was her Son born, than she discovered a Resolution of disowning him; and in a very short Time removed him from her Sight, by committing him to the Care of a poor Woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true Parents.

Such was the Beginning of the Life of *Richard Savage*: Born with a legal Claim to Honour and to Riches, he was in two Months illegitimated by the Parliament, and disowned by his Mother: doomed to Poverty and Obscurity, and launched upon the Ocean of Life only that he might be swallowed by its Quicksands, or dashed upon its Rocks.

His Mother could not indeed infect others with the same Cruelty: As it was impossible to avoid the Enquiries which the Curiosity or Tenderness of her Relations made after her Child, she was obliged to give some Account of the Measure,

that she had taken; and her Mother, the Lady *Mason*, whether in Approbation of her Design, or to prevent more criminal Contrivances, engaged to transact with his Nurse, pay her for her Care, and superintend his Education.

In this charitable Office she was assisted by his Godmother, Mrs. *Lloyd*, who while she lived, always looked upon him with that Tenderness which the Barbarity of his Mother made peculiarly necessary; but her Death, which happened in his tenth Year, was another of the Misfortunes of his Childhood; for though she kindly endeavoured to alleviate his Loss by a Legacy of three hundred Pounds, yet as he had none to prosecute his Claim, to shelter him from Oppression, or call in Law to the Assistance of Justice, her Will was eluded by the Executors, and no Part of the Money was ever paid.

He was, however, not yet wholly abandoned. The Lady *Mason* still continued her Care, and directed him to be placed at a small Grammar School near St. *Alban's*, where he was called by the Name of his Nurse, without the least Intimation that he had a Claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in Literature, and passed through several of the Classes, with what Rapidity or what Applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with Respect of his Master, it is probable that the mean Rank in which he then appeared, did not hinder his Genius from being dis-

distinguished, or his Industry from being rewarded; and if in so low a State he obtained Distinction and Rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by Genius and Industry.

It is very reasonable to conjecture, that his Application was equal to his Abilities, because his Improvement was more than proportioned to the Opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted that if his earliest Productions had been preserved, like those of happier Students, we might in some have found vigorous Sallies of that sprightly Humour which distinguishes *The Author to be lett*; and, in others, strong Touches of that ardent Imagination which painted the solemn Scenes of *The Wanderer*.

While he was thus cultivating his Genius, his Father, the Earl Rivers, was seized with a Distemper which in a short Time put an End to his Life. He had frequently enquired after his Son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive Answers; but being now, in his own Opinion, on his Death-bed, he thought it his Duty to provide for him among his other natural Children, and therefore demanded a positive Account of him, with an Importunity not to be diverted or denied. His Mother, who could no longer refuse an Answer, determined at least to give such as should cut him off for ever from that Happiness which Competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is,

perhaps, the first Instance of a Lye invented by a Mother to deprive her Son of a Provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should lose it.

This was therefore an Act of Wickedness which could not be defeated, because it could not be suspected; the Earl did not imagine that there could exist in human Form a Mother that would ruin her Son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon some other Person six thousand Pounds which he had in his Will bequeathed to *Savage*.

The same Cruelty which incited his Mother to intercept this Provision which had been intended him, prompted her in a short Time to another Project, a Project worthy of such a Disposition. She endeavoured to rid herself from the Danger of being at any Time made known to him, by sending him secretly to the *American Plantations*.

By whose Kindness this Scheme was counteracted, or by what Interposition she was induced to lay aside her Design, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady *Mason* might persuade or compel her to desist, or perhaps she could not easily find Accomplices wicked enough to concur in so cruel an Action; for it may be conceived, that even those who had by a long Gradation of Guilt hardened their Hearts against the Sense of

common Wickedness, would yet be shocked at the Design of a Mother to expose her Son to Slavery and Want, to expose him without Interest and without Provocation ; and *Savage* might on this Occasion find Protectors and Advocates among those who had long traded in Crimes, and whom Compassion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever Means, from banishing him into another Country, she formed soon after, a Scheme for burying him in Poverty and Obscurity in his own ; and that his Station of Life, if not the Place of his Residence, might keep him for ever at a Distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a Shoemaker in *Holbourn*, that after the usual Time of Trial, he might become his Apprentice.

It is generally reported, that this Project was for some Time successful, and that *Savage* was employed at the Awl longer than he was willing to confess ; nor was it, perhaps, any great Advantage to him, that an unexpected Discovery determined him to quit his Occupation.

About this Time his Nurse, who had always treated him as her own Son, died ; and it was natural for him to take care of those Effects which, by her Death, were, as he imagined, become his own ; he therefore went to her House, opened her Boxes, and examined her Papers, among which he found some Letters written to her by the Lady *Mason*, which informed him

of *\*Woman's a Riddle*, but allowed the unhappy Author no Part of the Profit.

Not discouraged however at this Repulse, he wrote two Years afterwards *Love in a Veil*, another Comedy, borrowed likewise from the *Spanish*, but with little better Success than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared so late in the Year, that the Author obtained no other Advantage from it than the Acquaintance of Sir *Richard Steele*, and Mr. *Wilkes*, by whom he was pitied, caressed and relieved.

Sir *Richard Steele* having declared in his Favour with all the Ardour of Benevolence which constituted his Character, promoted his Interest with the utmost Zeal, related his Misfortunes, applauded his Mérit, took all Opportunities of recommending him, and asserted † that *the Inhumanity of his Mother had given him a Right to find every good Man his Father*.

Nor was Mr. *Savage* admitted to his Acquaintance only, but to his Confidence, of which he sometimes related an Instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just Idea of his Patron's Character.

He was once desired by Sir *Richard*, with an Air of the utmost Importance, to come very early to his House the next Morning. *Mr. Savage*

\* This Play was printed first in 2vo, and afterwards in 12mo, the fifth Edition.

† *Plain Dealer*.



came as he had promised, found the Chariot at the Door, and Sir *Richard* waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whether they were to go, *Savage* could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire, but immediately seated himself with his Friend; the Coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost Expedition to *Hyde-Park-Corner*, where they stopped at a petty Tavern, and retired to a private Room. Sir *Richard* then informed him, that he intended to publish a Pamphlet, and that he desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to the Work, Sir *Richard* dictated, and *Savage* wrote, till the Dinner that had been ordered was put upon the Table. *Savage* was surpris'd at the Meanness of the Entertainment, and, after some Hesitation, ventured to ask for Wine, which Sir *Richard*, not without Reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their Dinner, and proceeded in their Pamphlet, which they concluded in the Afternoon.

Mr. *Savage* then imagined his Task over, and expected that Sir *Richard* would call for the Reckoning, and return home; but his Expectations deceived him, for Sir *Richard* told him that he was without Money, and that the Pamphlet must be sold before the Dinner could be paid for; and *Savage* was therefore obliged to go and offer their new Production to Sale for two Guineas, which

which, with some Difficulty, he obtained. *Sir Richard* then returned home, having retired that Day only to avoid his Creditors, and composed the Pamphlet only to discharge his Reckoning.

*Mr. Savage* related another Fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no Relation to his Life, ought to be preserved. *Sir Richard Steele* having one Day invited to his House a great Number of Persons, of the first Quality, they were surpris'd at the Number of Liveries which surrounded the Table; and after Dinner, when Wine and Mirth had set them free from the Observation of rigid Ceremony, one of them enquir'd of *Sir Richard*, how such an expensive Train of Domesticks could be consistent with his Fortune. He with great Frankness confessed, that they were Fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then asked why he did not discharge them, declared they were Bailiffs who had introduced themselves with an Execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with Liveries, that they might do him Credit while they staid.

His Friends were diverted with the Expedient, and by paying the Debt discharged their Attendance, having oblig'd *Sir Richard* to promise, that they should never again find him grac'd with such a Retinue of the same Kind.

Under

Under such a Tutor, *Mr. Savage* was not likely to learn Prudence, or Frugality; and perhaps many of the Misfortunes which the Want of those Virtues brought upon him in the following Parts of his Life, might be justly imputed to so unimproving an Example.

Nor did the Kindness of *Sir Richard* end in common Favours. He propos'd to have established him in some settled Scheme of Life, and to have contracted a Kind of Alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural Daughter, on whom he intended to bestow a thousand Pounds. But though he was always lavish of future Bounties, he conducted his Affairs in such a Manner that he was very seldom able to keep his Promises, or execute his own Intentions; and as he was never able to raise the Sum which he had offer'd, the Marriage was delayed. In the mean time he was officiously informed, that *Mr. Savage* had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the Allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his House.

It is not indeed unlikely that *Savage* might, by his Imprudence, expose himself to the Malice of a Tale-bearer; for his Patron had many Follies, which, as his Discernment easily discovered, his Imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously. A little Knowledge of the World is sufficient to discover that such Weakness

ness is very common, and that there are few who do not sometimes in the Wantonness of thoughtless Mirth, or the Heat of transient Resentment, speak of their Friends and Benefactors with Levity and Contempt, though in their cooler Moments they want neither Sense of their Kindness, nor Reverence for their Virtue. The Fault therefore of Mr. *Savage* was rather Negligence than Ingratitude; but Sir *Richard* must likewise be acquitted of Severity, for who is there that can patiently bear Contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, whose Establishment he has laboured, and whose Interest he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to Fortune, without any other Friend than Mr. *Wilks*; a Man, who whatever were his Abilities or Skill as an Actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his Virtues\*, which are not often to be found

in

\* As it is a Loss to Mankind when any good Action is forgotten, I shall insert another Instance of Mr. *Wilks's* Generosity, very little known. Mr. *Smith*, a Gentleman educated at *Dublin*, being hindered by an Impediment in his Pronunciation from engaging in Orders, for which his Friends designed him, left his own Country, and came to *London* in quest of Employment, but found his Solicitations fruitless, and his Necessities every Day more pressing. In this Distress he wrote a Tragedy, and offered it to the Players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last Hopes defeated, and he had no other Prospect than of the most deplorable Poverty. But Mr. *Wilks* thought his Performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some Reward, and therefore offered him a Benefit. This Favour he improved with so much

Dili-

in the World, and perhaps less often in his Profession than in others. To be humane, generous, and candid, is a very high Degree of Merit in any State; but those Qualities deserve still greater Praise, when they are found in that Condition which makes almost every other Man, for whatever Reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.

As Mr. *Wilks* was one of those to whom Calamity seldom complained without Relief, he naturally took an unfortunate Wit into his Protection, and not only assisted him in any casual Distresses, but continued an equal and steady Kindness to the Time of his Death.

By his Interposition, Mr. *Savage* once obtained from his Mother † fifty Pounds, and a Promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the Fate of this unhappy Man that few Promises of any Advantage to him were performed. His Mother was infected, among others, with the general Madness of the *South Sea Traffick*, and  
having

Diligence, that the House afforded him a considerable Sum, with which he went to *Leyden*, applied himself to the Study of Physic, and prosecuted his Design with so much Diligence and Success, that when Dr. *Eoerbaave* was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper Persons to introduce into *Russia* the Practice and Study of Physic, Dr. *Smith* was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable Pension settled on him at his Arrival, and is now one of the chief Physicians at the *Russian Court*.

† This I write upon the Credit of the Author of his Life, which was published in 1727.

having been disappointed in her Expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the Prospect of sudden Affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the Friendship of *Mr. Wilks*, he was consequently an assiduous Frequenter of the Theatres, and in a short Time the Amusements of the Stage took such Possession of his Mind, that he never was absent from a Play in several Years.

This constant Attendance naturally procured him the Acquaintance of the Players, and among others of *Mrs. Oldfield*, who was so much pleased with his Conversation, and touched with his Misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled Pension of fifty Pounds a Year, which was, during her Life, regularly paid.

That this Act of Generosity may receive its due Praise, and that the good Actions of *Mrs. Oldfield* may not be sullied by her general Character, it is proper to mention what *Mr. Savage* often declared in the strongest Terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other Place than behind the Scenes.

At her Death he endeavoured to shew his Gratitude in the most decent Manner, by wearing Mourning as for a Mother, but did not celebrate her in Elegies, because he knew that too great Profusion of Praise would only have revived those Faults which his natural Equity did not allow  
him.

him to think less, because they were committed by one who favoured him; but of which, though his Virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his Gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the Memory, or diffuse the Censure.

In his *Wanderer* he has, indeed, taken an Opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrates her not for her Virtue, but her Beauty, an Excellence which none ever denied her: This is the only Encomium with which he has rewarded her Liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his Praise. He seems to have thought, that never to mention his Benefactress would have an Appearance of Ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular Performance to her Memory would have only betrayed an officious Partiality, that, without exalting her Character, would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the Kindness of Mr. *Wils*, the Advantage of a Benefit, on which Occasions he often received uncommon Marks of Regard and Compassion; and was once told by the Duke of *Dorset*, that it was just to consider him as an Injured Nobleman, and that in his Opinion the Nobility ought to think themselves obliged, without Solicitation, to take every Opportunity of supporting him by their Countenance and Patronage. But he had generally the Mortification to hear, that the whole Interest of his Mother was employed to frustrate his Applications,

cations, and that she never left any Expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the Possibility of supporting Life. The same Disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among all those over whom Nature or Fortune gave her any Influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her Design, but could not always propagate her Effrontery with her Cruelty; for some of those whom she incited against him were ashamed of their own Conduct, and boasted of that Relief which they never gave him.

In this Censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his Relations; for he has mentioned with Gratitude the Humanity of one Lady, whose Name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom, therefore, I cannot pay the Praises which she deserves, for having acted well, in Opposition to Influence, Precept, and Example.

The Punishment which our Laws inflict upon those Parents who murder their Infants, is well known, nor has its Justice ever been contested; But if they deserve Death who destroy a Child in its Birth, what Pains can be severe enough for her who forbears to destroy him only to inflict sharper Miseries upon him; who prolongs his Life only to make it miserable; and who exposes him, without Care and without Pity, to the Malice of Oppression, the Caprices of Chance, and the Temptations of Poverty; who rejoices to see him overwhelmed with Calamities; and when  
his



his own Industry, or the Charity of others, has enabled him to rise for a short Time above his Miseries, plunges him again into his former Distress?

The Kindness of his Friends not affording him any constant Supply, and the Prospect of improving his Fortune, by enlarging his Acquaintance, necessarily leading him to Places of Expence, he found it necessary \* to endeavour once more at Dramatic Poetry, for which he was now better qualified, by a more extensive Knowledge, and longer Observation. But having been unsuccessful in Comedy, though rather for want of Opportunities than Genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a Tragedy.

The Story which he chose for the Subject was that of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, a Story well adapted to the Stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the present Age, to admit properly the Fictions necessary to complete the Plan; for the Mind which naturally loves Truth is always most offended with the Violation of those Truths of which we are most certain; and we of course conceive those Facts most certain which approach nearest to our own Time.

Out of this Story he formed a Tragedy, which, if the Circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon  
Proof

Proof of Strength of Genius, and Evenness of Mind, of a Serenity not to be ruffled, and an Imagination not to be suppressed.

During a considerable Part of the Time, in which he was employed upon this Performance, he was without Lodging, and often without Meat; nor had he any other Conveniences for Study than the Fields and the Streets allowed him; there he used to walk and form his Speeches, and afterwards step into a Shop, beg for a few Moments the Use of the Pen and Ink, and write down what he had composed upon Paper which he had picked up by Accident.

If the Performance of a Writer thus distressed is not perfect, its Faults ought surely to be imputed to a Cause very different from Want of Genius, and must rather excite Pity than provoke Censure.

But when, under these Discouragements, the Tragedy was finished, there yet remained the Labour of introducing it on the Stage; an Undertaking which, to an ingenuous Mind, was in a very high Degree vexatious and disgusting; for having little Interest or Reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the Players, and admit, with whatever Reluctance, the Emendations of Mr. Cibber, which he always considered as the Disgrace of his Performance.

He had indeed in Mr. Hill another Critic of a very different Class, from whose Friendship he received

received great Assistance on many Occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the utmost Tendernefs and Regard †. He had been for some Time distinguished by him with very particular Kindness, and on this Occasion it was natural to apply to him as an Author of an established Character. He therefore sent this Tragedy to him with a short Copy of Verses, § in which he desired

† He inscribed to him a short Poem, called *The Friend*, printed in his *Miscellanies*, in which he addresses him with the utmost Ardour of Affection.

O lov'd *Hillarius*! thou by Heav'n design'd  
To charm, to mend, and to instruct Mankind:  
To whom my Hopes, Fears, Joys, and Sorrows tend,  
Thou Brother, Father, nearer yet—thou Friend!—  
—Kind are my Wrongs, I thence thy Friendship own,  
What State could bless, were I to thee unknown?  
—While shun'd, obscur'd or thwarted and expos'd,  
By Friends abandon'd, and by Foes enclos'd,  
Thy Guardian Counsel softens ev'ry Care,  
To Ease soothes Anguish, and to Hope, Despair:

§ To A. HILL, *Esq;* with the Tragedy of  
*Sir THOMAS OVERBURY.*

As the Soul stript of mortal Clay  
Shews all divinely fair,  
And boundless roves the Milky Way,  
And views sweet Prospects there:  
This Hero, clog'd with drossy Lines,  
By thee new Vigour tries;  
As thy correcting Hand refines,  
Bright Scenes around him rise.  
Thy Touch brings the with'd Stone to pass,  
So sought, so long foretold;  
It turns polluted Lead and Brass  
At once to pureit Gold.

fired his Correction. Mr. *Hill*, whose Humanity and Politeness are generally known, readily complied with his Request; but as he is remarkable for Singularity of Sentiment, and bold Experiments in Language, Mr. *Savage* did not think his Play much improved by his Innovation, and had even at that Time the Courage to reject several Passages which he could not approve; and what is still more laudable, Mr. *Hill* had the Generosity not to resent the Neglect of his Alterations, but wrote the Prologue and Epilogue, in which he touches on the Circumstances of the Author with great Tenderness.\*

After all these Obstructions and Compliances, he was only able to bring his Play upon the Stage in the Summer, when the chief Actors had retired, and the rest were in Possession of the House for their own Advantage. Among these Mr. *Savage* was admitted to play the Part of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, by which he gained no great Reputation, the Theatre being a Province for which Nature seemed not to have designed him; for neither his Voice, Look, nor Gesture, were such as are expected on the Stage; and he was himself so much ashamed of having been reduced to  
appear

- \* In a full World our Author lives alone,  
Unhappy, and by Consequence unknown;  
Yet amidst Sorrow he disdains Complaint,  
Nor languid in the Race of Life grows faint:  
He swims, unyielding, against Fortune's Stream,  
Nor to his private Sufferings stoops his Theme,

appear as a Player, that he always blotted out his Name from the List, when a Copy of his Tragedy was to be shown to his Friends.

In the Publication of his Performance he was more successful; for the Rays of Genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the Mists which Poverty had been able to spread over it, procured him the Notice and Esteem of many Persons eminent for their Rank, their Virtue, and their Wit.

Of this Play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated Profits arose to an hundred Pounds, which he thought at that Time a very large Sum, having been never Master of so much before.

In the Dedication\*, for which he received ten Guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The Preface contains a very liberal Encomium on the blooming Excellencies of Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, which Mr. *Savage* could not in the latter Part of his Life see his Friends about to read, without snatching the Play out of their Hands.

The Generosity of Mr. *Hill* did not end on this Occasion; for afterwards, when Mr. *Savage's* Necessities returned, he encouraged a Subscription to a Miscellany of Poems in a very extraordinary Manner, by publishing his Story in

\* To ——— *Trylle*, Esq. of *Henefordshire*

the *Plain Dealer*\*, with some affecting Lines†, which he asserts to have been written by Mr. Sa-

\* The *Plain Dealer* was a periodical Paper, written by Mr. Hill and Mr. Bond, whom Mr. Savage called the two contending Powers of Light and Darkness. They wrote by Turns, each six Essays, and the Character of the Work was observed regularly to rise in Mr. Hill's Weeks, and fall in Mr. Bond's.

† Hopeless, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,  
Lost to Delight, and, ev'ry Way, distress'd;  
Cross his cold Bed, in wild Disorder, thrown,  
Thus sigh'd *Ale is*, friendless, and alone——

Why do I breathe?—What joy can Being give,  
When she who gave me Life, forgets I live!  
Feels not these wintry Blasts;—nor heeds my Smart;  
But shuts me from the Shelter of her Heart!  
Saw me expos'd to Want! to Shame! to Scorn!  
To Ills! which make it *Misery* to be born!  
Cast me, regardless, on the World's bleak Wild;  
And bade me be a Wretch, whilst yet a Child!

Where can he hope for Pity, Peace, or Rest,  
Who moves no Softness in a Mother's Breast?  
Custom, Law, Reason, *all!* my Cause forsake,  
And *Nature sleeps*, to keep my Woes *awake!*  
Crimes, which the *Cruel* scarce believe can be,  
The *Kind* are guilty of, to ruin me.  
Ev'n she, who bore me, blasts me with her Hate,  
And, meant my Fortune, makes herself my Fate.

Yet has this sweet Neglecter of my Woes,  
The softest, tend'rest Breast that Pity knows!  
Her Eyes shed Mercy, wheresoe'er they shine;  
And her Soul melts at ev'ry Woe—but mine.  
Sure then! some secret Fate, for Guilt onwill'd,  
Some Sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd!  
Plung'd me, thus deep, in Sorrow's searching Flood,  
And wash'd me from the Mem'ry of her Blood.

But, Oh! whatever Cause has mov'd her Hate,  
Let me but sigh, in Silence, at my Fate!  
The God within, perhaps may touch her Breast;  
And when, she pities, who can be distress'd?

*vage*, upon the Treatment received by him from his Mother, but of which he was himself the Author, as Mr. *Savage* afterwards declared. These Lines, and the Paper in which they were inserted, had a very powerful Effect upon all but his Mother, whom, by making her Cruelty more publick, they only hardened in her Aversion.

Mr. *Hill* not only promoted the Subscription to the Miscellany, but furnished likewise the greatest Part of the Poems of which it is composed, and particularly *The Happy Man*, which he published as a Specimen.

The Subscriptions of those whom these Papers should influence to patronise Merit in Distress, without any other Solicitation, were directed to be left at *Batten's* Coffee-House; and Mr. *Savage* going thither a few Days afterwards, without Expectation of any Effect from his Proposal, found to his Surprise seventy Guineas †, which had been sent him in consequence of the Compassion excited by Mr. *Hill's* pathetic Representation.

† The Names of those who so generously contributed to his Relief, having been mentioned in a former Account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the Duchesse of Cleveland, Lady Cheyney, Lady Castlemain, Lady Gower, Lady Lechmere, the Duchesse Dowager, and Duchesse of Rutland, Lady Strâfford, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, Mrs. Mary Floyer, Mrs. Sofuel Noel, Duke of Rutland, Lord Gainborough, Lord Milfington, Mr. John Savage.

To this Miscellany he published a Preface †, in which he gives an Account of his Mother's Cruelty

† This Preface is as follows :

*Crudelis Mater magis, an Puer improbus ille?*

*Improbus ille Puer; crudelis tu quoque Mater.* VIRG.

My Readers, I am afraid, when they observe *Richard Savage* join'd so close and so constantly, to *son of the late Earl Rivers*, will impute to a ridiculous Vanity, what is the Effect of an unhappy Necessity, which my hard Fortune has thrown me under.—I am to be pardoned for adhering a little tenaciously to my Father, because my Mother will allow me to be No body; and has almost reduced me, among heavier Afflictions, to that uncommon Kind of Want which the *Indians of America* complained of at our first settling among them; when they came to beg Names of the *English*, because (said they) we are poor Men of ourselves, and have none we can lay Claim to.

The good Nature of those, to whom I have not the Honour to be known, would forgive me the ludicrous Turn of this Beginning, if they knew but how little Reason I have to be merry.—It was my Misfortune to be Son of the above mentioned Earl, by the late Countess of *Macclesfield*, (now Widow of Colonel *Henry Bret*) whose Divorce, on Occasion of the Amour which was a Consequence of, has left something on Record, which I take to be very remarkable; and it is this: Certain of our great Judges, in their temporal Decisions, act with a spiritual Regard to *Ecclesiastical Divinity*; and in particular, to the Ten Commandments; Two of which seem, in my Case, to have visibly influenced their Opinions—*Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, pointed fullest on my Mother. But as to *The Lord's visiting the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children*, it was considered as what could regard me only. And for that Reason, I suppose, it had been inconsistent with the Rules of Sanctity, to assign Provision out of my Mother's return'd Estate, for Support of an Infant Sinner.

Thus, while legally the Son of one Earl, and naturally of another, I am, nominally, No-body's Son at all. For, the Lady having given me "too much Father," thought it but an equivalent Deduction to leave me "no Mother," by Way of Balance—So I am sported into the World, a Kind of



erty in a very uncommon Strain of Humour, and with a Gaiety of Imagination, which the Success of his Subscription probably produced.

The

of Shuttlecock, between Law and Nature—If Law had not beaten me back, by the Stroke of an Act on purpose, I had not been *above Wit*, by the Privilege of a Man of Quality: Nay, I might have preserved into the Bargain the Lives of Duke Hamilton and Lord Mohun, whose Dispute arose from the Estate of that Earl of Macclesfield, whom, (but for the mentioned Act) I must have called Father—And, if Nature had not struck me off, with a stronger Blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was most EMPHATICALLY my Father, could never have been told I was dead, when he was about to enable me, by his Will, to have lived to some Purpose. An unaccountable Severity of a Mother! whom I was then not old enough to have deserved it from: And by which I am a single unhappy Instance, among that Nobleman's natural Children, and thrown, friendless on the World, without Means of supporting myself; and without Authority to apply to those whose Duty I know it is to support me.

Thus however ill qualified I am to live by my Wits, I have the best Plea in the World for attempting it; since it is too apparent that I was born to it—Having wearied my Judgment with fruitless Endeavours to be happy, I gave the Reins to my Fancy, that I might learn, at least, to be easy.

But I cease a while to speak of myself, that I may say something of my Miscellany.—I was furnished, by the Verses of my Friends, with Wit enough to deserve a Subscription; but I wanted another much more profitable Quality, which should have emboldened me to solicit it, (another of my Wants, that I hope may be imputed to my Mother!) I had met with little Encouragement but for the Endeavours of some few Gentlemen, in my Behalf, who were generous enough to consider my ill Fortune, as a Merit that entitled me to their Notice.

Among these I am particularly indebted to the Author of the Plain Dealers, who was pleased in two of his Papers (which I entreat his Pardon for re-printing before my Miscellany) to point out my unhappy Story, to the

The Dedication is addressed to the Lady *Mary Wortley Montague*, whom he flatters without Reserve,

World, with so touching a Humanity, and so good an Effect, that many Persons of Quality, of all Ranks, and of both Sexes, distinguished themselves with the Promptness he had hinted to the noble minded; and not staying till they were applied to, sent me the Honour of their Subscriptions, in the most liberal and handsome Manner, for Encouragement of my Undertaking.

I ought here to acknowledge several Favours from Mr. *Hill*, whose Writings are a shining Ornament of this Miscellany; but I wave detaining my Readers, and beg Leave to refer them to a Copy of Verses called *The Friend*; which I have taken the Liberty to address to that Gentleman.

To return to the Lady, my Mother—Had the celebrated Mr. *Locke* been acquainted with her Example, it had certainly appeared in his *Chapter* against innate practical Principles; because it would have completed his Instances of Enormities: Some of which, though not exactly in the Order that he mentions them, are as follow—"Have there not been (says he) whole Nations, and those of the most civilized People, amongst whom the exposing their Children to perish by Want or wild Beasts, has been a Practice as little condemned or scrupled as the begetting them?" Were I inclinable to be serious, I could easily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by *Mrs. Bret*; but if this is any way foreign to my Case, I shall find a nearer Example in the whimsical one that ensues.

It is familiar (says the afore cited Author) among the *Mengrelians*, a People professing Christianity, to bury their Children alive without Scruple—There are indeed sundry Sects of Christians, and I have often wondered which could be my *Mamma's*, but now I find she piously professes and practises Christianity after the Manner of the *Mengrelians*; she industriously obscured me when my Fortune depended on my being known, and, in that Sense, she may be said to have buried me alive; and sure, like a *Mengrelian*, she must have committed the Action without Scruple; for she is a Woman of Spirit, and can see the Consequence without Remorse.—*The Caribbees.*

(con-

serve, and, to confess the Truth with very little  
 \* Art. The same Observation may be extended  
 to

(continues my Author) were wont to castrate their Children in order to fat and eat them—Here indeed I can draw no Parallel; for to speak Justice of the Lady, she never contributed ought to have me pampered, but always promoted my being starved: Nor did she, even in my Infancy, betray Fondness enough to be suspected of a Design to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring me ever to approach her, offered a Bribe to have me shipp'd off in an odd Manner, to one of the Plantations—When I was about fifteen, her Affection began to awake, and had I but known my Interest, I had been handsomely provided for. In short, I was solicited to be bound Apprentice to a very honest and reputable Occupation—a Shoemaker; an Offer which I undutifully rejected. I was, in fine, unwilling to understand her in a literal Sense, and hoped, that, like the Prophets of old, she might have hinted her Mind in a Kind of Parable, or proverbial Way of speaking; as thus—That one Time or other I might, on due Application, have the Honour of taking the Length of her Foot.

Mr. Locke mentions another Set of People that dispatch their Children, if a pretended Astrologer declares them to have unhappy Stars. Perhaps my Mamma has procured some cunning Man to calculate my Nativity; or having had some ominous Dream, which preceded my Birth, the dire Event may have appeared to her in the dark and dreary Bottom of a China Cup, where Coffee-Stains are often consulted for Prophecies, and held as infallible as were the Leaves of the ancient *Sibils*—To be patly serious; I am rather willing to wring her Judgment, by suspecting it to be tainted a little with the Fetters of Superstition, than suppose she can be Mistress of a scared Conscience, and act on no Principle at all.

\* This the following Extract from it will prove.

—“ Since our Country has been honoured with the Glory of your Wit, as elevated and immortal as your Soul, it no longer remains a Doubt whether your Sex have Strength of Mind in Proportion to their Sweetness. There is something in your Verses as distinguished as your Air—They are as strong as Truth, as deep as

to all his Dedications: His Compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the Grace of Order, or the Decency of Introduction: He seems, to have written his Panegyrics, for the Perusal only of his Patrons; and to have imagined that he had no other Task than to pamper them with Praises however gross, and that Flattery would make its Way to the Heart, without the Assistance of Elegance or Invention.

Soon afterwards, the Death of the King furnished a general Subject for a poetical Contest, in which *Mr. Savage* engaged, and is allowed to have carried the Prize of Honour from his Competitors; but I know not whether he gained by his Performance any other Advantage than the Increase of his Reputation; though it must certainly have been with farther Views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a Species of Writing, of which all the Topics had been long before exhausted; and which was made at once difficult by the Multitudes that had failed in it, and those that had succeeded.

Reason, as clear as Innocence, and as smooth as Beauty. — They contain a nameless and peculiar Mixture of Force and Grace, which is at once so movingly serene, and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where but in your Eyes and in your Writings.

“As Fortune is not more my Enemy, than I am the Enemy of Flattery, I know not how I can forbear this Application to your Ladyship, because there is scarce a Possibility that I should say more than I believe, when I am speaking of your Excellence.”

He

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. §3

He was now advancing in Reputation, and though frequently involved in very disagreeable Perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon Mankind; when both his Fame and his Life were endangered by an Event, of which it is not yet determined, whether it ought to be mentioned as a Crime or a Calamity.

On the 20th of November, 1727, Mr. Savage came from Richmond, where he then lodged, that he might pursue his Studies with less Interruption, with an Intent to discharge another Lodging which he had in Westminster; and accidentally meeting two Gentlemen, his Acquaintances, whose Names were *Merchants* and *Gregory*, he went in with them to a neighbouring Coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no Time of Mr. Savage's Life any Part of his Character to be the first of the Company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to Bed in the same House, but there was not Room for the whole Company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the Streets, and divert themselves with such Amusements as should offer themselves till Morning.

In their Walk, they happened unluckily to discover Light in *Robinson's* Coffee-house, near *Charing-Cross*, and therefore went in. *Merchant*, with some Rudeness, demanded a Room; and was told that there was a good Fire in the next Par-

Joan, which the Company were about to leave, being then paying their Reckoning. *Merchant*, not satisfied with this Answer, rushed into the Room, and was followed by his Companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the Company and the Fire, and soon after kicked down the Table. This produced a Quarrel; Swords were drawn on both Sides, and one Mr. *James Sinclair* was killed. *Savage*, having wounded likewise a Maid that held him, forced his Way with *Merchant* out of the House; but being intimidated and confused, without Resolution either to fly or stay, they were taken in a back Court by one of the Company and some Soldiers, whom he had called to his Assistance.

Being secured and guarded that Night, they were in the Morning carried before three Justices, who committed them to the *Gatehouse*, from whence, upon the Death of Mr. *Sinclair*, which happened the same Day, they were removed in the Night to *Newgate*, where they were however treated with some Distinction, exempted from the Ignominy of Chains, and confined, not among the common Criminals, but in the *Press-Yard*.

When the Day of Trial came, the Court was crowded in a very unusual Manner, and the Publick appeared to interest itself as in a Cause of general Concern. The Witnesses against Mr. *Savage* and his Friends were, the Woman who kept the House, which was a House of ill Fame, and

and her Maid, the Men who were in the Room with Mr. *Sinclair*, and a Woman of the Town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in Bed. They swore, in general, that *Merchant* gave the Provocation, which *Savage* and *Gregory* drew their Swords to justify; that *Savage* drew first, and that he stabbed *Sinclair* when he was not in a Posture of Defence, or while *Gregory* commanded his Sword; that after he had given the Thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the Maid clung round him, and one of the Company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the Maid on the Head, but was afterwards taken in a Court.

There was some Difference in their Depositions; one did not see *Savage* give the Wound, another saw it given when *Sinclair* held his Point towards the Ground; and the Woman of the Town asserted, that she did not see *Sinclair's* Sword at all. This Difference however, was very far from amounting to Inconsistency, but it was sufficient to shew, that the Hurry of the Quarrel was such, that it was not easy to discover the Truth with relation to particular Circumstances, and that therefore some Deductions were to be made from the Credibility of the Testimonies.

*Sinclair* had declared several times before his Death, that he received his Wound from *Savage*; nor did *Savage* at his Trial deny the Fact, but  
endea-

endeavour'd partly to extenuate it, by urging the Suddenness of the whole Action, and the Impossibility of any ill Design, or premeditated Malice, and partly to justify it by the Necessity of Self-Defence; and the Hazard of his own Life, if he had lost that Opportunity of giving the Thrust: He observ'd, that neither Reason nor Law oblig'd a Man to wait for the Blow which was threaten'd, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return; that it was always allowable to prevent an Assault, and to preserve Life by taking away that of the Adversary, by whom it was endanger'd.

With regard to the Violence with which he endeavour'd his Escape, he declar'd, that it was not his Design to fly from Justice, or decline a Trial, but to avoid the Expences and Severities of a Prison; and that he intended to have appear'd at the Bar without Compulsion.

This Defence, which took up more than an Hour, was heard by the Multitude that throng'd the Court with the most attentive and respectful Silence: Those who thought he ought not to be acquitted, own'd that Applause could not be refused him; and those who before pitied his Misfortunes, now reverenc'd his Abilities.

The Witnesses which appear'd against him were prov'd to be Persons of Characters which did not entitle them to much Credit; a common Strumpet, a Woman by whom Strumpets were enter-



entertained; and a Man by whom they were supported; and the Character of *Savage* was, by several Persons of Distinction, asserted to be that of a modest inoffensive Man, not inclined to Broils, or to Insolence; and who had, to that Time, been only known for his Misfortunes and his Wit.

Had his Audience been his Judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted; but Mr. *Page*, who was then upon the Bench, treated him with his usual Insolence and Severity; and when he summed up the Evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the Jury, and Mr. *Savage* used to relate it, with this eloquent Harangue.

“Gentlemen of the Jury, you are to consider  
 “that Mr. *Savage* is a very great Man, a much  
 “greater Man than you or I, Gentlemen of the  
 “Jury; that he wears very fine Clothes, much  
 “finer Clothes than you or I, Gentlemen of the  
 “Jury; that he has Abundance of Money in his  
 “Pocket, much more Money than you or I,  
 “Gentlemen of the Jury; but, Gentlemen of  
 “the Jury, is it not a very hard Case, Gentle-  
 “men of the Jury, that Mr. *Savage* should  
 “therefore kill you or me, Gentlemen of the Jury  
 “ry?”

Mr. *Savage* hearing his Defence thus misrepresented, and the Men who were to decide his Fate incited against him by invidious Comparisons, re-  
 solutely

solutely asserted, that his Cause was not candidly explained, and began to recapitulate what he had before said with regard to his Condition, and the Necessity of endeavouring to escape the Expences of Imprisonment; but the Judge having ordered him to be silent, and repeated his Orders without Effect, commanded that he should be taken from the Bar by Force.

The Jury then heard the Opinion of the Judge, that good Characters were of no Weight against positive Evidence, though they might turn the Scale, where it was doubtful; and that though when two Men attack each other, the Death of either is only Man-slaughter; but where one is the Aggressor, as in the Case before them, and in Pursuance of his first Attack, kills the other, the Law supposes the Action, however sudden, to be malicious. They then deliberated upon their Verdict, and determined that Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Gregory* were guilty of Murder; and Mr. *Merchant*, who had no Sword, only of Man-slaughter.

Thus ended this memorable Trial, which lasted eight Hours. Mr. *Savage* and Mr. *Gregory* were conducted back to Prison, where they were more closely confined, and loaded with Irons of fifty Pounds Weight: Four Days afterwards they were sent back to the Court to receive Sentence; on which Occasion Mr. *Savage* made, as far as

it could be retained in Memory, the following Speech :

“ It is now, my Lord, too late to offer any thing  
 “ by Way of Defence, or Vindication; nor can  
 “ we expect ought from your Lordships, in this  
 “ Court, but the Sentence which the Law requires  
 “ you, as Judges, to pronounce against Men of  
 “ our calamitous Condition.—But we are also per-  
 “ suaded, that as mere Men, and out of this Seat  
 “ of rigorous Justice, you are susceptible of the  
 “ tender Passions, and too humane, not to com-  
 “ miserate the unhappy Situation of those whom  
 “ the Law sometimes perhaps ——— exacts ———  
 “ from you to pronounce upon. No Doubt you  
 “ distinguish between Offences, which arise out  
 “ of Premeditation, and a Disposition habituated  
 “ to Vice or Immorality, and Transgressions,  
 “ which are the unhappy and unforeseen Effects of  
 “ a casual Absence of Reason, and sudden Im-  
 “ pulse of Passion: We therefore hope you will  
 “ contribute all you can to an Extension of that  
 “ Mercy, which the Gentlemen of the Jury have  
 “ been pleas'd to shew Mr. *Merchant*, who (al-  
 “ lowing Facts as sworn against us by the Evi-  
 “ dence) has led us into this our Calamity. I  
 “ hope this will not be construed as if we meant  
 “ to reflect upon that Gentleman, or remove any  
 “ Thing from us upon him, or that we repine the  
 “ more

more at our Fate, because he has no Participa-  
 tion of it: No, my Lord! for my Part, I de-  
 clare nothing could more soften my Grief, than  
 to be without any Companion in so great a Mis-  
 fortune.

Mr. *Savage* had now no Hopes of Life but from  
 the Mercy of the Crown, which was very earnest-  
 ly solicited by his Friends, and which, with what-  
 ever Difficulty the Story may obtain Belief, was ob-  
 stituted only by his Mother.

To prejudice the Queen against him, she made  
 Use of an Incident, which was omitted in the Or-  
 der of Time, that it might be mentioned together  
 with the Purpose which it was made to serve. Mr.  
*Savage*, when he had discovered his Birth, had an  
 insatiable Desire to speak to his Mother, who always  
 avoided him in publick, and refused him Admission  
 into her House. One Evening walking, as it was  
 his Custom, in the Street that she inhabited, he  
 saw the Door of her House by Accident open; he  
 entered it, and finding nobody in the Passage to hin-  
 der him, went up Stairs to salute her. She disco-  
 vered him before he could enter her Chamber,  
 alarmed the Family with the most distressful Out-  
 cries; and when she had by her Screams gathered  
 them about her, ordered them to drive out of the  
 House that Villain, who had forced himself in upon

• Mr. *Savage's* Life.

her,

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 48

her, and endeavoured to murder her. *Savage*, who had attempted with the most submissive Tenderness to soften her Rage, hearing her utter so detestable an Accusation, thought it prudent to retire; and I believe, never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

But, shocked as he was with her Falshood and her Cruelty, he imagined that she intended no other Use of her Lye, than to set herself free from his Embraces and Solicitations, and was very far from suspecting that she would treasure it in her Memory, as an Instrument of future Wickedness, or that she would endeavour, for this fictitious Assault, to deprive him of his Life.

But when the Queen was solicited for his Pardon; and informed of the severe Treatments which he had suffered from his Judge, she answered, that however unjustifiable might be the Manner of his Trial, or whatever Extenuation the Action for which he was condemned might admit, she could not think that Man a proper Object of the King's Mercy, who had been capable of entering his Mother's House in the Night, with an Intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious Calumny had been transmitted to the Queen, whether she that invented, had the Front to relate it; whether she found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful Design, I know not; but Methods had been taken to persuade the Queen.

Queen so strongly of the Truth of it, that she for a long Time refused to hear any of those who petitioned for his Life.

Thus had *Savage* perished by the Evidence of a Bawd, a Strumpet, and his Mother, had not Justice and Compassion procured him an Advocate of Rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of Virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His Merit and his Calamitie happened to reach the Ear of the Countess of *Hertford*, who engaged in his Support with all the Tenderness that is excited by Pity, and all the Zeal which is kindled by Generosity; and demanding an Audience of the Queen, laid before her the whole Series of his Mother's Cruelty, exposed the Improbability of an Accusation by which he was charged, with an Intent to commit a Murder, that could produce no Advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former Conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a Reason for extraordinary Severity.

The Interposition of this Lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to Bail, and on the 9th of *March*, 1728, pleaded the King's Pardon.

It is natural to enquire upon what Motives his Mother could prosecute him in a Manner so outrageous and implacable; for what Reason she could employ all the Acts of Malice, and all the Snares of Calumny, to take away the Life of her own Son,

of

of a Son who never injured her, who was never supported by her Expence, nor obstructed any Prospect of Pleasure or Advantage; why she should endeavour to destroy him by a Lye; a Lye which could not gain Credit, but must vanish of itself at the first Moment of Examination, and of which only this can be said to make it probable, that it may be observed from her Conduct, that the most execrable Crimes are sometimes committed without apparent Temptation.

This Mother is still alive\*, and may, perhaps, even yet, though her Malice was so often defeated, enjoy the Pleasure of reflecting, that the Life which she often endeavoured to destroy, was at least shortened by her maternal Offices; that though she could not transport her Son to the Plantations, bury him in the Shop of a Mechanick, or hasten the Hand of the public Executioner, she has yet had the Satisfaction of imbittering all his Hours, and forcing him into Exigences that hurried on his Death.

It is by no Means necessary to aggravate the Enormity of this Woman's Conduct, by placing it in Opposition to that of the Countess of *Hertford*; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve, than to oppress, and to rescue Innocence from Destruction, than to destroy without Injury.

\* *Ann.* 1743.

Mr. *Savage*, during his Imprisonment, his Trial, and the Time in which he lay under Sentence of Death, behaved with great Firmness and Equality of Mind, and confirmed by his Fortitude the Esteem of those, who before admired him for his Abilities. The peculiar Circumstances of his Life were made more generally known by a short Account\*, which was then published, and of which several Thousands were in a few Weeks dispersed over the Nation; and the Compassion of Mankind operated so powerfully in his Favour, that he was enabled, by frequent Presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr. *Gregory* in Prison; and when he was pardoned and released, he found the Number of his Friends not lessened.

The Nature of the Act for which he had been tried, was in itself doubtful; of the Evidences which appeared against him, the Character of the Man was not unexceptionable, that of the Women notoriously infamous; she whose Testimony chiefly influenced the Jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her Assertions. He always himself denied that he was drunk, as he had been generally reported. Mr. *Gregory*, who is now Collector of *Antigua*, is said to declare him far less criminal than he was imagined, even by some who favoured him: And *Page* himself afterwards confessed, that he had

\* Written by Mr. *Beckingham* and another Gentleman.



treated him with uncommon Rigour. When all these Particulars are rated together, perhaps the Memory of *Savage* may not be much softened by his Trial.

Some Time after he had obtained his Liberty, he met in the Street the Woman that had sworn with so much Malignity against him. She informed him that she was in Distress, and with a Degree of Confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her Misery, and taking Pleasure in the Calamities of one who had brought his Life into Danger, reproved her gently for her Perjury, and changing the only Guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.

This is an Action which, in some Ages, would have made a Saint, and perhaps in others, a Hero; and which, without any hyperbolic Encomiums, must be allowed to be an Instance of uncommon Generosity, an Act of complicated Virtue; by which he at once relieved the Poor, corrected the Vicious, and forgave an Enemy; by which he at once remitted the strongest Provocations, and exercised the most ardent Charity.

Compassion was indeed the distinguishing Quality of *Savage*; he never appeared inclined to take Advantage of Weakness, to attack the Defenceless, or to press upon the Falling; whoever was distressed, was certain at least of his good Wishes; and when he could give no Assistance, to extricate them

them from Misfortunes, he endeavoured to soothe them by Sympathy and Tenderness.

But when his Heart was not softened by the Sight of Misery, he was sometimes obstinate in his Resentment; and did not quickly lose the Remembrance of an Injury. He always continued to speak with Anger of the Insolence and Partiality of *Page*, and a short Time before his Death revenged it by a Satire\*.

It

\* This Satire, from which the following Lines are extracted, was called by Mr. *Savage*, AN EPISTLE ON AUTHORS. It was never printed intire, but several Fragments were inserted by him in the *Magazine*, after his Retirement into the Country.

Were all like *YORKE* of delicate Address,  
Strength to discern, and Sweetness to express;  
Learn'd, just, polite, born ev'ry Heart to gain;  
Like *Cummins* mild, like (a) *Fortescue* humane;  
All eloquent of Truth, divinely known;  
So deep, so clear, all Science is his own.

How far unlike such Worthies, once a Drudge,  
From flound'ring in low Causes, rose a JUDGE.  
Form'd to make Pleaders laugh, his *Nonsense* thunders,  
And, on low Juries, breathes contagious Blunders.  
His Brothers blush, because no Blush he knows,  
Nor e'er (b) *one uncorrupted Finger shows*.  
See, drunk with Power, the *Circuit Lord* express'd  
Full in his Eye, his Betters stand confest;  
Whose Wealth, Birth, Virtue, from a Tongue so loose,  
'Scape not provincial, vile, Buffoon Abuse.  
Still to what Circuit is assign'd his Name,  
There, swift before him, flies the Warner Fame.  
Contest stops short, Consent yields every Cause  
To Cost, Delay, endures them and withdraws.

But

(a) The Hon. *William Fortescue*, Esq; now Master of the Rolls.

(b) 'When *Page* one uncorrupted Finger shows'

D. of *Warburton*.

It is natural to enquire in what Terms Mr. *Savage* spoke of this fatal Action, when the Danger was over; and he was under no Necessity of using any Art to set his Conduct in the fairest Light. He was not willing to dwell upon it; and if he transiently mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himself as a Murderer, nor as a Man wholly free from the Guilt of Blood†. How much and how long he regretted it, appeared in a § Poem which he published many Years afterwards. On the

But how 'scape *Pris'ners*? To their Trial chain'd,  
 All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.  
 Dire *Guilt*, which else would Detestation cause,  
 Pre-judg'd with Insult, wond'rous Pity draws.  
 But 'scapes ev'n *Innocence* his harsh harangue?  
 Alas—ev'n *Innocence* i self must hang;  
 Must hang to please him, when of Spleen possess'd;  
 Must hang to bring forth an abortive Jest.

Why liv'd he not ere *Star-Chamber* had fail'd,  
 When Fine, Tax, Censure, all, but Law, prevail'd;  
 Or Law, subservient to some murd'rous Will,  
 Became a Precedent to Murder still?  
 Yet ev'n when Patriots did for Traitors bleed,  
 Was e'er the Jobb to such a Slave decreed;  
 Whose Savage Mind wants sophist Art to draw,  
 O'er murder'd Virtue, s;ecious Veils of Law?

*Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1741.*

† In one of his Letters he rules it, a fatal Quarrel, but too well known.

§ Is Chance a Guilt, that my disast'rous Heart,  
 For Mischief never meant, must ever smart?  
 Can Self-Defence be Sin?—Ah! plead no more;  
 What though no purpos'd Malice stain'd thee o'er;  
 Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy Side,  
 Thou hadst not been provok'd, or then hadst dy'd.

Far be the Guilt of Home-shed Blood from all  
 On whom, unsought, embroiling Dangers fall.

the Occasion of a Copy of Verses, in which the Failings of good Men were recounted, and in which the Author had endeavoured to illustrate his Position, that *the best may sometimes deviate from Virtue*, by an Instance of Murder committed by *Savage* in the Heat of Wine, *Savage* remarked, that it was no very just Representation of a good Man, to suppose him liable to Drunkenness, and disposed in his Riots to cut Throats.

He was now indeed at Liberty, but was, as before, without any other Support than accidental Favours, and uncertain Patronage afforded him; Sources by which he was sometimes very liberally supplied, and which at other Times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his life between Want and Plenty; or, what was yet worse, between Boggary and Extravagance; for as whatever he received was the Gift of Chance, which might as well favour him at one Time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had; because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Still the pale *Dead* revives and lives to me,  
 To me, through Pity's Eye, condemn'd to see.  
 Remembrance veils his Rage, but swells his Fate,  
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.  
 Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one Day,  
 What rip'ning Virtues might have made their Way?  
 He might one Day his Country's Friend have prov'd,  
 Been gen'rous, happy, candid and belov'd;  
 He might have sav'd some Worth now doom'd to fall,  
 And I perchance in him have murder'd all.

The BASTARD.

Another

Another Cause of his Profusion was the absurd Kindness of his Friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his Abilities, by treating him at Taverns, and habituated him to Pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, though he purchased the Luxury of a single Night by the Anguish of Cold and Hunger for a Week.

The Experience of these Inconveniences determined him to endeavour after some settled Income, which, having long found Submission and Intreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his Mother by rougher Methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, lost that Tenderness for her, which the whole Series of her Cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the Efforts which she made for his Destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him, and being neutral in his Struggles with Poverty, but always ready to snatch every Opportunity of adding to his Misfortunes, and that she was to be considered as an Enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his Blood could satisfy: He therefore threatened to harass her with Lampoons, and to publish a copious Narrative of her Conduct, unless she consented to purchase an Exemption from Infamy, by allowing him a Pension.

This Expedient proved successful. Whether Shame still survived, though Virtue was extinct,

or whether her Relations had more Delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the Darts which Satire might point at her would glance upon them: Lord *Tyrconnel*, whatever were his Motives, upon his Promise to lay aside his Design of exposing the Cruelty of his Mother, received him into his Family, treated him as his equal, and engaged to allow him a Pension of two hundred Pounds a Year.

This was the Golden Part of Mr. *Savage's* Life; and for some Time he had no Reason to complain of Fortune; his Appearance was splendid, his Expences large, and his Acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought Men of Genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined Taste. To admire Mr. *Savage* was a Proof of Discernment, and to be acquainted with him was a Title to poetical Reputation. His Presence was sufficient to make any Place of publick Entertainment popular; and his Approbation and Example constituted the Fashion. So powerful is Genius, when it is invested with the Glitter of Affluence; Men willingly pay to Fortune that Regard which they owe to Merit, and are pleased when they have an Opportunity at once of gratifying their Vanity, and practising their Duty.

This Interval of Prosperity furnished him with Opportunities of enlarging his Knowledge of human

human Nature, by contemplating Life from its highest Gradations to its lowest; and had he afterwards applied to Dramatic Poetry, he would perhaps not have had many Superiors; for as he never suffered any Scene to pass before his Eyes without Notice, he had treasured in his Mind all the different Combinations of Passions, and the innumerable Mixtures of Vice and Virtue, which distinguish one Character from another; and as his Conception was strong, his Expressions were clear, he easily received Impressions from Objects, and very forcibly transmitted them to others.

Of his exact Observations on human Life he has left a Proof, which would do Honour to the greatest Names, in a small Pamphlet, called, *The Author to be let*, where he introduces *Iscariot Hackney*, a prostitute Scribbler, giving an Account of his Birth, his Education, his Disposition and Morals, Habits of Life, and Maxims of Conduct. In the Introduction are related many secret Histories of the petty Writers of that Time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous Reflections on their Birth, their Circumstances, or those of their Relations; nor can it be denied, that some Passages are such as *Iscariot Hackney* might himself have produced.

He was accused likewise of living in an Appearance of Friendship with some whom he satirised, and of making use of the Confidence which he gained, by a seeming Kindness, to discover

Failings and expose them: It must be confessed, that Mr. *Savage's* Esteem was no very certain Possession, and that he would lampoon at one Time those whom he had praised at another.

It may be alledged, that the same-Man may change his Principles, and that he who was once deservedly commended, may be afterwards satirised with equal Justice; or that the Poet was dazzled with the Appearance of Virtue, and found the Man whom he had celebrated, when he had an Opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the Panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that as a false Satire ought to be recanted, for the sake of him whose Reputation may be injured, false Praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest the Distinction between Vice and Virtue should be lost, lest a bad Man should be trusted upon the Credit of his Encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like Praises by the same Means.

But though these Excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are very seldom satisfactory to Mankind; and the Writer, who is not constant to his Subject, quickly sinks into Contempt, his Satire loses its Force, and his Panegyric its Value, and he is only considered at one Time as a Flatterer, and as a Calumniator at another.

To avoid these Imputations, it is only necessary to follow the Rules of Virtue, and to preserve



serve an unvaried Regard to Truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible, that a Man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful Appearance of Virtue, or by false Evidences of Guilt, such Errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the Name of an Author would never have been made contemptible, had no Man ever said what he did not think, or misled others, but when he was himself deceived.

The *Author to be let* was first published in a single Pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a Collection of Pieces relating to the *Dunciad*, which were addressed by Mr. *Savage* to the Earl of *Middlesex*, in a \* Dedication, which he was prevailed upon

\* *To the Right Hon. the Earl of MIDDLESEX.*

MY LORD,

That elegant Taste in Poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordship, together with that particular Regard, with which you honour the Author to whom these Papers relate, make me imagine this Collection will not be unpleasing to you. And I may presume to say, the Pieces themselves are such as are not unworthy your Lordship's Patronage, my own Part in it excepted. I speak only of the "Author to be let," having no Title to any other, not even the small ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the End I may seem not quite so unworthy of your Lordship's Favour, as some Writers of my Age and Circumstances) that I never was concerned in any Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant Liberty, which most of those Papers take with their Superiors, unjustifiable in any Rank of Men; but detestable in such who do it merely for Hire, and without even the bad Excuse of Passion and Resentment. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon some ad-

upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some Positions, that the true Author

vantageous Proposals, to enter into a † Paper of another Kind, I immediately desisted, on finding admitted into it (though as the Publisher told me merely by Accident) two or three Lines reflecting on a great Minister. Were my Life ever so unhappy, it shall not be stained with a Conduct, which my Birth at least (though neither my Education nor good Fortune) should set me above, much less with any Ingratitude to that noble Person, to whose Intercession (next to his Majesty's Goodness) I owe in a great Measure that Life itself.

— *Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem*

*Finxit, quantum etiam mendacem que improba finget.*

I believe your Lordship will pardon this Digression, or any other which keeps me from the Style, you so much hate, of Dedication.

I will not pretend to display those rising Virtues in your Lordship, which the next Age will certainly know without my Help, but rather relate (what else it will as certainly be ignorant of) the History of these Papers, and the Occasion which produced the "War of the Dunces" (for so it has been commonly called) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for Reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies, to publish such little Pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatise of the Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry. It happened that in one Chapter of this Piece, the several Species of bad Poets were ranged in Classes, to which were prefixed almost all the Letters of the Alphabet (the greatest Part of them at Random) but such was the Number of Poets eminent in that Art, that some one or other took every Letter to himself: All fell into so violent a Fury, that for half a Year, or more, the common News Papers (in most of which they had some Property, as being hired Writers) were filled with the most abusive Falshoods and Scurrilities

† The Paper here meant, was probably the *Grubstreet Journal*, which Mr. Savage was once invited to undertake, but which he declined, whether for the Reason here mentioned is not certain.

thor would perhaps not have published under his own Name; and on which Mr. *Savage* afterwards reflected with no great Satisfaction.

The  
 lities they could possibly devise. A Liberty no way to be wondered at in those People, and in those Papers, that, for many Years during the uncontrolled Liberty of the Press, had aspersed almost all the great *Characters* of the Age; and with this Impunity, their own *Persons* and *Names* being utterly secret and obscure.

This gave Mr. *Pope* the Thought, that he had now some Opportunity of doing Good, by detecting and dragging into Light these common Enemies of Mankind; since to *invalidate* this universal Slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it. He was not without Hopes, that by manifesting the Dulness of those who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Book-fellers would not find their account in employing them, [or the Men themselves, when discovered, want Courage to proceed in so unlawful an Occupation. This it was that gave Birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought it an Happiness, that by the late Flood of Slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar Right over their Names as was necessary to this Design:

On the 12th of *March* 1729, at St. *James's*, that Poem was presented to the KING and QUEEN (who had before been pleased to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole*: And some Days after the whole Impression was taken and dispersed by several Noblemen and Persons of the first Distinction.

It is certainly a true Observation, that no People are so impatient of Censure as those who are the greatest Slanderers; which was wonderfully exemplified on this Occasion. On the Day the Book was first vended, a Crowd of Authors besieged the Shop; Entreaties, Advice, Threats of Law, and Battery, nay Cries of Treason, were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad*. On the other Side, the Bookfellers and Hawkers made as great Efforts to procure it: What could a few poor Authors do against so great a Majority as the Public? There was no stopping a Torrent with a Finger, so out it came.

The Enumeration of the bad Effects of the uncontrolled Freedom of the Press, and the Assertion

tion

Many ludicrous Circumstances attended it: The Dunces (for by this Name they were called) held weekly Clubs, to consult of Hostilities against the Author; one wrote a Letter to a great Minister, assuring him Mr. Pope was the greatest Enemy the Government had; another bought his Image in Clay, to execute him in Effigy; with which sad Sort of Satisfaction the Gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some false Editions of the Book having an Owl in their Frontispiece, the true one to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an Ass laden with Authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same Ass, the new Edition in Octavo returned for Distinction to the Owl again. Hence arose a great Contest of Booksellers against Booksellers, and Advertisements against Advertisements; some recommending the Edition of the Owl, and others the Edition of the Ass; by which Names they came to be distinguished, to the great Honour of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad.

Your Lordship will not think these Particulars altogether unentertaining; nor are they impertinent, since they clear some Passages in the following Collection. The whole cannot but be of some Use, to shew the different Spirit with which good and bad Authors have ever acted, as well as written; and to evince a Truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that—

“ Each bad Author is as bad a Friend.”

However, the Imperfection of this Collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that Poem with which you, my Lord, have honoured the Author of the Dunciad, but which I durst not presume to add in your Absence. As it is, may it please your Lordship to accept of it, as a distant Testimony, with what Respect and Zeal I

My Lord,

your most obedient

and devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.

tion that the *Liberties taken by the Writers of Journals with their Superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable*, very ill became Men, who have themselves not always shewn the exactest Regard to the Laws of Subordination in their Writings, and who have often satirised those that at least thought themselves their Superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary Rank, and employed in the highest Offices of the Kingdom. But this is only an Instance of that Partiality which almost every Man indulges with regard to himself; the Liberty of the Press is a Blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a Calamity when we find ourselves overborn by the Multitude of our Assailants; as the Power of the Crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its Influence, and too little by those in whose Favour it is exerted; and a Standing Army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Mr. *Savage* was likewise very far from believing, that the Letters annexed to each Species of bad Poets in the *Bathos*, were, as he was directed to assert, *set down at Random*; for when he was charged by one of his Friends with putting his Name to such an Improbability, he had no other Answer to make than that *he did not think of it*, and his Friend had too much Tenderness to reply, that next to the Crime of writing contrary to what

he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is false in this Dedication, it is proper that I observe the Impartiality which I recommended, by declaring, what *Savage* asserted, that the Account of the Circumstances which attended the Publication of the *Dunciad*, however strange and improbable, was exactly true.

The Publication of this Piece at this Time raised Mr. *Savage* a great Number of Enemies among those that were attacked by Mr. *Pope*, with whom he was considered as a Kind of Confederate, and whom he was suspected of supplying with private Intelligence and secret Incidents: so that the Ignominy of an Informer was added to the Terror of a Satirist.

That he was not altogether free from literary Hypocrisy, and that he sometimes spoke one thing, and wrote another, cannot be denied, because he himself confessed, that when he lived in great Familiarity with *Dennis*, he wrote an Epigram\* against him.

\* This Epigram was, I believe, never published.

Should *Dennis* publish you had stab'd your Brother,  
Lapspon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;  
Say what Revenge on *Dennis* can be had,  
Too dull for Laughter, for Reply too mad?  
On one so poor you cannot take the Law,  
On one so old your Sword you scorn to draw:  
Uncag'd then let the harmless Monster rage,  
Secure in Dulness, Madness, Want, and Age.

Mr.

Mr. *Savage* however set all the Malice of all the pigmy Writers at Defiance, and thought the Friendship of Mr. *Pope* cheaply purchased by being exposed to their Censure and their Hatred; nor had he any reason to repent of the Preference, for he found Mr. *Pope* a steady and unalienable Friend almost to the End of his Life.

About this Time, notwithstanding his avowed Neutrality with regard to Party, he published a Panegyric on Sir *Robert Walpole*, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty Guineas! a Sum not very large, if either the Excellence of the Performance, or the Wealth of the Patron be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a Person of yet higher Rank, and more desirous in Appearance of being distinguished as a Patron of Literature.

As he was very far from approving the Conduct of Sir *Robert Walpole*, and in Conversation mentioned him sometimes with Acrimony, and generally with Contempt, as he was one of those who were always zealous in their Assertions of the Justice of the late Opposition, jealous of the Rights of the People, and alarmed by the long continued Triumph of the Court; it was natural to ask him what could induce him to employ his Poetry in Praise of that Man, who was, in his Opinion, an Enemy to Liberty, and an Oppressor of his Country? He alledged, that he was then dependent upon Lord *Tyrconnel*,  
who

who was an implicit Follower of the Ministry, and that, being enjoined by him, not without Menace, to write in Praise of his Leader, he had not Resolution sufficient to sacrifice the Pleasure of Affluence to that of Integrity.

On this, and on many other Occasions, he was ready to lament the Misery of living at the Tables of other Men, which was his Fate from the Beginning to the End of his Life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three Months together, a settled Habitation, in which he could claim a Right of Residence.

To this unhappy State it is just to impute much of the Inconstancy of his Conduct, for though a Readiness to comply with the Inclination of others was no Part of his natural Character, yet he was sometimes obliged to relax his Obstinacy, and submit his own Judgment, and even his Virtue, to the Government of those by whom he was supported: So that if his Miseries were sometimes the Consequence of his Faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from Compassion, because his Faults were very often the Effects of his Misfortunes.

In this gay Period\* of his Life, while he was supported by Affluence and Pleasure, he published *The Wanderer*, a moral Poem, of which the Design is comprised in these Lines:



By all public Care, all venal Strife,  
 To try the *still* compar'd with *active Life*;  
 To prove by these, the Sons of Men may owe  
 The Fruits of Bliss to bursting Clouds of Woe;  
 That e'en Calamity, by Thought refin'd,  
 Inspirts and adorns the thinking Mind.

And more distinctly in the following Passage:

By Woe the Soul to daring Action swells,  
 By Woe in plaintless Patience it excels;  
 From Patience prudent, clear Experience springs,  
 And traces Knowledge through the Course of Things.  
 Thence Hope is form'd, thence Fortitude, Success,  
 Renown—whate'er Men covet and care for.

This Performance was always considered by himself as his Master-piece, and Mr. *Pope*, when he was asked his Opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not displeas'd with it, that it gave him more Pleasure at the second Perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to *the Wanderer*, that the Disposition of the Parts is irregular, that the Design is obscure, and the Plan perplexed; that the Images, however beautiful, succeed each other without Order; and that the whole Performance is not so much a regular Fabric, as a Heap of shining Materials thrown together by Accident, which strikes rather with the solemn

Mag-

Magnificence of a stupendous Ruin, than the elegant Grandeur of a finished Pile.

This Criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great Degree just; but Mr. *Savage* was always of a contrary Opinion; he thought his Drift could only be missed by Negligence or Stupidity, and that the whole Plan was regular, and the Parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong Representations of Nature, and just Observations upon Life; and it may easily be observed, that most of his Pictures have an evident Tendency to illustrate his first great Position, *that Good is the Consequence of Evil*. The Sun that burns up the Mountains, fructifies the Vales; the Deluge, that rushes down the broken Rocks with dreadful Impetuosity, is separated into purling Brooks; and the Rage of the Hurricane purifies the Air.

Even in this Poem he has not been able to forbear one Touch upon the Cruelty of his Mother\*, which,

\* False Pride! what Vices on our Conduct steal,  
From the World's Eye one Frailty to conceal!  
Ye cruel Mothers—soft & these Words command—  
So near should Cruelty and Mother stand!  
Can the fond Goat, or tender fleecy Dam  
Howl like the Wolf to tear the Kid or Lamb?  
Yes, there are Mothers—there I fear'd his Aim,  
And conscious trembled at the coming Name:  
Then with a Sigh his issuing Words oppos'd,  
Strait with a falling Tear his Speech he clos'd;  
That Tenderness which Ties of Blood deny,  
Nature repaid me from a Stranger's Eye.  
Pale grow my Checks—

which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a Proof how deep an Impression it had made upon his Mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other Excellencies, that this Poem can promote no other Purposes than those of Virtue, and that it is written with a very strong Sense of the Efficacy of Religion.

But my Province is rather to give the History of Mr. *Savage's* Performances, than to display their Beauties, or to obviate the Criticisms, which they have occasioned, and therefore I shall not dwell upon the particular Passages which deserve Applause: I shall neither show the Excellence of his Descriptions\*, nor expatiate on the terrific

\* *Of his Descriptions this Specimen may be offered.*

Now, from yon Range of Rocks, strong Rays rebound,  
Doubling the Day on flow'ry Plains around;  
Kingcups beneath far striking Colours glance,  
Bright as th' ethereal glows the green Expanse.  
Gems of the Field!—The Topaz charms the Sight,  
Like these, effulging yellow Streams of Light.

From the same Rocks fall Rills with soften'd Force,  
Meet in yon Mead, and swell a River's Source.  
Through her clear Channel shine her sinny Shoals,  
O'er Sands like Gold the liquid Crystal rolls,  
Dim'd in yon coarser Moor her Charms decay,  
And shape through rustling Reeds a rustled Way.  
Near Willows short and bushy Shadows throw:  
Now lost she seems through neither Tracts to flow;  
Yet at yon Point winds out in Silver State,  
Like Virtue from a Labyrinth of Fate.

fic Portrait of *Suicide* †, nor point out the art-  
ful

In length'ning Rows prone from the Mountains run  
The Flocks:—Their Fleeces glist'ning in the Sun;  
Her Streams they seek, and 'twixt her neighb'ring Trees,  
Recline in various Attitudes of Ease;  
Where the Herds sip, the little scaly Fry,  
Swift from the Shore in scatt'ring Myriads fly.

Each liv'ried Cloud, that round th' Horizon glows,  
Shifts in odd Scenes, like Earth from whence it rose.  
The Bee hums wanton in yon Jess'mine Bower,  
And circling tattles, and despoils the Flower.  
Melodious there the plummy Songsters meet,  
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd Retreat.  
Neat, polish'd Mansions rise in Prospects gay;  
Time-better'd Towers frown awful in Decay:  
The Sun plays glitt'ring on the Rocks and Spires,  
And the Lawn lightens with reflected Fires.

† Who, in the second Canto, is thus introduced:

Now Grief and Rage, by gath'ring Sighs suppress'd,  
Swell my full Heart, and heave my lab'ring Breast!  
With struggling starts each vital String they strain,  
And strike the tott'ring Fabrick of my Brain!  
O'er my sunk Spirits frowns a vap'ry Scene,  
Woe's dark Retreat! the madding Maze of Spleen!  
A deep, damp Gloom o'erspreads the murky Cell;  
Here pining Thoughts, and secret Terrors dwell!  
Here learn the Great unreal Wants to feign!  
Unpleasing Truths here mortify the Vain;  
Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,  
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!  
Here first Credulity on Reason won!  
And here *false Zeal* mysterious Rants begun!  
Here *Love* impearls each Moment with a Tear,  
And *Superstition* owes to *Spleen* her Fear!  
—Here the lone Hour, a Blank of Life, displays,  
Till now bad Thoughts a Fiend more active raise;  
A Fiend in evil Moments ever nigh!  
Death in her Hand, and Frenzy in her Eye!  
Her Eye all red, and sunk † A Robe she wore,  
With Life's Calamities embroider'd o'er.

ful Touches \*, by which he has distinguished the

A Mirror in one Hand collective shows,  
 Varied, and multiplied, the Group of Woes.  
 This endless Foe to gen'rous Toil and Pain  
 Lolls on a Couch for Ease, but lolls in vain ;  
 She muses o'er her Woe-embroider'd Vest,  
 And Self Abhorrence heightens in her Breast.  
 To shun her Care, the Force of Sleep she tries,  
 Still wakes her Mind, tho' Slumbers doze her Eyes :  
 She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from Place to Place,  
 With restless, thoughtful, interrupted Pace ;  
 Now eyes the Sun, and curses ev'ry Ray,  
 Now the green Ground, where Colour fades away ;  
 Dim Spectres dance ! Again her Eyes she rears ;  
 Then from the Blood shot Ball wipes Purple Tears ;  
 She presses hard her Brow, with Mischief fraught,  
 Her Brow half bursts with Agony of Thought †  
 From me (she cries) pale Wretch, thy Comfort claim,  
 Born of Despair, and *Suicide* my Name †

\* His three Rebels are thus described :

Of these were three, by different Motives fir'd,  
 Ambition one, and one Revenge inspir'd :  
 The third, O *Mammon*, was thy meaner Slave ;  
 Thou Idol, seldom of the Great and Brave.

*Florio*, whose Life was one continued Feast,  
 His Wealth diminish'd, and his Debts increas'd,  
 Vain Pomp and Equipage his low Desires,  
 Who ne'er to intellectual Bliss aspires ;  
 He, to repair by Vice what Vice has broke,  
 Durst with bold Treasons Judgment's Rod provoke.  
 His Strength of Mind, by Lux'ry half dissolv'd,  
 Ill brooks the Woe where deep he stands involv'd.  
 —His Genius flies ; reflects he now on Prayer ?  
 Alas ! bad Spirits turn those Thoughts to Air.  
 What shall he next ? What ? strait relinquish Breath,  
 To bar a public, just and shameful Death ?  
 Rash, horrid Thought ! yet now afraid to live,  
 Murd'rous he strikes ; may Heav'n the Deed forgive †  
 —Why had he thus false Spirit to rebel ?  
 And why not Fortitude to suffer well †

—Where

the intellectual Features of the Rebels, who suffer Death in his last Canto. It is, however, proper

to

—Where no kind Lips the hallow'd Dirge resound,  
Far from the Compa's of yon sacred Ground ;  
Full in the Centre of three meeting Ways,  
Stalk'd through he lies—Warn'd let the Wicked gaze !

Near yonder Fane where Misery sleeps in Peace,  
Whose Spire fast lessens, as these Shades increase,  
Left to the North, whence oft brew'd Tempests roll,  
Tempests, dire Emblems, *Cosmo*, of thy Soul !  
Thee ! mark that *Cosmo* much for Guile renown'd !  
His Grave by unbid Plants of Poison crown'd.  
When out of Power, through him the Public Good,  
So strong his factious Tribe, suspended stood.  
In Power vindictive Actions were his Aim,  
And Patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous Flame.  
If the best Cause he in the Senate chose,  
Ev'n Right in him from some wrong Motive rose.  
The Bad he loath'd, and would the Weak despise !  
Yet courted for dark Ends, and shunn'd the Wise.  
When ill his Purpose, eloquent his Strain,  
His Malice had a Look and Voice humane ;  
His Smile the Signal of some vile Intent,  
A private Poniard, or empoison'd Scent ;  
Proud, yet to popular Applause a Slave ;  
No Friend he honour'd, and no Foe forgave.  
His Boons unfrequent or unjust to Need,  
The Hire of Guilt, of Infamy the Meed ;  
But if they chanc'd on learned Worth to fall,  
Bounty in him was Ostentation all.  
No true Benevolence his Thought sublimes,  
His noblest Actions are illustrious Crimes.

—*Cosmo*, as Death draws nigh, no more conceals  
That Storm of Passions, which his Nature feels ;  
He feels much Fear, more Anger, and most Pride ;  
But Pride and Anger make all Fear subside.  
Dauntless he meets at length untimely Fate ;  
A desp'rate Spirit ! rather fierce than great.  
Darkling he glides along the dreary Coast,  
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting Ghost.

—Where veiny Marble dignifies the Ground,  
With Emblem fair in Sculptor rising round,

to observe, that *Savage* always declared the Characters wholly fictitious, and without the least Allusion to any real Persons or Actions.

From a Poem so diligently labour'd, and so successfully finished, it might be reasonably expected that he should have gained considerable Advantage; nor can it, without some Degree of

Just where a crossing, length'ning Isle we find,  
Full East; whence God returns to judge Mankind,  
Once lov'd *Horatio* sleeps, a Mind elate!  
Lamented Shade, Ambition was thy Fate!  
Ev'n Angels, wond'ring, oft his Worth survey'd;  
*Behold a Man like one of us!* they said.  
Streight heard the Furies, and with Envy glar'd,  
And to precipitate his Fall prepar'd:  
First *Avarice* came. In vain Self-love she press'd;  
The Poor he pitied still, and still redress'd:  
Learning was his, and Knowledge to commend,  
Of Arts a Patron, and of Want a Friend.  
Next came *Revenge*; but her Essay, how vain!  
Nor Hate nor Envy in his Heart remain:  
No previous Malice could his Mind engage,  
Malice the Mother of vindictive Rage.  
No—from his Life his Foes might learn to live;  
He held it still a Triumph to forgive.  
At length *Ambition* urg'd his Country's Weal,  
Assuming the fair Look of public Zeal;  
Still in his Breast so gen'rous glow'd the Flame,  
The Vice, when there, a Virtue half became.  
His pitying Eye saw Millions in Distress,  
He deem'd it God-like to have Power to bless;  
Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,  
And Virtue and Content were then no more.  
But when to Death by rig'rous Justice doom'd,  
His genuine Spirit Saint-like State resum'd.  
Oft from soft Penitence-dissill'd a Tear;  
Oft Hope in Heavenly Mercy lighten'd Fear,  
Oft would a Drop from struggling Nature fall,  
And then a Smile of Patience brighten all.

Indignation and Concern be told that he sold the Copy for Ten Guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two last Sheets of the Work might be reprinted, of which he had in his Absence intrusted the Correction to a Friend, who was too indolent to perform it with Accuracy.

A superstitious Regard to the Correction of his Sheets was one of Mr. *Savage's* Peculiarities; he often altered, revised, recurred to his first Reading or Punctuation, and again adopted the Alteration; he was dubious and irresolute without End, as on a Question of the last Importance, and at last was seldom satisfied; the Intrusion or Omission of a Comma was sufficient to discompose him, and he would lament an Error of a single Letter as a heavy Calamity. In one of his Letters relating to an Impression of some Verses, he remarks, that he had, with Regard to the Correction of a Proof, *a Spell upon him*; and indeed the Anxiety, with which he dwelt upon the minutest and most trifling Niceties, deserved no other Name than that of Fascination.

That he sold so valuable a Performance for so small a Price, was not to be imputed either to Necessity, by which the Learned and Ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard Conditions, or to Avarice, by which the Booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that Genius by which they are supported, but to that intemperate Desire



of Pleasure, and habitual Slavery to his Passions, which involved him in many Perplexities; he happened at that Time to be engaged in the Pursuit of some trifling Gratification, and being without Money for the present Occasion, sold his Poem to the first Bidder, perhaps for the first Price that was proposed, and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This Poem was address'd to the Lord *Tyrconnel*, not only in the first Lines\*, but in a formal Dedication, filled with the highest Strains of Panegyric, and the warmest Professions of Gratitude, but by no Means remarkable for Delicacy of Connection, or Elegance of Stile.

These Praises in a short Time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the Man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immediately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this Quarrel, which every Day made more bitter, Lord *Tyrconnel* and Mr. *Savage* assign'd very different Reasons, which might, perhaps, all in

\* Fain would my Verse, *Tyrconnel*, boast thy Name,  
 Brownlow at once my Subject, and my Fame:  
 O could that Spirit which thy Bosom warms,  
 Whose Strength surprises, and whose Goodness charms,  
 Thy various Worth—could that inspire my Lays,  
 Envy should smile, and Censure learn to praise:  
 Yet though unequal to a Soul like thine,  
 A gen'rous Soul approaching to divine;  
 While bless'd beneath such Patronage I write,  
 Great my Attempt, though hazardous my Flight.

Realiy

Reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alledged by either Party. Lord *Tyrconnel* affirmed, that it was the constant Practice of Mr. *Savage* to enter a Tavern with any Company that proposed it, drink the most expensive Wines, with great Profusion, and when the Reckoning was demanded, to be without Money. If, as it often happened, his Companions were willing to defray his Part, the Affair ended without any ill Consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the Wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his Method of Composition was, to take them with him to his own Apartment, assume the Government of the House, and order the Butler, in an imperious Manner, to set the best Wine in the Cellar before his Company, who often drank till they forgot the Respect due to the House in which they were entertained, indulged themselves in the utmost Extravagance of Merriment, practised the most licentious Frolics, and committed all the Outrages of Drunkenness.

Nor was this the only Charge which Lord *Tyrconnel* brought against him: Having given him a Collection of valuable Books, stamped with his own Arms, he had the Mortification to see them in a short Time exposed to Sale upon the Stalls; it being usual with Mr. *Savage*, when he wanted a small Sum, to take his Books to the Pawnbroker.

Whoever

Whoever was acquainted with Mr. *Savage*, easily credited both these Accusations; for having been obliged from his first Entrance into the World to subsist upon Expedients, Affluence was not able to exalt him above them; and so much was he delighted with Wine and Conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by Chance, that he would at any Time go to the Tavern, without Scruple, and trust for his Reckoning to the Liberality of his Company, and frequently of Company to whom he was very little known. This Conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those Inconveniences that might be feared by any other Person, for his Conversation was so entertaining, and his Address so pleasing, that few thought the Pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased by paying for his Wine. It was his peculiar Happiness, that he scarcely ever found a Stranger, whom he did not leave a Friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a Friend long, without obliging him to become a Stranger.

Mr. *Savage*, on the other hand, declared that Lord *Tyrconnel*\* quarrelled with him, because he would not subtract from his own Luxury and Extravagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his Resentment was only a Plea

\* His Expression in one of his Letters was, "That I ord  
" T——— had involved his Estate, and therefore poorly  
" sought an Occasion to quarrel with him."

for the Violation of his Promise. He asserted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that Subsistence which he thought not so much a Favour, as a Debt, since it was offered him upon Conditions, which he had never broken; and that his only Fault was, that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged, that Lord *Tyrconnel* often exhorted him to regulate his Method of Life, and not to spend all his Nights in Taverns; and that he appeared very desirous, that he would pass those Hours with him, which he so freely bestowed upon others. This Demand Mr. *Savage* considered as a Censure of his Conduct, which he could never patiently bear; and which even in the latter and cooler Part of his Life was so offensive to him, that he declared it as his Resolution, to spurn that Friend who should presume to dictate to him; and it is not likely, that in his earlier Years he received Admonitions with more Calmness.

He was likewise inclined to resent such Expectations, as tending to infringe his Liberty, of which he was very jealous, when it was necessary to the Gratification of his Passions, and declared, that the Request was still more unreasonable, as the Company to which he was to have been confined was insupportably disagreeable. This Assertion affords another Instance of that Inconsistency of his Writings with his Conversation, which

which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had, in his \* Dedication to *The WANDERER*, extolled the Delicacy and Penetration, the Humanity and Generosity, the Candour and Politeness of the Man, whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a Wretch without Understanding, without Good-Nature, and without Justice; of whose Name he thought himself obliged to leave no Trace in any future Edition of his Writings; and accordingly blotted

\* Part of this Poem had the Honour of your Lordship's Perusal when in Manuscript; and it was no small Pride to me when it met with Approbation.—My Intention is to embrace this Opportunity of throwing out Sentiments that relate to your Lordship's Goodness and Generosity, which give me Leave to say I have lately experienced.

That I *live*, my Lord, is a Proof, that Dependance upon your Lordship and the present Ministry, is an Assurance of Success. I am persuaded Distress in many other Instances, affects your Soul with a Compassion that always shews itself in a Manner most humane and active; that to forgive Injuries, and confer Benefits, is your Delight; and that to deserve your Friendship, is to deserve the Countenance of the best of Men. To be admitted to the Honour of your Lordship's Conversation, (permit me to speak but Justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive, as well as entertaining Parts of Literature: It is to be furnished with the finest Observations upon Human Nature, and to receive from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning Candour, the worthiest and most polite Maxims—such as are always enforced by the Actions of your own Life.—If my future Morals and Writing should gain any Approbation from Men of Parts and Probity, I must acknowledge all to be the Product of your Lordship's Goodness.—

it out of that Copy of *The Wanderer*, which was in his Hands.

During his Continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel, he wrote *The \* Triumph of Health and Mirth,*

\* Of the Numbers and Sentiments, the following Lines will afford a Specimen.

Where *Tbames* with Pride beholds *Augusta's* Charms,  
And *lether India* pours into her Arms,——  
High thron'd appears the laughter-loving Dame——  
Goddess of Mirth——

O'er the gay World the sweet Inspirer reigns,  
Spleen flies, and Elegance her Pomp sustains;  
Thee, Goddess, thee the Fair and Young obey,  
Wealth, Wit, and Music, all confess thy Sway.——

The Goddess summons each illustrious Name,  
Bids the Gay talk, and forms th' amusive Game,  
She whose fair Throat is fix'd in Human Souls,  
From Joy to Joy her Eye delighted rolls:  
But where, she cry'd, is she, my fav'rite she,  
Of all my Race the dearest far to me——

Whose Life's the Source of each refin'd Delight?  
She said, but no *Belinda* glads her Sight——  
In kind low Murmurs all the Loss deplore,  
*Belinda* droops, and Pleasure is no more.

The Goddess silent pant'd in mafeul Air,  
But Mirth, like Virtue, cannot long despair,——  
Strait wafted on the tepid Breeze she flies,  
Where *Bath's* attending Turrets meet her Eyes,  
She flies, her elder Sister Health to find,  
She finds her on a Mountain's Brow reclin'd,  
Around her Birds in earlier Consort sing,  
Her Cheek the Semblance of the kindling Spring.——  
Loose to the Wind her verdant Vestments flow,  
Her Limbs, yet recent from the Springs below:  
Thereof she bathes, then peateful sits secure  
Where ev'ry Breath is fragrant, fresh and pure.——

Hail, Sister, hail, the kindred Goddess cries,  
No common Suppliant stands before your Eyes——  
Strength, Vigour, Wit, depriv'd of thee decline,  
Each finer Sense that forms Delight is thine——

*Mirth*, on the Recovery of Lady *Tyrconnel* from a languishing Illness. This Performance is remarkable, not only for the Gaiety of Ideas, and the Melody of the Numbers, but for the agreeable Fiction upon which it is formed†. *Mirth*, overwhelmed with Sorrow for the Sickness of her Favourite, takes a Flight in Quest of her Sister *Health*, whom she finds reclined upon the Brow of a lofty Mountain, amidst the Fragrance of perpetual Spring, with the Breezes of the Morning sporting about her. Being solicited by her Sister *Mirth*, she readily promises her Assistance, flies away in a Cloud, and impregnates the Waters of *Bath* with new Virtues, by which the Sickness of *Belinda* is relieved.

As the Reputation of his Abilities, the particular Circumstances of his Birth and Life, the Splendor of his Appearance, and the Distinction which was for some Time paid him by Lord *Tyrconnel*, intitled him to Familiarity with Persons of higher Rank, than those to whose Conversation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that Curiosity, which induced him to take a nearer View of those whom their Birth,

Bright Suns by thee diffuse a brighter Blaze,  
 And the fresh Green a fresher Green displays—  
 Such thy vast Power—The Deity replies,  
 Mirth never asks a Boon which Health denies;  
 Our mingled Gifts transcend imperial Wealth,  
 Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspirits Health.

† See the whole Poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. VII. p. 243.

their Employments, or their Fortunes, necessarily place at a Distance from the greatest Part of Mankind, and to examine, whether their Merit was magnified or diminished by the Medium through which it was contemplated ; whether the Splendor with which they dazzled their Admirers, was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the Objects that surrounded them ; and whether great Men were selected for high Stations, or high Stations made great Men.

For this Purpose, he took all Opportunities of conversing familiarly with those who were most conspicuous, at that Time, for their Power, or their Influence ; he watched their looser Moments, and examined their domestic Behaviour, with that Acuteness which Nature had given him, and which the uncommon Variety of his Life had contributed to increase, and that Inquisitiveness, which must always be produced in a vigorous Mind by an absolute Freedom from all pressing or domestic Engagements. His Discernment was quick, and therefore he soon found in every Person, and in every Affair, something that deserved Attention ; he was supported by others, without any Care for himself, and was therefore at Leisure to pursue his Observations.

More Circumstances to constitute a Critic on Human Life could not easily concur, nor indeed could any Man who assumed, from accidental Advantages, more Praise than he could justly claim  
from



from his real Merit, admit an Acquaintance more dangerous than that of *Savage*; of whom likewise it must be confessed, that Abilities really exalted above the common Level, or Virtue refined from Passion, or Proof against Corruption, could not easily find an abler Judge, or a warmer Advocate.

What was the Result of Mr. *Savage's* Enquiry, though he was not much accustomed to conceal his Discoveries, it may not be entirely safe to relate, because the Persons whose Characters he criticised are powerful; and Power and Resentment are seldom Strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly just, because what he asserted in Conversation might, though true in general, be heightened by some momentary Ardour of Imagination; and as it can be delivered only from Memory, may be imperfectly represented; so that the Picture, at first aggravated, and then unskilfully copied, may be justly suspected to retain no great Resemblance of the Original.

It may, however, be observed, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated Ideas of those to whom the Administration of Affairs, or the Conduct of Parties has been intrusted; who have been considered as the Advocates of the Crown, or the Guardians of the People, and who have obtained the most implicit Confidence, and the loudest Applauses. Of one particular Person, who has been at one Time so popular as to be generally

esteemed, and at another so formidable as to be universally detested, he observed, that his Acquisitions had been small, or that his Capacity was narrow, and that the whole Range of his Mind was from Obscenity to Politics, and from Politics to Obscenity.

But the Opportunity of indulging his Speculations on great Characters, are now at an End. He was banished from the Table of Lord *Tyrconnel*, and turned again adrift upon the World, without Prospect of finding quickly any other Harbour. As Prudence was not one of the Virtues by which he was distinguished, he had made no Provision against a Misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined, but that the Separation must for some Time have been preceded by Coldness, Peevishness, or Neglect; though it was undoubtedly the Consequence of accumulated Provocations on both Sides, yet every one that knew *Savage* will readily believe, that to him it was sudden as a Stroke of Thunder; that though he might have transiently expected it, he had never suffered any Thought so unpleasing to sink into his Mind, but that he had driven it away by Amusements, or Dreams of future Felicity and Affluence, and had never taken any Measures by which he might prevent a Precipitation from Plenty to Indigence.

This Quarrel and Separation, and the Difficulties to which Mr. *Savage* was exposed by them, were:

were soon known both to his Friends and Enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the Behaviour of both, how much is added to the Lustre of Genius, by the Ornaments of Wealth.

His Condition did not appear to excite much Compassion; for he had not always been careful to use the Advantages which he enjoyed with that Moderation, which ought to have been with more than usual Caution preserved by him; who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a Dependant on the Bounty of another, whom he could expect to support him no longer than he endeavoured to preserve his Favour, by complying with his Inclinations; and whom he nevertheless set at Defiance, and was continually irritating by Negligence or Encroachments.

Examples need not be sought, at any great Distance, to prove that Superiority of Fortune has a natural Tendency to kindle Pride, and that Pride seldom fails to exert itself in Contempt and Insult; and if this is often the Effect of hereditary Wealth, and of Honours enjoyed only by the Merit of others, it is some Extenuation of any indecent Triumphs to which this unhappy Man may have been betrayed; that his Prosperity was heightened by the Force of Novelty; and made more intoxicating by a Sense of the Misery in which he had so long languished, and perhaps of the Insults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think

himself entitled to revenge. It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered Pain, to inflict it likewise in their Turn, with the same Injustice, and to imagine that they have a right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.

That Mr. *Savage* was too much elevated by any good Fortune is generally known ; and some Passages of his Introduction to *The Author to be Let*, sufficiently shew, that he did not wholly refrain from such Satire as he afterwards thought very unjust, when he was exposed to it himself, for when he was afterwards ridiculed in the Character of a distressed Poet, he very easily discovered, that Distress was not a proper Subject for Merriment, or Topic of Invective. He was then able to discern, that if Misery be the Effect of Virtue, it ought to be revered ; if of ill-Fortune, to be pitied ; and if of Vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a Punishment adequate to the Crime by which it was produced. And the Humanity of that Man can deserve no Panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a Criminal in the Hands of the Executioner.

But these Reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the first and last Parts of his Life, were, I am afraid, for a long Time forgotten ; at least they were, like many other Maxims, treasured up in his Mind, rather for Show than Use, and operated very little upon his Conduct, however elegantly

gantly he might sometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate them.

His Degradation therefore from the Condition which he had enjoyed with such wanton Thoughtlessness, was considered by many as an Occasion of Triumph. Those who had before paid their Court to him, without Success, soon returned the Contempt which they had suffered, and they who had received Favours from him, for of such Favours as he could bestow he was very liberal, did not always remember them. So much more certain are the Effects of Resentment than of Gratitude: It is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those Faults which place others below them, than those Virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed; but it is likewise more easy to neglect, than to recompense; and though there are few who will practise a laborious Virtue, there will never be wanting Multitudes that will indulge an easy Vice.

*Savage*, however, was very little disturbed at the Marks of Contempt which his ill Fortune brought upon him, from those whom he never esteemed, and with whom he never considered himself as levelled by any Calamities; and though it was not without some Uneasiness that he saw some, whose Friendship he valued, change their Behaviour, he yet observed their Coldness without much Emotion, considered them as the Slaves

of Fortune, and the Worshipers of Prosperity; and was more inclined to despise them, than to lament himself.

It does not appear, that after this Return of his Wants, he found Mankind equally favourable to him, as at his first Appearance in the World. His Story, though in Reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured him no new Friends, and those that had formerly relieved him, thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as criminal, than as unhappy; for the Friends of Lord *Tyrconnel* and of his Mother, were sufficiently industrious to publish his Weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous, and nothing was forgotten that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined, that such Representations of his Faults must make great Numbers less sensible of his Distress; many who had only an Opportunity to hear one Part, made no Scruple to propagate the Account, which they received; many assisted their Circulation from Malice or Revenge, and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better Grace withdraw their Regard, or withhold their Assistance.

*Savage*, however, was not one of those who suffer themselves to be injured without Resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the Faults of  
 Lord

Lord *Tyrconnel*, over whom he obtained at least this Advantage, that he drove him first to the Practice of Outrage and Violence; for he was so much provoked by the Wit and Virulence of *Savage*, that he came with a Number of Attendants, that did no Honour to his Courage, to beat him at a Coffee-House. But it happened that he had left the Place a few Minutes, and his Lordship had, without Danger, the Pleasure of boasting how he would have treated him. Mr. *Savage* went next Day to repay his Visit at his own House, but was prevailed on, by his Domesticks, to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

Lord *Tyrconnel* was accused by Mr. *Savage* of some Actions, which scarcely any Provocations will be thought sufficient to justify; such as seizing what he had in his Lodgings, and other Instances of wanton Cruelty, by which he increased the Distress of *Savage*, without any Advantage to himself.

These mutual Accusations were retorted on both Sides for many Years, with the utmost Degree of Virulence and Rage, and Time seemed rather to augment than diminish their Resentment: That the Anger of Mr. *Savage* should be kept alive is not strange, because he felt every Day the Consequences of the Quarrel; but it might reasonably have been hoped, that Lord *Tyrconnel* might have repented; and at length have forgot those Provocations, which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in Reality much hurt him.

The Spirit of Mr. *Savage* indeed never suffered him to solicit a Reconciliation; he returned Reproach for Reproach, and Insult for Insult; his superiority of Wit supplied the Disadvantages, of his Fortune, and enabled him to form a Party, and prejudice great Numbers in his Favour.

But though this might be some Gratification of his Vanity, it afforded very little Relief to his Necessities; and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon Hardships, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate Complaints, being formed rather to bear Misery with Fortitude, than endure Prosperity with Moderation.

He now thought himself again at Liberty to expose the Cruelty of his Mother; and therefore, I believe, about this Time, published *The Bastard*, a Poem, remarkable for the vivacious Sallies of Thought in the Beginning\*, where he makes a pompous

\* In gayer Hours, when high my Fancy ran,  
The Muse, exulting, thus her Lay began.

Blest be the Bastard's Birth thro' wond'rous Ways,  
He shines eccentric like a Comet's Blaze.  
No sickly Fruit of faint Compliance he !  
He stamps in Nature's Mint with Extasy !  
He lives to build, not boast, a gen'rous Race :  
No tenth Transmitter of a foolish Face.  
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example bounds ;  
His first-born Lights no Prejudice confounds.  
He, kindling, from within, requires no Flame  
He glories in a Bastard's glowing Name.

—Loes'd



pompous Enumeration of the imaginary Advantages of base Birth, and the pathetic Sentiments at the End, where he recounts the real Calamities which he suffered by the Crime of his Parents.

The Vigour and Spirit of the Verses, the peculiar Circumstances of the Author, the Novelty of the Subject, and the Notoriety of the Story, to which the Allusions are made, procured this Per-

—Loos'd to the World's wide Range—enjoin'd no Aim;

Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name :  
Nature's unbounded Son he stands alone,  
His Heart unbiass'd, and his Mind his own.

—O Mother, yet no Mother!—'tis to you,  
My Thanks for such distinguish'd Claims are due.

—What had I lost, if conjugally kind,  
By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,

—You had *saint-drawn* me with a Form alone,  
A lawful Lump of Life by Force your own !

—I had been born your dull domestic Heir ;  
Load of your Life, and Motive of your Care ;  
Perhaps been poorly Rich, and meanly Great ;  
The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State ;  
Lordly, neglectful of a Worth unknown,  
And slumbering in a Seat by Chance my own.

—Thus unprophetic, lately uninspir'd,  
I sung ; gay, flattering Hope my Fancy fir'd ;  
Ealy secure, thro' conscious Scorn of Ill ;  
Nor taught by Wisdom how to balance Will.

—But now expos'd and shrinking from Distress,  
I fly to Shelter while the Tempests press.

After the Mention of the Death of Mr. Sinclair, he goes on thus :

—Where shall my Hope find Rest ?—No Mother's Care  
Shielded my infant Innocence with Pray'r ;  
No Father's guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,  
Call'd forth my Virtues, and from Vice restrain'd.

Performance a very favourable Reception; great Numbers were immediately dispersed, and Editions were multiplied with unusual Rapidity.

One Circumstance attended the Publication, which *Savage* used to relate with great Satisfaction. His Mother, to whom the Poem was *with due Reverence* inscribed, happened then to be at *Bath*, where she could not conveniently retire from Censure, or conceal herself from Observation; and no sooner did the Reputation of the Poem begin to spread, than she heard it repeated in all Places of Concourse; nor could she enter the Assembly Rooms, or cross the *Walls*, without being saluted with some Lines from *The Bastard*.

This was perhaps the first Time that ever she discovered a Sense of Shame, and on this Occasion the Power of Wit was very conspicuous; the Wretch who had, without Scruple, proclaimed herself an Adulteress, and who had first endeavoured to starve her Son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the Representation of her own Conduct, but fled from Reproach, though she felt no Pain from Guilt, and left *Bath* with the utmost Haste, to shelter herself among the Crouds of *London*.

Thus *Savage* had the Satisfaction of finding, that though he could not reform his Mother, he could punish her, and that he did no always suffer alone.

The

The Pleasure which he received from this Increase of his Poetical Reputation, was sufficient for some Time to over-balance the Miseries of Want, which this Performance did not much alleviate; for it was sold for a very trivial Sum to a Bookseller, who, though the Success was so uncommon, that five Impressions were sold, of which many were undoubtedly very numerous, had not Generosity sufficient to admit the unhappy Writer to any Part of the Profit.

The Sale of this Poem was always mentioned by *Mr. Savage* with the utmost Elevation of Heart, and referred to by him as an incontestable Proof of a general Acknowledgment of his Abilities. It was indeed the only Production of which he could justly boast a general Reception.

But though he did not lose the Opportunity which Success gave him of setting a high Rate on his Abilities, but paid due Deference to the Suffrages of Mankind, when they were given in his Favour, he did not suffer his Esteem of himself to depend upon others, nor found any thing sacred in the Voice of the People, when they were inclined to censure him; he then readily shewed the Folly of expecting that the Publick should judge right, observed how slowly poetical Merit had often forced its Way into the World, he contented himself with the Applause of Men of Judgment; and was somewhat disposed to exclude all  
these

those from the Characters of Men of Judgment, who did not applaud him.

But he was at other Times more favourable to Mankind, than to think them blind to the Beauties of his Works, and imputed the Slowness of their Sale to other Causes; either they were published at a Time when the Town was empty, or when the Attention of the Public was engrossed by some Struggle in the Parliament, or some other Object of general Concern; or they were, by the Neglect of the Publisher, not diligently dispersed, or, by his Avarice, not advertised with sufficient Frequency. Address, or Industry, or Liberality, was always wanting; and the Blame was laid rather on any other Person than the Author.

By Arts like these, Arts which every Man practises in some Degree, and to which too much of the little Tranquility of Life is to be ascribed, *Savage* was always able to live at Peace with himself. Had he indeed only made use of these Expedients to alleviate the Loss or Want of Fortune or Reputation, or any other Advantage, which it is not in Man's Power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as Instances of a philosophical Mind, and very properly proposed to the Imitation of Multitudes, who, for want of diverting their Imaginations with the same Dexterity, languish under Afflictions which might be easily removed.

It were doubtless to be wished, that Truth and Reason were universally prevalent ; that every thing were esteemed according to its real Value ; and that Men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their Endeavours after Happiness, by placing it only in Virtue, which is always to be obtained ; but if adventitious and foreign Pleasures must be pursued, it would be perhaps of some Benefit, since that Pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if the Practice of *Savage* could be taught, that Folly might be an Antidote to Folly, and one Fal-lacy be obviated by another.

But the Danger of this pleasing Intoxication must not be concealed ; nor indeed can any one, after having observed the *Life of Savage*, need to be cautioned against it. By imputing none of his Miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same Principles, and follow the same Path ; was never made wiser by his Sufferings, nor preserved by one Misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his Life to tread the same Steps on the same Circle ; always applauding his past Conduct, or at least forgetting it, to amuse himself with Phantoms of Happiness, which were dancing before him ; and willingly turned his Eyes from the Light of Reason, when it would have discovered the Illusion, and shewn him, what he never wished to see, his real state.

He is even accused, after having lulled his Imagination with those ideal Opiates, of having tried the

the same Experiment upon his Conscience; and having accustomed himself to impute all Deviations from the right to foreign Causes, it is certain that he was upon every Occasion too easily reconciled to himself, and that he appeared very little to regret those Practices which had impaired his Reputation. The reigning Error of his Life was, that he mistook the Love for the Practice of Virtue, and was indeed not so much a good Man as the Friend of Goodness.

This at least must be allowed him, that he always preserved a strong Sense of the Dignity, the Beauty, and the Necessity of Virtue, and that he never contributed deliberately to spread Corruption amongst Mankind; his Actions which were generally precipitate, were often blameable; but his Writings, being the Productions of Study, uniformly tended to the Exaltation of the Mind, and the Propagation of Morality and Piety.

These Writings may improve Mankind, when his Failings shall be forgotten, and therefore he must be considered upon the whole as a Benefactor to the World; nor can his personal Example do any Hurt, since whoever hears of his Faults, will hear of the Miseries which they brought upon him, and which would deserve less Pity, had not his Condition been such as made his Faults pardonable. He may be considered as a Child exposed to all the Temptations of Indigence, at an Age

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 97

Age when Resolution was not yet strengthened by Conviction, nor Virtue confirmed by Habit; a Circumstance which in his *Bastard* he laments in a very affecting Manner.

—————No Mother's Care

Shielded my Infant Innocence with Prayer;  
No Father's guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,  
Call'd forth my Virtues, and from Vice restrain'd.

The *Bastard*, however it might provoke or mortify his Mother, could not be expected to melt her to Compassion; so that he was still under the same Want of the Necessaries of Life, and he therefore exerted all the Interest, which his Wit, or his Birth, or his Misfortunes could procure to obtain upon the Death of *Eusden* the Place of Poet Laureat, and prosecuted his Application with so much Diligence, that the King publickly declared it His Intention to bestow it upon him; but such was the Fate of *Savage*, that even the King, when he intended his Advantage, was disappointed in his Schemes; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the Disposal of the Laurel, as one of the Appendages of his Office, either did not know the King's Design, or did not approve it, or thought the Nominatation of the Laureat an Encroachment upon his Rights, and therefore bestowed the Laurel upon *Colly-Cibber*.

Mr. *Savage*, thus disappointed, took a Resolution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him Life, she would enable him to support it;

it; and therefore published a short Poem on her Birth-Day, to which he gave the odd Title of *Volunteer Laureat*. The Event of this Essay he has himself related in the following Letter, which he prefixed to the Poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from whence I have copied it intire, as this was one of the few Attempts in which *Mr. Savage* succeeded.

‘ Mr. URBAN,

‘ IN your Magazine for *February*, you published the last VOLUNTEER LAUREAT, written on a very melancholy Occasion, the Death of the Royal Patroness of Arts and Literature in general, and of the Author of that Poem in particular: I now send you the first that *Mr. Savage* wrote under that Title———This Gentleman, notwithstanding a very considerable Interest, being on the Death of *Mr. Eusden*, disappointed of the Laureat's Place, wrote the following Verses; which were no sooner published but the late Queen sent to a Bookseller for them: The Author had not at that Time a Friend either to get him introduced, or his Poem presented at Court; yet such was the unspeakable Goodness of that Princess, that, notwithstanding this Act of Ceremony was wanting, in a few Days after Publication, *Mr. Savage* received a Bank Bill of Fifty Pounds, and

‘ a gra-



‘ a gracious Message from her Majesty, by the  
 ‘ Lords *North* and *Guilford*, to this Effect:—  
 “ That her Majesty was highly pleased with the  
 “ Verses; that she took particularly kind his  
 “ Lines there relating to the King; that he had  
 “ Permission to write annually on the same Sub-  
 “ ject; and that he should yearly receive the like  
 “ Present, till something better (which was her  
 “ Majesty’s Intention) could be done for him.”  
 ‘ After this he was permitted to present one of  
 ‘ his annual Poems to her Majesty, had the Ho-  
 ‘ nour of kissing her Hand, and met with the  
 ‘ most gracious Reception.

‘ Yours, &c.

## THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A POEM: ON the QUEEN’S BIRTH-DAY.

Humbly addressed to HER MAJESTY.

Twice twenty tedious Moons have roll’d away,  
 Since Hope, kind Flatt’rer, tun’d my pensive Lay,  
 Whisp’ring, that you, who rais’d me from Despair,  
 Meant, by your Smiles, to make Life worth my  
 Care:

With pitying Hand an Orphan’s Tears to screen,  
 And o’er the Motherless extend the Queen.

’Twill be—the Prophet guides the Poet’s Strain †  
 Grief never touch’d a Heart like yours in vain.

Heav’n gave you Power, because you love to bless;  
 And Pity, when you feel it, is Redress.

Two Fathers join'd to rob my Claim of one !  
 My Mother too thought fit to have no Son !  
 The Senate next, whose Aid the Helpless own,  
 Forgot my Infant Wrongs, and mine alone !  
 Yet Parents pitiless, nor Peers unkind,  
 Nor Titles lost, nor Woes mysterious join'd,  
 Strip me of Hope—by Heav'n thus lowly laid,  
 To find a *Pharaoh's* Daughter in the Shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when Wrongs implore,  
 Your Heart is Woman, tho' your Mind be more ;  
 Kind, like the Power who gave you to our Pray'rs,  
 You would not lengthen Life to sharpen Cares :  
 They who a barren Leave to live bestow,  
 Snatch but from Death to sacrifice to Woe.  
 Hated by her, from whom my Life I drew,  
 Whence should I hope, if not from Heaven and  
 you !

Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's Rod, '  
 My Queen, my Mother ; and my Father, God.

The pitying Muses saw me Wit pursue,  
 A *Bastard Son*, alas ! on that Side too,  
 Did not your Eyes exalt the Poet's Fire,  
 And what the Muse denies, the Queen inspire ?  
 While rising thus your heavenly Soul to view,  
 I learn how Angels think, by copying you.

Great Princess ! 'tis decreed—once ev'ry Year  
 I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer ;

Thus

Thus shall the Poet his low Genius raise,  
 And charm the World with Truths too vast for Praise.  
 Nor need I dwell on Glories all your own,  
 Since surer Means to tempt your Smiles are known;  
 Your Poet shall allot your Lord his Part,  
 And paint him in his noblest Throne, your Heart.

Is there a Greatness that adorns him best,  
 A King With that ripens in his Breast?  
 Has he fore-meant some distant Age to bless,  
 Dilate Oppression, or expect Distress?  
 Plans he some Scheme to reconcile Mankind,  
 People the Seas, and busy every wind?  
 Would he, by Pity, the Deceiv'd reclaim,  
 And smite contending Factions into Shame?  
 Would his Example lend his Laws a Weight,  
 And breathe his own soft Morals o'er his State?  
 The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,  
 And teach the World his Praise to charm his  
 Queen.

Such be the annual Truths my Verse imparts,  
 Nor frown, fair *Favourite*, of a People's Hearts!  
 Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your Eye,  
 My Muse unpension'd might her Pinions try,  
 Fearless to fail, while you indulge her Flame,  
 And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's Name;  
 Renobled thus by Wreaths my Queen bestows,  
 I lose all Memory of Wrongs and Woes.

Such was the Performance, and such its Reception; a Reception which, though by no means unkind, was yet not in the highest Degree generous: To chain down the Genius of a Writer to an annual Panegyric, shewed in the Queen too much Desire of hearing her own Praises, and a greater Regard to herself than to him on whom her Bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious Generosity, by which Flattery was rather purchased than Genius rewarded.

Mrs. *Oldfield* had formerly given him the same Allowance with much more heroic Intention; she had no other View than to enable him to prosecute his Studies, and to set himself above the Want of Assistance, and was contented with doing Good, without stipulating for Encomiums.

Mr. *Savage* however was not at Liberty to make Exceptions, but was ravished with the Favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised; he considered himself now as a Favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual Poems would establish him in some profitable Employment.

He therefore assumed the Title of *Volunteer Laureat*, not without some Reprehensions from *Gibber*, who informed him, that the Title of *Laureat* was a Mark of Honour conferred by the King, from whom all Honour is derived, and which therefore no Man has a Right to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with  
equal

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 97

equal Propriety stile himself a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet. It cannot be denied that the Remark was just, but *Savage* did not think any Title, which was conferred upon Mr. *Cibber*, so honourable as that the Usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an Instance of very exorbitant Vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same Title, and received every Year the same Reward.

He did not appear to consider these Encomiums as Tests of his Abilities, or as any thing more than annual Hints to the Queen of her Promise, or Acts of Ceremony, by the Performance of which he was intitled to his Pension, and therefore did not labour them with great Diligence, or print more than fifty each Year, except that for some of the last Years he regularly inserted them in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by which they were dispersed over the Kingdom.

Of some of them he had himself to low an Opinion, that he intended to omit them in the Collection of Poems, for which he printed Proposals, and solicited Subscriptions; nor can it seem strange, that being confined to the same Subject, he should be at some Times indolent, and at others unsuccessful; that he should sometimes delay a disagreeable Task, till it was too late to perform it well; or that he should sometimes repeat the same Sentiment on the same Occasion, or at others be

missed by an Attempt. after Novelty to forced Conceptions, and far-fetched Images.

He wrote indeed with a double Intention, which supplied him with some Variety; for his Business was to praise the Queen for the Favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the Delay of those which she had promised: In some of his Pieces, therefore, Gratitude is predominant, and in some Discontent; in some he represents himself as happy in her Patronage, and in others as disconsolate to find himself neglected.

Her Promise, like other Promises made to this unfortunate Man, was never performed, though he took sufficient Care that it should not be forgotten. The Publication of his *Kolunteer Laureat* procured him no other Reward than a regular Remittance of Fifty Pounds.

He was not so depressed by his Disappointments as to neglect any Opportunity that was offered of advancing his Interest. When the Princess *Anne* was married, he wrote a Poem upon her Departure, only, as he declared, *because it was expected from him*, and he was not willing to bar his own Prospects by any Appearance of Neglect.

He never mentioned any Advantage gained by this Poem, or any Regard that was paid to it, and therefore it is likely that it was considered at Court as an Act of Duty, to which he was obliged by his Dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new Favour:

Or perhaps the Queen really intended his Advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish Presents upon a Man whom she intended to establish for Life.

About this Time, not only his Hopes were in Danger of being frustrated, but his Pension likewise of being obstructed, by an accidental Calumny. The Writer of the *Daily Courant*, a Paper then published under the Direction of the Ministry, charged him with a Crime, which, though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very justly have incensed the Queen against him. He was accused by Name of influencing Elections against the Court, by appearing at the Head of a Tory Mob; nor did the Accuser fail to aggravate his Crime, by representing it as the Effect of the most atrocious Ingratitude, and a Kind of Rebellion against the Queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous Death, and afterwards distinguished him by her Favour, and supported by her Charity. The Charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good Fortune very particular. The Place of the Transaction was mentioned, and the whole Series of the Rioter's Conduct related. This Exactness made Mr. *Savage's* Vindication easy, for he never had in his Life seen the Place which was declared to be the Scene of his Wickedness, nor ever had been present in any Town when its Representa-

tives were chosen: This Answer he therefore made haste to publish, with all the Circumstances necessary to make it credible, and very reasonably demanded, that the Accusation should be retracted in the same Paper, that he might no longer suffer the Imputation of Sedition and Ingratitude. This Demand was likewise pressed by him in a private Letter to the Author of the Paper, who either trusting to the Protection of those whose Defence he had undertaken, or having entertained some personal Malice against Mr. *Savage*, or fearing lest by retracting so confident an Assertion, he should impair the Credit of his Paper, refused to give him that Satisfaction.

Mr. *Savage* therefore thought it necessary, to his own Vindication, to prosecute him in the *King's Bench*; but as he did not find any ill Effects from the Accusation, having sufficiently cleared his Innocence, he thought any farther Procedure would have the Appearance of Revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He saw soon afterwards a Process commenced in the same Court against himself, on an Information in which he was accused of writing and publishing an obscene Pamphlet.

It was always Mr. *Savage's* Desire to be distinguished, and when any Controversy became popular, he never wanted some Reason for engaging in it with Ardour, and appearing at the Head of the Party which he had chosen. As he was never  
cele-



celebrated for his Prudence, he had no sooner taken his Side, and informed himself of the chief Topics of the Dispute, than he took all Opportunities of asserting and propagating his Principles, without much Regard to his own Interest, or any other visible Design than that of drawing upon himself the Attention of Mankind.

The Dispute between the Bishop of *London* and the Chancellor, is well known to have been for some Time the chief Topic of political Conversation; and therefore Mr. *Savage*, in pursuance of his Character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the Controvertists with which every Coffee-House was filled on that Occasion. He was an indefatigable Opposer of all the Claims of Ecclesiastical Power, though he did not know on what they were founded, and was therefore no Friend to the Bishop of *London*. But he had another Reason for appearing as a warm Advocate for Dr. *Rundle*, for he was the Friend of Mr. *Foster* and Mr. *Thompson*, who were the Friends of Mr. *Savage*.

Thus remote was his Interest in the Question, which however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great Ardour in a new Poem, called by him, *The Progress of a Divine*, in which he conducts a profligate Priest, by all the Gradations of Wickedness, from a poor

## THE LIFE OF

Curacy in the Country, to the highest Preferments in the Church; and describes, with that Humour which was natural to him, and that Knowledge which was extended to all the Diversities of human Life, his Behaviour in every Station, and insinuates that this Priest thus accomplished found at last a Patron in the Bishop of London.

When he was asked by one of his Friends, on what Pretence he could charge the Bishop with such an Action, he had no more to say, than that he had only inverted the Accusation, and that he thought it reasonable to believe, that he, who obstructed the Rise of a good Man without Reason, would for bad Reasons promote the Exaltation of a Villain.

The Clergy were universally provoked by this Satire; and *Savage*, who, as was his constant Practice, had set his Name to his Performance, was censured in the *Weekly Miscellany* \* with a Severity, which he did not seem inclined to forget.

But

\* A short Satire was likewise published in the same Paper, in which were the following Lines:

For cruel Murder doom'd to Hempen Death,  
*Savage*, by Royal Grace, prolong'd his Breath.  
Well might you think, he spent his future Years  
In Prayer, and Fasting, and repentant Tears.

—But, O vain Hope! — the truly *Savage* cries,  
“ Priests, and their slavish Doctrines, I despise.

“ Shall I

“ Who, by free Thinking to free Action fir'd,

“ In midnight Brawls a deathless Name acquir'd,

“ Now

But a Return of Inveſtive was not thought a ſufficient Punishment. The Court of King's Bench was therefore moved againſt him, and he was obliged to return an Answer to a Charge of Obſcenity. It was urged in his Defence, that Ob-

“ Now ſtoop to *leaves of Eccleſiaſtic Men* —

“ —No, arm'd with Rhime, at Priests I'll take my Aim,

“ Though Prudence bids me murder but their Fame.

*Weekly Miscellany.*

*An Answer was published in the Gentleman's Magazine, written by an unknown Hand, from which the following Lines are selected.*

Transform'd by thoughtleſs Rage, and midnight Wine,

From Malice free, and push'd without *Design*,

In equal Brawl it *Savage* lung'd a Thrust,

And brought the Youth a Victim to the Duſt :

So strong the Hand of Accident appears,

The Royal Hand from Guilt and Vengeance clears.

Instead of waſting “ *all thy future Years,*

“ *Savage, in Pray'r and vain repentant Tears,*”

Exert thy Pen to mend a vicious Age,

To curb the Priest, and ſink his High-Church Rage ;

To ſhew what Frauds the holy Veſtments hide ;

The Neſts of Avarice, Luſt, and pedant Pride.

When change the Scene, let Merit brightly ſhine,

And round the Patriot twiſt the Wreath divine ;

The heav'nly Guide deliver down to Fame ;

In well-tun'd Lays tranſmit a *Faſter's* Name :

Touch every Paſſion with harmonious Art,

Exalt the Genius, and correct the Heart.

Thus future Times ſhall Royal Grace extol ;

Thus poliſh'd Lines thy preſent Fame enrol.

——But grant ———

——Maliciously that *Savage* plung'd the Steel,

And made the Youth its ſhining Vengeance feel ;

My Soul abhors the Act, the Man deteſts,

But more the Bigotry in prieſtly Breſts.

*Gentleman's Magazine, May 1735.*

scenity was criminal, when it was intended to promote the Practice of Vice, but that Mr. *Savage* had only introduced obscene Ideas with the View of exposing them to Detestation and of amending the Age, by shewing the Deformity of Wickedness. This Plea was admitted, and Sir *Philip Yorke*, who then presided in that Court, dismissed the Information, with Encomiums upon the Purity and Excellence of Mr. *Savage's* Writings.

The Prosecution, however, answered in some measure the Purpose of those by whom it was set on Foot; for Mr. *Savage* was so far intimidated by it, that when the Edition of his Poem was sold, he did not venture to reprint it, so that it was in a short Time forgotten, or forgotten by all but those whom it offended.

It is said, that some Endeavours were used to incense the Queen against him, but he found Advocates to obviate at least Part of the Effect; for though he was never advanced, he still continued to receive his Pension.

This Poem drew more Infamy upon him than any Incident of his Life; and as his Conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to secure his Memory from Reproach, by informing those whom he had made his Enemies, that he never intended to repeat the Provocation; and that though, whenever he thought he had any Reason to complain of the Clergy, he used to threaten them  
with

with a new Edition of *The Progress of a Divine*, it was his calm and settled Resolution to suppress it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better Reparation for the Folly or Injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another Poem, called, *The Progress of a Free-thinker*, whom he intended to lead through all the Stages of Vice and Folly, to convert him from Virtue to Wickedness, and from Religion to Infidelity, by all the modish Sophistry used for that Purpose; and at last to dismiss him by his own Hand into the other World.

That he did not execute this Design is a real Loss to Mankind, for he was too well acquainted with all the Scenes of Debauchery to have failed in his Representations of them, and too zealous for Virtue, not to have represented them in such a Manner as should expose them either to Ridicule or Detestation.

But this Plan was, like others, formed and laid aside, till the Vigour of his Imagination was spent, and the Effervescence of Invention had subsided, but soon gave Way to some other Design, which pleased by its Novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was still in his usual Exigencies, having no certain Support but the Pension allowed him by the Queen, which, tho' it might have kept an exact Oeconomist from Want, was very far from being

sufficient for Mr. *Savage*, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his Appetites without the Gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but the Want of Money withheld from partaking of every Pleasure that fell within his View.

His Conduct with regard to his Pension was very particular. No sooner had he changed the Bill, than he vanished from the Sight of all his Acquaintances, and lay for some Time out of the Reach of all the Enquiries that Friendship or Curiosity could make after him; at length he appeared again penniless as before, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been, nor was his Retreat ever discovered.

This was his constant Practice during the whole Time that he received the Pension from the Queen: He regularly disappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed, that he retired to study, and that the Money supported him in Solitude for many Months; but his Friends declared, that the short Time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own Account of his Conduct.

His Politeness and his Wit still raised him Friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that Indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed, and therefore solicited Sir *Robert Walpole* in his Favour with so much Earnestness, that they obtained a Promise of the  
next

next Place that should become vacant, not exceeding two hundred Pounds a Year. This Promise was made with an uncommon Declaration; *that it was not the Promise of a Minister to a Petitioner, but of a Friend to his Friend.*

Mr. *Savage* now concluded himself set at Ease for ever, and, as he observes in a Poem\* written

on

\* *The Poet's Dependence on a Statesman; which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. VI. p. 225.) and contains among others the following Passages:*

Some seem to hint, and others Proof will bring,  
That, from Neglect, my numerous Hardships spring.  
"Seek the great Man," they cry—'tis then decreed  
In him if I court Fortune, I succeed.

What Friends to second? Who, for me, should sue,  
Have Int'rests, partial to themselves, in View,  
They own, my matchless Fate Compassion draws,  
They all wish well, lament, but drop my Cause,  
— Say, shall I turn where *Esere* points my Views;  
At first desert my Friends, at length abuse?  
But on less Terms, in Promise he complies;  
Years bury Years, and Hopes on Hopes arise;  
I trust, am trusted on my fairy Gain;

And Woes on Woes attend, an endless Train.

Be Posts dispos'd at Will!—I have, for these,  
No Gold to plead, no Impudence to tease,  
All Secret Service from my Soul I hate;  
All dark Intrigues of Pleasure, or of State.

—Where these are not, what Claim to me belongs,  
Though mine the *Muse* and *Virtue*, Birth and Wrongs?  
Where lives the Statesman, so in Honour clear,  
To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?  
No!—there to seek, is but to find fresh Pain:  
The Promise broke, renew'd and broke again;  
To be, as *Mercator* designs, receiv'd, refus'd;  
By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;  
To lose that Time, which worthier Thoughts require,  
To lose that Health, which should these Thoughts inspire;

on that Incident of his Life, *trusted* and *was trusted*, but soon found that his Confidence was ill-grounded, and this *friendly* Promise was not inviolable. He spent a long Time in Solicitations, and at last despaired and desisted.

He did not indeed deny, that he had given the Minister some Reason to believe that he should not strengthen his own Interest by advancing him; for he had taken care to distinguish himself in Coffee-Houses as an Advocate for the Ministry of the last Years of Queen *Anne*; and was always ready to justify the Conduct, and exalt the Character of Lord *Bolingbroke*, whom he mentions with great Regard in an Epistle upon Authors, which he wrote about that Time, but was too wise to publish, and of which only some Fragments \* have appeared, inserted by him in the Magazine after his Retirement.

To

To starve on Hope; or, like Camellions, fare  
On ministerial Faith, which means but Air.

—A Scene will shew—(all-righteous Vision haste)

The Meek exalted, and the Proud debas'd!—

Oh! to be there! —to tread that friendly Shore;  
Where *Falshood*, *Pride*, and *Statesmen* are no more!

- \* From these the following Lines are selected, as an Instance rather of his Impartiality than Genius.

Materials which Belief in Gazettes claim,  
Loose strung, run gingling into Hist'ry's Name.  
Thick as *Egyptian* Clouds of raining Flies;  
As thick as Worms where Man corrupting lies;  
As Pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd Pile;  
As Monsters sound'ring in the muddy Nile;

Minutes,



To despair was not, however, the Character of *Savage*; when one Patronage failed, he had recourse

Minutes, Memoirs, Views, and Reviews appear,  
Where Slander darkens each recorded Year.  
In a past Reign is fam'd some am'rous League;  
Some Ring, or Letter, now reveals th' Intrigue;  
Queens with their Minions work unseemly Things,  
And Boys grow Dukes, when Catamites to Kings.  
Does a Prince die? What Poisons they surmise!  
No Royal Mortal sure by Nature dies.  
Is a Prince born? What Birth more base believ'd!  
Or, what's more strange, his Mother ne'er conceiv'd!  
Thus Slander popular o'er Truth prevails,  
And easy Minds imbibe romantic Tales.

Some usurp Names—an *English Garretter*,  
From *Minutes* forg'd, is *Monsieur Menager*.  
—Where *bear-say Knowledge* sits on public Names,  
And bold *Conjecture* or extols, or blames,  
Spring *Party Libels*; from whose Ashes dead,  
A *Monster*, misnam'd *Histry*, lifts its Head:  
Contenting Factions croud to hear its Roar!  
But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.  
From these no Answer, no Applause from those,  
O'er half they simmer, and o'er half they doze.  
So when in Senate, with egregious Pate,  
Perks up Sir——in some deep Debate;  
He hems, looks wise, tunes then his lab'ring Throat,  
To prove Black-White, postpone, or palm the Vote,  
In fly Contempt, some, *bear him!* *bear him!* cry;  
Some yawn, some sneer; none second, none reply.

But dare such Miscreants now rush abroad,  
By Blanket, Cane, Pump, Pillory, unaw'd?  
Dare they imp' Falshood thus, and plume her Wings,  
From present Characters, and recent Things?  
Yes, what Untruths! or Truths in what Disguise!  
What *Boyers*, and what *Oldmixons* arise!  
What *Facts*, from all but *them* and *Slander* screen'd!  
Here meets a Council, no where else conven'd;  
There, from *Originals*, come, thick as spawn,  
*Letters* ne'er wrote, *Memorials* never drawn;  
To *secret Conference*; never held, they yoke  
*Treaties* ne'er plann'd, and *Speeches* never spoke.  
From, *Oldmixon*, thy Brow, too well we know,  
Like *Sin* from *Satan's*, far and wide they go.

recourse to another. The Prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the Merit of some Writers whom Mr. *Savage* did not think superior to himself, and therefore he resolved to address a Poem to him.

For this Purpose he made Choice of a Subject, which could regard only Persons of the highest Rank and greatest Affluence, and which was therefore proper for a Poem intended to procure the Patronage of a Prince; and having retired for some Time to *Richmond*, that he might prosecute his Design in full Tranquillity, without the Temptations of Pleasure, or the Solicitations of Creditors, by which his Meditations were in equal Danger of being disconcerted, he produced a Poem, *On public Spirit, with regard to public Works*.

The Plan of this Poem is very extensive, and comprises a Multitude of Topics, each of which might furnish Matter sufficient for a long Performance, and of which some have already employed more eminent Writers; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole Ex-

In vain may *Saint Jobs* safe in Conscience sit,  
 In vain with Truth confute, condemn with Wit:  
 Confute, condemn, amid selected Friends;  
 There sinks the Justice, there the Satire ends.  
 Here through a *Countrey* scarce such Leaves unclose,  
 From Mold and Dust the Slander sacred grows.  
 Now none reply where all despise the Page,  
 But will dumb Scorn deceive no future Age?

*Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1741.*

tent

## MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. *res*

sent of his own Design, and was writing to obtain a Supply of Wants too pressing to admit of long or accurate Enquiries; he passes negligently over many public Works, which, even in his own Opinion, deserved to be more elaborately treated. But though he may sometimes disappoint his Reader by transient Touches upon these Subjects, which have often been considered, and therefore naturally raise Expectations, he must be allowed amply to compensate his Omissions by expatiating, in the Conclusion of his Work, upon a Kind of Beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent Poet, though it now appears more susceptible of Embellishments, more adapted to exalt the Ideas, and affect the Passions, than many of those which have hitherto been thought most worthy of the Ornaments of Verse. The Settlement of Colonies in uninhabited Countries, the Establishment of those in Security whose Misfortunes have made their own Country no longer pleasing or safe; the Acquisition of Property without Injury to any, the Appropriation of the waste and luxuriant Bounties of Nature, and the Enjoyment of those Gifts which Heaven has scattered upon Regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered without giving Rise to a great Number of pleasing Ideas, and bewildering the Imagination in delightful Prospects; and, therefore, whatever Speculations they may produce

duce in those who have confined themselves to political Studies, naturally fixed the Attention, and excited the Applause of a Poet: The Politician, when he considers Men driven into other Countries for Shelter, and obliged to retire to Forests and Deserts, and pass their Lives and fix their Posterity in the remotest Corners of the World, to avoid those Hardships which they suffer or fear in their native Place, may very properly enquire, why the Legislature does not provide a Remedy for these Miseries, rather than encourage an Escape from them. He may conclude, that the Flight of every honest Man is a Loss to the Community, that those who are unhappy without Guilt ought to be relieved, and the Life which is overburthened by accidental Calamities, set at Ease by the Care of the Public, and that those, who have by Misconduct forfeited their Claim to Favour, ought rather to be made useful to the Society which they have injured, than be driven from it. But the Poet is employed in a more pleasing Undertaking than that of proposing Laws, which, however just or expedient, will never be made, or endeavouring to reduce to rational Schemes of Government Societies which were formed by Chance, and are conducted by the private Passions of those who preside in them. He guides the unhappy Fugitive from Want and Persecution, to Plenty, Quiet, and Security, and  
 seats.

seats him in Scenes of peaceful Solitude, and undisturbed Repose.

*Savage* has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing Sentiments which this Prospect of Retirement suggested to him, to censure those Crimes which have been generally committed by the Discoverers of new Regions, and to expose the enormous Wickedness of making War upon barbarous Nations, because they cannot resist, and of invading Countries because they are fruitful; of extending Navigation only to propagate Vice, and of visiting distant Lands only to lay them waste. He has asserted the natural Equality of Mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that Pride which inclines Men to imagine that Right is the Consequence of Power \*.

\* Learn, future Natives of this promis'd Land,  
 What your Fore fathers ow'd my saving Hand !  
 Learn, when *Despair* such sudden Blis shall see,  
 Such Blis must shine from OGLETHORPE or † Me !  
 Do you the neighb'ring, blameless *Indian* aid,  
 Culture what he neglects, not his invade ;  
 Dare not, Oh ! dare not, with ambitious View,  
 Force or demand Subjection, never due.  
 Let by my specious Name no *Tyrants* rise,  
 And cry, while they enslave, they civilize !  
 Why must I *Afric's* sable Children see  
 Vended for Slaves, though form'd by Nature free ?  
 The nameless Tortures cruel Minds invent,  
 Those to subject, whom Nature equal meant ?  
 If these you dare, albeit unjust Success  
 Empowers you now unpunish'd to oppress,  
 Revolving Empire you and yours may doom ;  
 Rome all subdu'd, yet *Vandals* vanquish'd Rome ;  
 Yes, Empire may revolve, give them the Day,  
 And Yoke may Yoke, and Blood may Blood repay.

† *Publick Spirit.*

His

His Description of the various Miseries which force Men to seek for Refuge in distant Countries, affords another Instance of his Proficiency in the important and extensive Study of human Life; and the Tenderness with which he recounts them, another Proof of his Humanity and Benevolence.

It is observable, that the Close of this Poem discovers a Change which Experience had made in Mr. *Savage's* Opinions. In a Poem written by him in his Youth, and published in his Miscellanies, he declares his Contempt of the contracted Views and narrow Prospects of the middle State of Life, and declares his Resolution either to tower like the Cedar, or be trampled like the Shrub; but in this Poem, though addressed to a Prince, he mentions this State of Life as comprising those who ought most to attract Reward, those who merit most the Confidence of Power, and the Familiarity of Greatness; and accidentally mentioning this Passage to one of his Friends, declared that, in his Opinion, all the Virtue of Mankind was comprehended in that State.

In describing Villas and Gardens, he did not omit to condemn that absurd Custom, which prevails among the *English*, of permitting Servants to receive Money from Strangers for the Entertainment that they receive; and therefore inserted in his Poem these Lines:

But

But what's the show'ring Pride of Gardens rare,  
 However royal, or however fair,  
 If Gates, which to Access should still give Way,  
 Ope but, like *Peter's Paradise*, for Pay?  
 If perquisited Varlets frequent stand,  
 And each new Walk must a new Tax demand?  
 What foreign Eye but with Contempt Surveys?  
 What Muse shall from Oblivion snatch their  
 Praise?

But before the Publication of his Performance, he recollected, that the Queen allowed her Garden and Cave at *Richmond* to be shewn for Money, and that she so openly countenanced the Practice, that she had bestowed the Privilege of shewing them as a Place of Profit, on a Man whose Merit she valued herself upon rewarding, though she gave him only the Liberty of disgracing his Country.

He therefore thought, with more Prudence than was often exerted by him, that the Publication of these Lines might be officiously represented as an Insult upon the Queen, to whom he owed his Life and his Subsistence, and that the Propriety of his Observation would be no Security against the Censures which the Unseasonableness of it might draw upon him; he therefore suppressed the Passage in the first Edition, but after the Queen's Death thought the same Caution no longer necessary, and restored it to the proper Place.

The

The Poem was therefore published without any political Faults, and inscribed to the Prince; but Mr. *Savage* having no Friend upon whom he could prevail to present it to him, had no other Method of attracting his Observation than the Publication of frequent Advertisements, and therefore received no Reward from his Patron, however generous on other Occasions.

This Disappointment he never mentioned without Indignation, being, by some means or other, confident that the Prince was not ignorant of his Address to him; and insinuated, that if any Advances in Popularity could have been made by distinguishing him, he had not written without Notice, or without Reward.

He was once inclined to have presented his Poem in Person, and sent to the Printer for a Copy with that Design; but either his Opinion changed, or his Resolution deserted him, and he continued to resent Neglect, without attempting to force himself into Regard.

Nor was the Public much more favourable than his Patron, for only seventy-two were sold, tho' the Performance was much commended by some whose Judgment in that Kind of Writing is generally allowed. But *Savage* easily reconciled himself to Mankind, without imputing any Defect to his Work, by observing, that his Poem was unluckily published two Days after the Prorogation



gation of the Parliament, and by Consequence at a Time when all those who could be expected to regard it, were in the Hurry of preparing for their Departure, or engag'd in taking Leave of others upon their Dismission from public Affairs.

It must be however allowed, in Justification of the Public, that this Performancé is not the most excellent of Mr. *Savage's* Works, and that tho' it cannot be denied to contain many striking Sentiments, majestic Lines, and just Observations, it is in general not sufficiently polished in the Language, or enlivened in the Imagery, or digested in the Plan.

Thus his Poem contributed nothing to the Alleviation of his Poverty, which was such as very few could have supported with equal Patience, but to which it must likewise be confessed, that few would have been expos'd who receive punctually fifty Pounds a Year; a Salary which, tho' by no means equal to the Demands of Vanity and Luxury, is yet found sufficient to support Families above Want, and was undoubtedly more than the Necessities of Life require.

But no sooner had he received his Pension, than he withdrew to his darling Privacy, from which he returned in a short Time to his former Distress, and for some Part of the Year generally lived by Chance, eating only when he was invited to the Tables of his Acquaintances, from which the Meanness of his Dress often excluded him, when

when the Politeness and variety of his Conversation would have been thought a sufficient Recompence for his Entertainment.

He lodged as much by Accident as he dined, and passed the Night sometimes in mean Houses, which are set open at Night to any casual Wanderers; sometimes in Cellars, among the Riot and Filth of the meanest and most profligate of the Rabble; and sometimes, when he had no Money to support even the Expences of these Receptacles, walked about the Streets till he was weary, and lay down in the Summer upon a Bulk, or in the Winter, with his Associates in Poverty, among the Ashes of a Glass-house.

In this Manner were passed those Days, and those Nights, which Nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated Speculations, useful Studies, or pleasing Conversation. On a Bulk, in a Cellar, or in a Glass-house, among Thieves and Beggars, was to be found the Author of the *Wanderer*, a Man of exalted Sentiments, extensive Views, and curious Observations; the Man, whose Remarks or Life might have assisted the Statesman, whose Ideas of Virtue might have enlightened the Moralist, whose Eloquence might have influenced Senates, and whose Delicacy might have polished Courts.

It cannot be imagined but that such Necessities might sometimes force him upon disreputable Practices; and it is probable that these Lines in

the

the *Wanderer* were occasioned by his Reflections on his own Conduct,

Though Mis'ry leads to Fortitude and Truth,  
 Unequal to the Load this languid Youth,  
 (O! let none censure if untry'd by Grief,  
 Or amidst Woes untempted by Relief,)  
 He stoop'd, reluctant, to mean Acts of Shame,  
 Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd, and blush'd  
 to name.

Whoever was acquainted with him, was certain to be solicited for small Sums, which the Frequency of the Request made in Time considerable, and he was therefore quickly shunned by those who were become familiar enough to be trusted with his Necessities; but his rambling Manner of Life, and constant Appearance at Houses of public Resort, always procured him a new Succession of Friends, whose Kindness had not been exhausted by repeated Requests, so that he was seldom absolutely without Resources, but had in his utmost Exigencies this Comfort, that he always imagined himself sure of speedy Relief.

It was observed, that he always asked Favours of this Kind without the least Submission, or apparent Consciousness of Dependence, and that he did not seem to look upon a Compliance with his Request as an Obligation, that deserved any extraordinary Acknowledgments; but a Refusal was resented by him as an Affront, or complained

of as an Injury; nor did he readily reconcile himself to those who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any Intimation that they expected to be repaid.

He was sometimes so far compassionated by those who knew both his Merit and his Distresses, that they received him into their Families, but they soon discovered him to be a very incommo- dious Inmate; for being always accustomed to an irregular Manner of Life, he could not confine himself to any stated Hours, or pay any Regard to the Rules of a Family, but would prolong his Conversation till Midnight, without considering that Business might require his Friend's Application in the Morning; nor, when he had persuaded himself to retire to Bed, was he without Difficulty called up to Dinner; it was therefore impossible to pay him any Distinction, without the entire Subversion of all Oeconomy, a Kind of Establishment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It must therefore be acknowledged, in Justification of Mankind, that it was not always by the Negligence or Coldness of his Friends that *Savage* was distressed, but because it was in reality very difficult to preserve him long in a State of Ease. To supply him with Money was a hopeless Attempt, for no sooner did he see himself Master of a Sum sufficient to set him free from Care for a Day, than he became profuse and  
luxurious.

passions. When once he had entered a Tavern, or engaged in a Scheme of Pleasure, he never retired till Want of Money obliged him to some new Expedient. If he was entertained in a Family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but Amusements and Jollity; wherever *Savage* entered, he immediately expected that Order and Business should fly before him, that all should thenceforward be left to Hazard, and that no dull Principle of domestic Management should be opposed to his Inclination, or intrude upon his Gaiety.

His Distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his lowest State he wanted not Spirit to assert the natural Dignity of Wit, and was always ready to repress that Insolence which Superiority of Fortune incited, and to trample upon the Reputation which rose upon any other Basis than that of Merit; He never admitted any gross Familiarities, or submitted to be treated otherwise than as an Equal. Once, when he was without Lodging, Meat or Cloaths, one of his Friends, a Man not indeed remarkable for Moderation in his Prosperity, left a Message, that he desired to see him about Nine in the Morning. *Savage* knew that his Intention was to assist him, but was very much disgusted, that he should presume to prescribe the Hour of his Attendance; and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his Kindness.

The same invincible Temper, whether Firmness or Obstinacy, appeared in his Conduct to the Lord *Tyrconnel*, from whom he very frequently demanded that the Allowance which was once paid him should be restored, but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a Moment the Thought of soliciting a Reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the Haughtiness of Superiority, and all the Bitterness of Resentment. He wrote to him, not in a Style of Supplication or Respect, but of Reproach, Menace, and Contempt, and appeared determined, if he ever regained his Allowance, to hold it only by the Right of Conquest.

As many more can discover, that a Man is richer, than that he is wiser than themselves, Superiority of Understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of Condition; nor is that Haughtiness, which the Consciousness of great Abilities incites, borne with the same Submission as the Tyranny of Wealth; and therefore *Savage*, by asserting his Claim to Deference and Regard, and by treating those with Contempt whom better Fortune animated to rebel against him, did not fail to raise a great Number of Enemies in the different Classes of Mankind. Those who thought themselves raised above him by the Advantages of Riches, hated him, because they found no Protection from the Petulance of his Wit. Those who were esteemed for their Writings

ings feared him as a Critic, and maligned him as a Rival, and almost all the smaller Wits were his professed Enemies.

Among these, Mr. *Millar* so far indulged his Resentment as to introduce him in a Farce, and direct him to be personated on the Stage in a Dress like that which he then wore; a mean Insult, which only insinuated that *Savage* had but one Coat, and which was therefore despised by him rather than resented; for though he wrote a Lampon against *Millar*, he never printed it: and as no other Person ought to prosecute that Revenge from which the Person who was injured desisted, I shall not preserve what Mr. *Savage* suppressed; of which the Publication would indeed have been a Punishment too severe for so impotent an Assault.

The great Hardships of Poverty were to *Savage* not the Want of Lodging or of Food, but the Neglect and Contempt which it drew upon him. He complained, that as his Affairs grew desperate, he found his Reputation for Capacity visibly decline; that his Opinion in Questions of Criticism was no longer regarded, when his Coat was out of Fashion; and that those who in the Interval of his Prosperity were always encouraging him to great Undertakings, by Encomiums on his Genius, and Assurances of Success, now received any Mention of his Designs with Coldness, thought that the Subjects on which he proposed to write were

very difficult; and were ready to inform him, that the Event of a Poem was uncertain, that an Author ought to employ much Time in the Consideration of his Plan, and not presume to sit down to write in Confidence of a few cursory Ideas, and a superficial Knowledge; Difficulties were started on all Sides, and he was no longer qualified for any Performance but the *Volunteer Laureat*.

Yet even this Kind of Contempt never depressed him; for he always preserved a steady Confidence in his own Capacity, and believed nothing above his Reach which he should at any Time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed Schemes of the same Kind with Regard to Knowledge and to Fortune, and flattered himself with Advances to be made in Science, as with Riches to be enjoyed in some distant Period of his Life. For the Acquisition of Knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of Riches; for he was naturally inquisitive, and desirous of the Conversation of those from whom any Information was to be obtained, but by no Means solicitous to improve those Opportunities that were sometimes offered of raising his Fortune; and was remarkably retentive of his Ideas, which, when once he was in Possession of them, rarely forsook him; a Quality which could never be communicated to his Money.

While



While he was thus wearing out his Life in Expectation that the Queen would some time recollect her Promise, he had Recourse to the usual Practice of Writers, and published Proposals for printing his Works by Subscription, to which he was encouraged by the Success of many who had not a better Right to the Favour of the Public; but, whatever was the Reason, he did not find the World equally inclined to favour him, and he observed with some Discontent, that tho' he offered his Works at Half a Guinea, he was able to procure but a small Number, in Comparison with those who subscribed twice as much to *Duck*.

Nor was it without Indignation that he saw his Proposals neglected by the Queen, who patronised Mr. *Duck's* with uncommon Ardour, and incited a Competition among those who attended the Court, who should most promote his Interest, and who should first offer a Subscription. This was a Distinction to which Mr. *Savage* made no Scruple of asserting that his Birth, his Misfortunes, and his Genius, gave him a fairer Title than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

*Savage's* Applications were however not universally unsuccessful; for some of the Nobility countenanced his Design, encouraged his Proposals, and subscribed with great Liberality. He related of the Duke of *Chandos* particularly, that,

upon receiving his Proposals, he sent him Ten Guineas.

But the Money which his Subscriptions afforded him was not less volatile than that which he received from his other Schemes; whenever a Subscription was paid him, he went to a Tavern, and as Money so collected is necessarily received in small Sums, he never was able to send his Poems to the Press, but for many Years continued his Solicitation, and squandered whatever he obtained.

This Project of printing his Works was frequently revived, and as his Proposals grew obsolete, new ones were printed with fresher Dates. To form Schemes for the Publication was one of his favourite Amusements, nor was he ever more at Ease than when with any Friend who readily fell in with his Schemes, he was adjusting the Print, forming the Advertisements, and regulating the Dispersion of his new Edition, which he really intended some time to publish, and which, as long Experience had shewn him the Impossibility of printing the Volume together, he at last determined to divide into weekly or monthly Numbers, that the Profits of the first might supply the Expences of the next.

Thus he spent his Time in mean Expedients, and tormenting Suspense, living for the greatest Part in Fear of Prosecutions from his Creditors, and consequently skulking in obscure Parts of the  
Town,

Town, of which he was no Stranger to the remotest Corners, but wherever he came, his Address secured him Friends, whom his Necessities soon alienated, so that he had perhaps a more numerous Acquaintance than any Man ever before attained, there being scarcely any Person eminent on any Account to whom he was not known, or whose Character he was not in some Degree able to delineate.

To the Acquisition of this extensive Acquaintance every Circumstance of his Life contributed. He excelled in the Arts of Conversation, and therefore willingly practised them: He had seldom any Home, or even a Lodging in which he could be private, and therefore was driven into public Houses for the common Conveniences of Life, and Supports of Nature. He was always ready to comply with every Invitation, having no Employment to withhold him, and often no Money to provide for himself; and by dining with one Company, he never failed of obtaining an Introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his Life, and thus casual his Subsistence; yet did not the Distraction of his Views hinder him from Reflection, nor the Uncertainty of his Condition, depress his Gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate Adventure, by which he was led into a Tavern, he sometimes retired into the Fields, and was able to employ his Mind in Study to

amuse it with pleasing Imaginations; and seldom appeared to be melancholy, but when some sudden Misfortune had just fallen upon him, and even then in a few Moments he would disentangle himself from his Perplexity, adopt the Subject of Conversation, and apply his Mind wholly to the Objects that others presented to it.

This Life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbittered, in 1738, with new Calamities. The Death of the Queen deprived him of all the Prospects of Preferment with which he had so long entertained his Imagination; and as Sir *Robert Walpole* had before given him Reason to believe that he never intended the Performance of his Promise, he was now abandoned again to Fortune.

He was, however, at that Time, supported by a Friend; and as it was not his Custom to look out for distant Calamities, or to feel any other Pain than that which forced itself upon his Senses, he was not much afflicted at his Loss, and perhaps comforted himself that his Pension would be now continued without the annual Tribute of a Panegyric.

Another Expectation contributed likewise to support him; he had taken a Resolution to write a second Tragedy upon the Story of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, in which he preserved a few Lines of his former Play; but made a total Alteration of the Plan, added new Incidents, and introduced  
new

new Characters; so that it was a new Tragedy, not a Revival of the former.

Many of his Friends blamed him for not making Choice of another Subject; but, in Vindication of himself, he asserted, that it was not easy to find a better; and that he thought it his Interest to extinguish the Memory of the first Tragedy, which he could only do by writing one less defective upon the same Story; by which he should entirely defeat the Artifice of the Booksellers, who, after the Death of any Author of Reputation, are always industrious to swell his Works, by uniting his worst Productions with his best.

In the Execution of this Scheme, however, he proceeded but slowly, and probably only employed himself upon it when he could find no other Amusement; but he pleased himself with counting the Profits, and perhaps imagined, that the theatrical Reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had lost by the Death of his Patroness.

He did not, in Confidence of his approaching Riches, neglect the Measures proper to secure the Continuance of his Pension, though some of his Favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her Death; but on her Birth-Day next Year, he gave a Proof of the Solidity of his Judgment, and the Power of his Genius.

He knew that the Track of Elegy had been so long beaten, that it was impossible to travel in it

without treading in the Footsteps of those who had gone before him; and that therefore it was necessary, that he might distinguish himself from the Herd of Encomiasts, to find out some new Way of funeral Panegyric.

This difficult Task he performed in such a Manner, that his Poem may be justly ranked among the best Pieces that the Death of Princes has produced. By transferring the Mention of her Death to her Birth-Day, he has formed a happy Combination of Topics, which any other Man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one View, but which he has united in such a Manner, that the Relation between them appears natural; and it may be justly said, that what no other Man would have thought on, it now appears scarcely possible for any Man to miss\*.

The

\* To exhibit a Specimen of the Beauties of this Poem, the following Passages are selected:

Oft has the Muse, on this distinguish'd Day,  
 Tun'd to glad Harmony the vernal Lay;  
 But, O lamented Change! The Lay must flow  
 From grateful Rapture now to grateful Woe.  
 She, to this Day, who joyous Lustre gave,  
 Descends for ever to the silent Grave.  
 She, born at once to charm us and to mend,  
 Of human Race the Pattern and the Friend.  
 —And thou, bright Princess! seated now on high,  
 Next one, the fairest Daughter of the Sky,  
 Whose warm-felt Love is to all Beings known,  
 Thy Sister *Charity*! next her thy Throne;  
 See at thy Tomb the Virtues weeping lie!  
 There in dumb Sorrow seem the Arts to die.

The Beauty of this peculiar Combination of Images is so masterly, that it is sufficient to set this Poem above Censure; and therefore it is not necessary to mention many other delicate Touches which may be found in it, and which would deservedly be admired in any other Performance.

To these Proofs of his Genius may be added, from the same Poem, an Instance of his Prudence, an Excellence for which he was not so often distinguished; he does not forget † to re-

So were the Sun o'er other Orbs to blaze,  
 And from our World, like thee, withdraw his Rays,  
 No more to visit where he warm'd before,  
 All Life must cease, and Nature be no more.  
 Yet shall the Musæ, a heavenly Height essay,  
 Beyond the Weakness mix'd with mortal Clay;  
 Beyond the Loss, which, tho' she bleeds to see,  
 Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the Loss of thee;  
 Beyond ev'n this, she hails, with joyous Lay,  
 Thy better Birth, thy first true natal Day;  
 A Day, that sees Thee born, beyond the Tomb,  
 To endless Health, to Youth's eternal Bloom;  
 Born to the mighty Dead, the Souls sublime  
 Of ev'ry famous Age, and ev'ry Clime;  
 To Goodness fix'd, by Truth's unvarying Laws,  
 To Bliss that knows no Period, knows no Pause —  
 Save when thine Eye, from yonder pure Serene,  
 Sheds a soft Ray on this our gloomy Scene.

† — Deign one Look more! Ah! See thy Consort dear!  
 Wishing all Hearts, except his own, to cheer.  
 Lo! still he bids thy wond'ring Beauties show  
 To weeping Families of Worth and Woe.  
 He stops all Tears, however fast they rise,  
 Save those that still must fall from grateful Eyes;  
 And spite of Grief, that so usurp his Mind,  
 Still watches o'er the Welfare of Mankind.

mind the King, in the most delicate and artful Manner, of continuing his Pension.

With Regard to the Success of this Address, he was for some Time in Suspense, but was in no great Degree solicitous about it, and continued his Labour upon his new Tragedy with great Tranquillity, till the Friend, who had for a considerable Time supported him, removing his Family to another Place, took Occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to enquire more diligently what was determined in his Affair, having Reason to suspect that no great Favour was intended him, because he had not received his Pension at the usual Time.

It is said, that he did not take those Methods of retrieving his Interest which were most likely to succeed; and some of those who were employed in the Exchequer, cautioned him against too much Violence in his Proceedings; but Mr. *Savage*, who seldom regulated his Conduct by the Advice of others, gave way to his Passion, and demanded of Sir *Robert Walpole*, at his Levee, the Reason of the Distinction that was made between him and the other Pensioners of the Queen, with a Degree of Roughness, which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the Crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever Influence was employed against him, he received soon after an

Account



Account that took from him all Hopes of regaining his Pension; and he had now no Prospect of Subsistence but from his Play, and he knew no Way of Living for the Time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the Misfortunes of this Man, deprived of an Estate and Title by a particular Law, exposed and abandoned by a Mother, defrauded by a Mother of a Fortune which his Father had allotted him, he entered the World without a Friend; and, though his Abilities forced themselves into Esteem and Reputation, he was never able to obtain any real Advantage, and whatever Prospects arose, were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's Intentions in his Favour were frustrated; his Dedication to the Prince, whose Generosity on every other Occasion was eminent, procured him no Reward; Sir *Robert Walpole*, who valued himself upon keeping his Promise to others, broke it to him without Regret; and the Bounty of the Queen was, after her Death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his Misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with Decency, but with Cheerfulness; nor was his Gaiety clouded even by his last Disappointment, though he was in a short Time reduced to the lowest Degree of Distress, and often wanted both Lodging and Food. At this Time he gave another Instance of the insurmountable Obstinacy of his Spirit; his Clothes were worn out,

out, and he received Notice, that at a Coffee-House some Clothes and Linen were left for him; the Person who sent them, did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might spare the Perplexity of acknowledging the Benefit; but though the Offer was so far generous, it was made with some Neglect of Ceremonies; which Mr. *Savage* so much resented, that he refused the Present, and declined to enter the House, till the Clothes that had been designed for him were taken away.

His Distress was now publicly known, and his Friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert some Measures for his Relief; and one of them wrote a Letter to him, in which he expressed his Concern for the miserable withdrawing of his Pension; and gave him Hopes that, in a short Time, he should find himself supplied with a Competence, *without any Dependence on those little Creatures which we are pleased to call the Great.*

The Scheme proposed for this happy and independent Subsistence, was, that he should retire into *Wales*, and receive an Allowance of Fifty Pounds a Year, to be raised by a Subscription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap Place, without aspiring any more to Affluence, or having any farther Care of Reputation.

This Offer Mr. *Savage* gladly accepted, though with Intentions very different from those of his Friends; for they proposed, that he should continue

tinue an Exile from *London* for ever, and spend all the remaining Part of his Life at *Swansea*; but he designed only to take the Opportunity, which their Scheme offered him, of retreating for a short Time, that he might prepare his Play for the Stage, and his other Works for the Press, and then to return to *London*, to exhibit this Tragedy, and live upon the Profits of his own Labour.

With regard to his Works, he proposed very great Improvements, which would have required much Time, or great Application; and when he had finished them, he designed to do Justice to his Subscribers, by publishing them according to his Proposals.

As he was ready to entertain himself with future Pleasures, he had planned out a Scheme of Life for the Country, of which he had no Knowledge but from Pastorals and Songs. He imagined, that he should be transported to Scenes of flowery Felicity, like those which one Poet has reflected to another, and had projected a perpetual Round of innocent Pleasures, of which he suspected no Interruption from Pride, or Ignorance, or Brutality.

With these Expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproached by a Friend for submitting to live upon a Subscription, and advised rather, by a resolute Exertion of his Abilities, to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the Happiness which was

to be found in the Calm of a Cottage, or lose the Opportunity of listening, without Intermission, to the Melody of the Nightingale, which he believed was to be heard from every Bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important Part of the Happiness of a Country Life.

While this Scheme was ripening, his Friends directed him to take a Lodging in the Liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his Creditors, and sent him every *Monday* a Guinea, which he commonly spent before the next Morning, and trusted, after his usual Manner, the remaining Part of the Week to the Bounty of Fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the Miseries of Dependence: Those by whom he was to be supported, began to prescribe to him with an Air of Authority, which he knew not how decently to resent, nor patiently to bear; and he soon discovered, from the Conduct of most of his Subscribers, that he was yet in the Hands of *Little Creatures*.

Of the Insolence that he was obliged to suffer, he gave many Instances, of which none appeared to raise his Indignation to a greater Height, than the Method which was taken of furnishing him with Clothes. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send to a Taylor his Orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they proposed to send for a Taylor to take his Measure,

sure,

sure, and then to consult how they should equip him.

This Treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as *Savage's* Humanity would have suggested to him on a like Occasion; but it had scarcely deserved Mention, had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon Degree, shewn the Peculiarity of his Character. Upon hearing the Design that was formed, he came to the Lodging of a Friend, with the most violent Agonies of Rage; and being asked what it could be that gave him such Disturbance, he replied, with the utmost Vehemence of Indignation, "That they had sent for a Taylor to measure him."

How the Affair ended, was never enquired, for fear of renewing his Uneasiness. It is probable, that, upon Recollection, he submitted with a good Grace to what he could not avoid, and that he discovered no Resentment where he had no Power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and universal Compliance; for when the Gentleman, who had first informed him of the Design to support him by a Subscription, attempted to procure a Reconciliation with the Lord *Tyrconnel*, he could by no Means be prevailed upon to comply with the Measures that were proposed.

A Letter was written for him to Sir *William Lemon*, to prevail upon him to interpose his good Offices with Lord *Tyrconnel*, in which he solicited Sir *William's* Assistance, for a Man who really needed

*needed it as much as any Man could well do; and informed him, that he was retiring for ever to a Place where he should no more trouble his Relations, Friends, or Enemies; he confessed, that his Passion had betrayed him to some Conduct, with regard to Lord Tyrconnel, for which he could not but heartily ask his Pardon; and as he imagined Lord Tyrconnel's Passion might be yet so high, that he would not receive a Letter from him, begged that Sir William would endeavour to soften him; and expressed his Hopes, that he would comply with his Request, and that so small a Relation would not harden his Heart against him.*

That any Man should presume to dictate a Letter to him, was not very agreeable to Mr. Savage; and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it. But when he read it, he found it contained Sentiments entirely opposite to his own, and, as he asserted, to the Truth; and therefore, instead of copying it, wrote his Friend a Letter, full of masculine Reassentment, and warm Expostulations. He very justly observed, that the Style was too supplicatory, and the Representation too abject; and that he ought at least to have made him complain with *the Dignity of a Gentleman in Distress*. He declared, that he would not write the Paragraph in which he was to ask Lord Tyrconnel's Pardon; for *he despised his Pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically ask it.* He  
 remarked,

remarked, that his Friend made a very unreasonable Distinction between himself and him; for, says he, when you mention Men of high Rank *in your own Character*, they are *those Little Creatures whom we are pleased to call the Great*; but when you address them *in mine*, no Servility is sufficiently humble. He then, with great Propriety, explained the ill Consequences that might be expected from such a Letter, which his Relations would print in their own Defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full Answer to all that he should allege against them; for he always intended to publish a minute Account of the Treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered, to the Honour of the Gentleman by whom this Letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr. *Savage's* Reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many Alterations and Delays, a Subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to Fifty Pounds a Year, though Twenty were paid by one Gentleman; such was the Generosity of Mankind, that what had been done by a Player, without Solicitation, could not now be effected by Application and Interest; and *Savage* had a great Number to court and to obey, for a Pension less than that which Mrs. *Oldfield* paid him, without exacting any Servilities.

Mr. *Savage* however was satisfied, and willing to retire; and was convinced that the Allowance, though

though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid Oeconomist, and to live according to the exactest Rules of Frugality; for nothing was, in his Opinion, more contemptible than a Man, who, when he knew his Income, exceeded it; and yet he confessed, that Instances of such Folly were too common; and lamented, that some Men were not to be trusted with their own Money.

Full of these salutary Resolutions, he left London, in July 1739, having taken Leave, with great Tenderness, of his Friends, and parted from the Author of this Narrative with Tears in his Eyes. He was furnished with Fifteen Guineas, and informed, that they would be sufficient, not only for the Expence of his Journey, but for his Support in *Wales* for some Time; and that there remained but little more of the first Collection. He promised a strict Adherence to his Maxims of Parsimony, and went away in the Stage Coach; nor did his Friends expect to hear from him, till he informed them of his Arrival at *Swansea*.

But, when they least expected, arrived a Letter, dated the fourteenth Day after his Departure, in which he sent them Word, that he was yet upon the Road, and without Money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a Remittance. They then sent him all the Money that was in their Hands, with which he was enabled



abled to reach *Bristol*, from whence he was to go to *Swansea* by Water.

At *Bristol* he found an Embargo laid upon the Shipping, so that he could not immediately obtain a Passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some Time, he, with his usual Felicity, ingratiated himself with many of the principal Inhabitants, was invited to their Houses, distinguished at their public Feasts, and treated with a Regard that gratified his Vanity, and therefore easily engaged his Affection.

He began, very early after his Retirement, to complain of the Conduct of his Friends in *London*, and irritated many of them so much by his Letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their Contributions; and it is believed, that little more was paid him than the twenty Pounds a Year, which were allowed him by the Gentleman who proposed the Subscription.

After some Stay at *Bristol*, he retired to *Swansea*, the Place originally proposed for his Residence, where he lived about a Year, very much dissatisfied with the Diminution of his Salary; but contracted, as in other Places, Acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that Country; among whom he has celebrated Mr. *Powel* and Mrs. *Jones*, by some Verses, which he inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Here he completed his Tragedy, of which two Acts were wanting when he left *London*, and was  
 I desirous

desirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the Stage. This Design was very warmly opposed, and he was advised by his chief Benefactor to put it into the Hands of Mr. *Thompson* and Mr. *Mallet*, that it might be fitted for the Stage, and to allow his Friends to receive the Profits, out of which an annual Pension should be paid him.

This Proposal he rejected with the utmost Contempt. He was by no means convinced, that the Judgment of those to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he expressed it, to be *no longer kept in Leading-strings*, and had no elevated Idea of his *Bounty*, who proposed to pension him out of the Profits of his own Labour.

He attempted in *Wales* to promote a Subscription for his Works, and had once Hopes of Success; but, in a short Time afterwards, formed a Resolution of leaving that Part of the Country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined, for the Gratification of those, who having promised him a liberal Income, had no sooner banished him to a remote Corner, than they reduced his Allowance to a Salary scarcely equal to the Necessities of Life.

His Resentment of this Treatment, which, in his own Opinion, at least, he had not deserved, was such, that he broke off all Correspondence with most of his Contributors, and appeared to consider them as Persecutors and Oppressors; and,

In the latter Part of his Life, declared, that their Conduct toward him, since his Departure from London, had been *Perfidiousness, improving on Perfidiousness, and Inhumanity on Inhumanity.*

It is not to be supposed, that the Necessities of *Mr. Savage* did not sometimes incite him to satirical Exaggerations of the Behaviour of those by whom he thought himself reduced to them. But it must be granted, that the Diminution of his Allowance was a great Hardship; and, that those who withdrew their Subscription from a Man, who, upon the Faith of their Promise, had gone into a Kind of Banishment, and abandoned all those by whom he had been before relieved in his Distresses, will find it no easy Task to vindicate their Conduct.

It may be alledged, and, perhaps, justly, that he was petulant and contemptuous; that he more frequently reproached his Subscribers for not giving him more, than thanked them for what he had received; but it is to be remembered, that this Conduct, and this is the worst Charge that can be drawn up against him, did them no real Injury; and that it, therefore, ought rather to have been pitied than resented; at least, the Resentment that it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly: Epithets which his Conduct will hardly deserve, that starves the Man whom he has persuaded to put himself into his Power.

It might have been reasonably demanded by *Stowe*, that they should, before they had taken away what they promised, have replaced him in his former *Seat*; that they should have taken no Advantages from the Situation to which the Appearance of their Kindness had reduced him; and that he should have been re-called to *London*, before he was abandoned. He might justly represent, that he ought to have been considered as a Lion in the Toils, and demand to be released before the Dogs should be loosed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to release himself, and with an Intent to return to *London*, went to *Bristol*, where a Repetition of the Kindness which he had formerly found, invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a Collection made for him of about Thirty Pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for *London*; but his Negligence did not suffer him to consider, that such Proofs of Kindness were not often to be expected, and that this Ardour of Benevolence was, in a great Degree, the Effect of Novelty, and might, probably be every Day less; and therefore he took no Care to improve the happy Time, but was encouraged by one Favour to hope for another, till at length Generosity was exhausted, and Officiousness wearied.

Another Part of his Misconduct was the Practice of prolonging his Visits, to unseasonable  
Hours,

Hours, and disconcerting all the Families into which he was admitted. This was an Error in a Place of Commerce, which all the Charms of his Conversation could not compensate; for what Trader would purchase such airy Satisfaction by the Loss of solid Gain, which must be the Consequence of Midnight Merriment, as those Hours, which were gained at Night, were generally lost in the Morning?

Thus Mr. *Savage*, after the Curiosity of the Inhabitants were gratified, found the Number of his Friends daily decreasing, perhaps without suspecting for what Reason their Conduct was altered, for he still continued to harass, with his nocturnal Intrusions, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their Houses.

But he did not spend all the Time of his Residence at *Bristol*, in Visits or at Taverns; for he sometimes returned to his Studies, and began several considerable Designs. When he felt an Inclination to write, he always retired from the Knowledge of his Friends, and lay hid in an obscure Part of the Suburbs, till he found himself again desirous of Company, to which it is likely that Intervals of Absence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his Design of returning to *London*, to bring his Tragedy upon the Stage; but having neglected to depart with the Money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards

procure a Sum sufficient to defray the Expences of his Journey; nor, perhaps, would a fresh Supply have had any other Effect, than, by putting immediate Pleasures in his Power, to have driven the Thoughts of his Journey out of his Mind.

While he was thus spending the Day in contriving a Scheme for the Morrow, Distress stole upon him by imperceptible Degrees. His Conduct had already wearied some of those who were at first enamoured of his Conversation; but he might, perhaps, have still devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal Success, had not the Decay of his Clothes made it no longer consistent with their Vanity to admit him to their Tables, or to associate with him in publick Places. He now began to find every Man from home at whose House he called; and was, therefore, no longer able to procure the Necessaries of Life, but wandered about the Town, slighted and neglected, in quest of a Dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his Misery, he was persued by the Officers for small Debts which he had contracted; and was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the small Number of Friends from whom he had still Reason to hope for Favours. His Custom was, to lie in Bed the greatest Part of the Day, and to go out in the Dark with the utmost Privacy, and after having paid his Visit,  
return

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 147

return again before Morning to his Lodging, which was in the Garret of an obscure Inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost Extremities of Poverty, and often fasted so long, that he was seized with Faintness, and had lost his Appetite, not being able to bear the Smell of Meat, till the Action of his Stomach was restored by a Cordial.

In this Distress, he received a Remittance of fifty Pounds from *London*, with which he provided himself a decent Coat, and determined to go to *London*, but unhappily spent his Money at a favourite Tavern. Thus was he again confined to *Bristol*, where he was every Day hunted by Bailiffs. In this Exigence he once more found a Friend, who sheltered him in his House, tho' at the usual Inconveniencies with which his Company was attended; for he could neither be persuaded to go to bed in the Night, nor to rise in the Day.

It is observable, that in these various Scenes of Misery, he was always disengaged and cheerful; he at some Times pursued his Studies, and at others continued or enlarged his epistolary Correspondence; nor was he ever so far dejected, as to endeavour to procure an Increase of his Allowance, by any other Methods than Accusations and Reproaches.

He had now no longer any Hopes of Assistance from his Friends at *Bristol*, who, as Merchants, and by Consequence sufficiently studious of Profit, cannot be supposed to have looked with much Compassion upon Negligence and Extravagance; or to think any Excellence equivalent to a Fault of such Consequence as Neglect of Oeconomy. It is natural to imagine, that many of those who would have relieved his real Wants, were discouraged from the Exertion of their Benevolence, by Observation of the Use which was made of their Favours, and Conviction that Relief would only be momentary, and that the same Necessity would quickly return.

At last he quitted the House of his Friend, and returned to his Lodging at the Inn, still intending to set out in a few Days for *London*; but on the 10th of *January*, 1742-3, having been at Supper with two of his Friends, he was, at his Return to his Lodgings, arrested for a Debt of about eight Pounds, which he owed at a Coffee-house, and conducted to the House of a Sheriff's Officer. The Account which he gives of this Misfortune, in a Letter to one of the Gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

“ It was not a little unfortunate for me, that I  
 “ spent Yesterday's Evening with you; because  
 “ the Hour hindered me from entering on my new  
 “ Lodging; however, I have now got one; but  
 “ such an one, as I believe Nobody would chuse.

“ I was



“ I was arrested at the Suit of Mrs. *Read*, just  
 “ as I was going up Stairs to Bed, at Mr. *Bow-*  
 “ *yer's*; but taken in so private a Manner, that  
 “ I believe Nobody at the *White Lyon* is apprised  
 “ of it. Though I let the Officers know the  
 “ Strength (or rather Weakness of my Pocket)  
 “ yet they treated me with the utmost Civility;  
 “ and even when they conducted me to Confine-  
 “ ment, it was in such a Manner, that I verily  
 “ believe I could have escaped, which I would  
 “ rather be ruined than have done; notwith-  
 “ standing the whole Amount of my Finances  
 “ was but three Pence Half-penny.

“ In the first Place, I must insist, that you will  
 “ industriously conceal this from Mrs. *S——s*;  
 “ because I would not have her good Nature  
 “ suffer that Pain, which, I know, she would be  
 “ apt to feel on this Occasion.

“ Next I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the  
 “ Ties of Friendship, by no means to have one  
 “ uneasy Thought on my Account; but to have  
 “ the same Pleasantry of Countenance, and un-  
 “ ruffled Serenity of Mind, which (God be  
 “ praised!) I have in this, and have had in a  
 “ much severer Calamity. Furthermore, I charge  
 “ you, if you value my Friendship as truly as I  
 “ do yours, *not* to utter, or even harbour, the  
 “ least Resentment against Mrs. *Read*. I believe  
 “ she has ruined me, but I freely forgive her;  
 “ and (though I will never more have any Intri-

“ macy with her) would, at a due Distance,  
 “ rather do her an Act of good than ill Will.  
 “ Lastly, (pardon the Expression) I *absolutely*  
 “ *command* you not to offer me any pecuniary  
 “ Assistance, nor to attempt getting me any from  
 “ any one of your Friends. At another Time,  
 “ or on any other Occasion, you may, dear  
 “ Friend, be well assured, I would rather write  
 “ to you in the submissive Stile of a Request,  
 “ than that of a peremptory Command.

“ However, that my truly valuable Friend  
 “ may not think I am too proud to ask a Favour,  
 “ let me entreat you to let me have your Boy to  
 “ attend me for this Day, not only for the sake  
 “ of saving me the Expence of Porters, but for  
 “ the Delivery of some Letters to People whose  
 “ Names I would not have known to Strangers,  
 “ The civil Treatment I have thus far met  
 “ from those, whose Prisoner I am, makes me  
 “ thankful to the Almighty, that though He has  
 “ thought fit to visit me (on my Birth-night)  
 “ with Affliction; yet (such is his great Good-  
 “ ness!) my Affliction is not without alleviating  
 “ Circumstances. I murmur not, but am all  
 “ Resignation to the *Divine Will*. As to the  
 “ World, I hope that I shall be endued by Hea-  
 “ ven with that Presence of Mind, that serene  
 “ Dignity in Misfortune, that constitutes the  
 “ Character of a true Nobleman; a Dignity far  
 “ beyond

“ beyond that of Coronets; a Nobility arising  
 “ from the just Principles of Philosophy, refined  
 “ and exalted by those of Christianity.”

He continued five Days at the Officer's, in hopes that he should be able to procure Bail, and avoid the Necessity of going to Prison. The State in which he passed his Time, and the Treatment which he received, are very justly expressed by him in a Letter which he wrote to a Friend: “ The whole Day, *says he*, has been employed  
 “ in various People's filling my Head with their  
 “ foolish chimerical Systems, which has obliged  
 “ me coolly (as far as Nature will admit) to digest, and accommodate myself to, every different Person's Way of thinking; hurried from  
 “ one wild System to another, till it has quite  
 “ made a Chaos of my Imagination, and nothing  
 “ done—Promised—Disappointed—Ordered to  
 “ send every Hour, from one Part of the Town  
 “ to the other.”——

When his Friends, who had hitherto caressed and applauded, found, that to give Bail, and pay the Debt, was the same, they all refused to preserve him from a Prison, at the Expence of eight Pounds; and therefore, after having been for some Time at the Officer's House, *at an immense Expence*, as he observes in his Letter, he was at length removed to *Newgate*.

This Expence he was enabled to support, by the Generosity of Mr. *Nash* at *Bath*, who, upon

receiving from him an Account of his Condition, immediately sent him five Guineas, and promised to promote his Subscription at *Bath*, with all his Interest.

By his Removal to *Newgate*, he obtained at least a Freedom from Suspense, and Rest from the disturbing Vicissitudes of Hope and Disappointment; he now found that his Friends were only Companions, who were willing to share his Gaiety, but not to partake of his Misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any Assistance from them.

It must however be observed of one Gentleman, that he offered to release him by paying the Debt; but that Mr. *Savage* would not consent, I suppose, because he thought he had been before too burthensome to him.

He was offered by some of his Friends, that a Collection should be made for his Enlargement, but he *treated the Proposal*, and declared\*, that he should again treat it, with *Disdain*. As to writing any mendicant Letters, he had too high a Spirit, and determined only to write to some Ministers of State, to try to regain his Pension.

He continued to complain † of those that had sent him into the Country, and objected to them, that he had *lost the Profits of his Play*, which had been finished three Years; and, in another Letter,

\* In a Letter after his Confinement.

† Letter Jan. 15.

declares his Resolution to publish a Pamphlet, that the World might know how *he had been used*.

This Pamphlet was never written, for he in a very short Time recovered his usual Tranquillity, and cheerfully applied himself to more inoffensive Studies. He indeed steadily declared, that he was promised an yearly Allowance of Fifty Pounds, and never received half the Sum; but he seemed to resign himself to that, as well as to other Misfortunes, and lose the Remembrance of it in his Amusements and Employments.

The Cheerfulness with which he bore his Confinement, appears from the following Letter, which he wrote, *January 30*, to one of his Friends in *London*.

“ I now write to you from my Confinement in  
 “ *Newgate*, where I have been ever since *Monday*  
 “ last was Sev'n-night; and where I enjoy my-  
 “ self with much more Tranquillity than I have  
 “ known for upwards of a Twelvemonth past;  
 “ having a Room entirely to myself, and per-  
 “ suing the Amusement of my poetical Studies,  
 “ uninterrupted, and agreeable to my Mind. I  
 “ thank the Almighty, I am now all collected  
 “ in myself; and tho' my Person is in Confine-  
 “ ment, my Mind can expatiate on ample and  
 “ useful Subjects, with all the Freedom imagin-  
 “ able. I am now more conversant with the  
 “ Nine than ever; and if, instead of a *Newgate*  
 “ Bird, I may be allowed to be a Bird of the

“ Muses, I assure you, Sir, I sing very freely in  
 “ my Cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive  
 “ Notes of the Nightingale; but, at others, in  
 “ the cheerful Strains of the Lark.”——

In another Letter he observes, that he ranges from one Subject to another, without confining himself to any particular Task, and that he was employed one Week upon one Attempt, and the next upon another.

Surely the Fortitude of this Man deserves, at least, to be mentioned with Applause; and whatever Faults may be imputed to him, the Virtue of *suffering well* cannot be denied him. The two Powers which, in the Opinion of *Epicætetus*, constitute a wise Man, are those of *bearing* and *for-bearing*, which cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally possessed by *Savage*; but it was too manifest, that the Want of one obliged him very frequently to practise the other.

He was treated by Mr. *Dagg*, the Keeper of the Prison, with great Humanity; was supported by him at his own Table without any Certainty of Recompense; had a Room to himself, to which he could at any Time retire from all Disturbance, was allowed to stand at the Door of the Prison, and sometimes taken out into the Fields; so that he suffered fewer Hardships in the Prison, than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest Part of his Life.

The

The Keeper did not confine his Benevolence to a gentle Execution of his Office, but made some Overtures to the Creditor for his Release, though without Effect; and continued, during the whole Time of his Imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost Tenderness and Civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that State which makes it most difficult; and therefore, the Humanity of a Gaoler certainly deserves this public Attestation; and the Man whose Heart has not been hardened by such an Employment, may be justly proposed as a Pattern of Benevolence. If an Inscription was once engraved to the *honest Tell-gatbener*, less Honours ought not to be paid to the *tender Gaoler*.

Mr. *Savage* very frequently received Visits, and sometimes Presents from his Acquaintances, but they did not amount to a Subsistence, for the greater Part of which he was indebted to the Generosity of this Keeper; but these Favours, however they might endear to him the particular Persons from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his Mind any advantageous Ideas of the People of *Bristol*; and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in Prison, than in writing the following Poem.

# LONDON and BRISTOL Delineated \*.

**T**WO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia's* Fame,  
And these from Commerce different Honours  
claim.

What different Honours shall the Muses pay,  
While one inspires, and one untunes the Lay?

Now silver *Ists* bright'ning flows along,  
Echoing from *Oxford's* Shore each classic Song;  
Then weds with *Tame*; and these, O *London*, see  
Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!  
Wide, deep, unfulled *Thames* meand'ring glides,  
And bears thy Wealth on mild majestic Tides.  
Thy Ships, with gilded Palaces that vie,  
In glitt'ring Pomp, strike wond'ring *China's* Eye;  
And thence returning bear, in splendid State,  
To *Britain's* Merchants, *India's* eastern Freight.  
*India*, her Treasures from her western Shores,  
Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours;  
Thy warring Navies distant Nations awe,  
And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.  
Thus shine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind,  
Thy Change deep-busied, yet as Courts refin'd;  
Councils like Senates that enforce Debate,  
With fluent Eloquence, and Reason's Weight:

\* The Author preferred this Title to that of *London and Bristol compared*; which, when he began the Piece, he intended to prefix to it.



Whose Patriot Virtue, lawless Pow'r controuls;  
 Their *British* emulating *Roman* Souls.  
 Of these the worthiest still selected stand,  
 Still lead the Senate, and still save the Land,  
 Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace  
 Thy Friends, the Lovers of all human Race !

In a dark Bottom funk, O *Bristol*, now,  
 With native Malice lift thy low'ring Brow !  
 Then as some Hell-born Sprite, in mortal Guise,  
 Borrows the Shape of Goodness, and belies,  
 All fair, all smug, to yon proud Hall invite,  
 To feast all Strangers, ape an Air polite !  
 From *Cambriadrain'd*, or *England's* western Coast,  
 Not elegant, yet costly Banquets boast !  
 Revere, or seem the Stranger to revere ;  
 Praise, fawn, profess, be all Things but sincere ;  
 Insidious now, our Bosom Secrets steal,  
 And these with sly sarcastic Sneer reveal.  
 Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous Smiles ;  
 The harmless Absent still thy Sneer reviles ;  
 Such as in Thee all Parts superior find ;  
 The Sneer that marks the Fool and Knave  
 combin'd.

When melting Pity would afford Relief,  
 The ruthless Sneer, that Insult adds to Grief.  
 What Friendship can'st thou boast ? What  
 Honours claim ?

To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name.

What

**What Smiles thy Sons must in their Foes excite !**  
**Thy Sons, to whom all Discord is Delight ;**  
**From whom eternal mutual Railing flows ;**  
**Who in each other's Crimes their own expose :**  
**Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's Call ;**  
**Despising all Men, and despis'd by all :**  
**Sons, while thy Cliffs a ditch-like River laves,**  
**Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy Waves ;**  
**Of Thoughts as narrow, as of Words immense ;**  
**As full of Turbulence, as void of Sense.**  
**Thee, Thee what Senatorial Souls adorn ?**  
**Thy Natives sure would prove a Senate's Scorn.**  
**Do Strangers deign to serve Thee, what their**  
**Praise ?**

**Their generous Services thy Murmurs raise.**  
**What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air presides,**  
**Around from Breast to Breast inherent glides,**  
**And, as he glides, there scatters in a Trice**  
**The lurking Seeds of every rank Device ?**  
**Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run !**  
**Each, each will prove, in thy adopted Son,**  
**Proud, pert, and dull—Tho' brilliant once from**  
**Schools,**

**Will scorn all Learning's as all Virtue's Rules ;**  
**And, tho' by Nature friendly, honest, brave,**  
**Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring, sharpening Knave.**  
**Boast petty Courts, where, 'stead of fluent Ease,**  
**Of cited Precedents, and learned Pleas ;**  
**'Stead of sage Counsel in the dubious Cause,**  
**Attorneys, chattering wild, burlesque the Laws.**

So shameless Quacks, who Doctors' Rights invade,  
Of Jargon and of Poison form a Trade.

So canting Cobblers, while from Tuba they teach,  
Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.

Boast petty Courts, whence Rules new Rigour  
draw,

Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law;

Quirks that explain all saving Rights away,  
To give th' Attorney and the Catch-poll Prey.

Is there where Law too rig'rous may descend,  
Or Charity her kindly Hand extend,

Thy Courts, that shut when Pity would redress,  
Spontaneous open to inflict Distress.

Try Misdemeanors!—all thy Wiles employ,  
Not to chastise th' Offender, but destroy,

Bid the large lawless Fine his Fate foretell;  
Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune swell.

Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood,  
To private Welfare and to public Good,

Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;  
Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies,

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |

Boast swarming Vessels, whose *Plebeian State*  
Owes not to Merchants but Mechanics Freight.

Boast

Boast nought but Pedlar Fleets—In War's Alarms,  
Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms.

Boast thy base \* *Tobsey*, and thy Turn-spit Dogs ;  
Thy † *Hallier's* Horses, and thy human Hogs :  
Upstarts and Mushrooms, proud, relentless Hearts ;  
Thou Blank of Sciences ! Thou Dearth of Arts !  
Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to see ;  
*Huns, Geths, and Vandals*, were but Types of Thee.

Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous Ways,  
And let one Justice heighten yet thy Praise :  
Still spare the Catamite, and swinge the Whore,  
And be whate'er *Gemarrak* was before.

When he had brought this Poem to its present State, which, without considering the Chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to *London* an Account of his Design, and informed his Friend, that he was determined to print it with his Name ; but enjoined him not to communicate his Intention to his *Bristol* Acquaintance. The Gentleman, surpris'd at his Resolution, endeavoured to dissuade him from publishing it, at least from prefixing his Name ; and declared, that he could not reconcile the Injunction of Secrecy with his Reso-

\* A Place where the Merchants used to meet to transact their Affairs, before the Exchange was erected.

† *Halliers* are the Persons who drive or own the Sledges, which are here used instead of Carts.

lution to own it at its first Appearance. To this, Mr. *Savage* returned an Answer, agreeable to his Character, in the following Terms.

“ I received yours this Morning, and not without a little Surprize at the Contents. To answer a Question with a Question, you ask me concerning *London* and *Bristol*, *Why will I add delineated?* Why did Mr. *Woolaston* add the same Word to his *Religion of Nature*? I suppose that it was his Will and Pleasure to add it in his Case; and it is mine to do so in my own. You are pleased to tell me, that you understand not why Secrecy is enjoined, and yet I intend to set my Name to it. My Answer is— I have my private Reasons; which I am not obliged to explain to any one. You doubt, my Friend Mr. S— would not approve of it—And what is it to me whether he does or not? Do you imagine that Mr. S— is to dictate to me? If any Man, who calls himself my Friend, should assume such an Air, I would spurn at his Friendship with Contempt. You say, I seem to think so, by not letting him know it—And suppose I do, what then? Perhaps I can give Reasons for that Disapprobation, very foreign from what you would imagine. You go on in saying, suppose I should not put my Name to it—My Answer is, that I will not suppose any such thing, being determined to the contrary:

“ Neither,

“ Neither, Sir, would I have you suppose, that I  
 “ applied to you for Want of another Press:  
 “ Nor would I have you imagine, that I owe  
 “ Mr. S—— Obligations which I do not,”

Such was his Imprudence, and such his obstinate Adherence to his own Resolutions, however absurd. A Prisoner! supported by Charity! and, whatever Insults he might have received during the latter Part of his Stay in *Bristol*, once cared for, esteemed, and presented with a liberal Collection, he could forget on a Sudden his Danger, and his Obligations, to gratify the Petulance of his Wit, or the Eagerness of his Resentment, and publish a Satire, by which he might reasonably expect, that he should alienate those who then supported him, and provoke those whom he could neither resist nor escape.

This Resolution, from the Execution of which, it is probable, that only his Death could have hindered him, is sufficient to shew how much he disregarded all Considerations that opposed his present Passions, and how readily he hazarded all future Advantages for any immediate Gratifications. Whatever was his predominant Inclination, neither Hope nor Fear hindered him from complying with it; nor had Opposition any other Effect than to heighten his Ardour, and irritate his Vehemence.

This Performance was however laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting Assistance  
 from

from several great Persons; and one Interruption succeeding another, hindered him from supplying the Chasm, and perhaps from re-touching the other Parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finished, in his own Opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the Lines are rather inserted to rhyme to others, than to support or improve the Sense; but the first and last Parts are worked up with great Spirit and Elegance.

His Time was spent in the Prison, for the most Part, in Study, or in receiving Visits; but sometimes he descended to lower Amusements, and diverted himself in the Kitchen with the Conversation of the Criminals; for it was not pleasing to him to be much without Company, and tho' he was very capable of a judicious Choice, he was often contented with the first that offered; for this he was sometimes reprov'd by his Friends, who found him surrounded with Felons; but the Reproof was on that, as on other Occasions, thrown away; he continued to gratify himself, and to set very little Value on the Opinion of others.

But here, as in every other Scene of his Life, he made use of such Opportunities as occurred of benefiting those who were more miserable than himself, and was always ready to perform any Offices of Humanity to his fellow Prisoners.

He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his Subscribers except one, who yet continued

tinued to remit him the twenty Pounds a Year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected, that he would have been in a very short Time enlarged, because he had directed the Keeper to enquire after the State of his Debts.

However, he took care to enter his Name according to the Forms of the Court, that the Creditor might be obliged to make him some Allowance, if he was continued a Prisoner; and when, on that Occasion, he appeared in the Hall, was treated with very unusual Respect.

But the Resentment of the City was afterwards raised, by some Accounts that had been spread of the Satire; and he was informed, that some of the Merchants intended to pay the Allowance which the Law required, and to detain him Prisoner at their own Expence. This he treated as an empty Menace, and perhaps might have hastened the Publication, only to shew how much he was superior to their Insults, had not all his Schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six Months in Prison, he received from one of his Friends, in whose Kindness he had the greatest Confidence, and on whose Assistance he chiefly depended, a Letter that contained a Charge of very atrocious Ingratitude, drawn up in such Terms as sudden Resentment dictated. *Mr. Savage* returned a very solemn Protestation of his Innocence, but however appeared much disturbed at the Accusation. Some Days



Days afterwards, he was seized with a Pain in his Back and Side, which, as it was not violent, was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of *July* he confined himself to his Room, and a Fever seized his Spirits. The Symptoms grew every Day more formidable, but his Condition did not enable him to procure any Assistance. The last Time that the Keeper saw him was on *July* the 31st, when *Savage*, seeing him at his Bed side, said, with an uncommon Earnestness, *I have something to say to you, Sir*; but, after a Pause, moved his Hand in a melancholy Manner, and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said, *'Tis gone*. The Keeper soon after left him, and the next Morning he died. He was buried in the Church-yard of *St. Peter*, at the Expence of the Keeper.

Such was the Life and Death of *Richard Savage*, a Man equally distinguished by his Virtues and Vices; and at once remarkable for his Weaknesses and Abilities.

He was of a middle Stature, of a thin Habit of Body, a long Visage, coarse Features, and melancholy Aspect; of a grave and manly Deportment, a solemn Dignity of Mien; but which, upon a nearer Acquaintance, softened into an engaging Easiness of Manners. His Walk was slow, and his Voice tremulous and mournful

He

He was easily excited to Smiles, but very seldom provoked to Laughter.

His Mind was in an uncommon Degree vigorous and active. His Judgment was accurate, and his Apprehension quick, and his Memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others, in a short Time, better than those by whom he was informed; and could frequently recollect Incidents, with all their Combination of Circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present Time; but which the Quickness of his Apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar Felicity, that his Attention never deserted him; he was present to every Object, and regardful of the most trifling Occurrences. He had the Art of escaping from his own Reflections, and accommodating himself to every new Scene.

To this Quality is to be imputed the Extent of his Knowledge, compared with the small Time which he spent in visible Endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory Conversation with the same Steadiness of Attention as others apply to a Lecture, and, amidst the Appearance of thoughtless Gaiety, lost no new Idea that was started, nor any Hint that could be improved. He had therefore made, in Coffee-Houses, the same Proficiency as others in Studies; and it is remarkable, that the Writings of a Man of little Education, and little Reading,

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 167

Reading, have an Air of Learning scarcely to be found in any other Performances, but which, perhaps, as often obscures as embellishes them.

His Judgment was eminently exact, both with regard to Writings and to Men. The knowledge of Life was indeed his chief Attainment, and it is not without some Satisfaction, that I can produce the Suffrage of *Savage* in favour of human Nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious Ideas as some, who perhaps had neither his Judgment nor Experience, have published, either in Ostentation of their Sagacity, Vindication of their Crimes, or Gratification of their Malice.

His Method of Life particularly qualified him for Conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the Graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his Language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous Subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire; but that was not the Defect of his Judgment, but of his Fortune: When he left his Company, he used frequently to spend the remaining Part of the Night in the Street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy Reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could, and sometimes forgot that he gave others Pain to avoid it himself.

. It

It cannot be said, that he made Use of his Abilities for the Direction of his own Conduct; an irregular and dissipated Manner of Life had made him the Slave of every Passion that happened to be excited by the Presence of its Object, and that Slavery to his Passions reciprocally produced a Life irregular and dissipated. He was not Master of his own Motions, nor could promise any thing for the next Day.

With regard to his Oeconomy, nothing can be added to the Relation of his Life; he appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all Necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any Scheme of Advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the Profits which his Writings might have afforded him.

His Temper was, in Consequence of the Dominion of his Passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his Hatred more tenaciously than his Benevolence.

He was compassionate, both by Nature and Principle, and always ready to perform Offices of Humanity; but when he was provoked, and very small Offences were sufficient to provoke him, he would prosecute his Revenge with the utmost Acrimony, till his Passion had subsided.

His Friendship was therefore of little Value; for though he was zealous in the Support or  
Vindi-

Vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself discharged, by the first Quarrel, from all Ties of Honour or Gratitude; and would betray those Secrets which in the Warmth of Confidence had been imparted to him. This Practice drew upon him an universal Accusation of Ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the Load of an Obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a State of Dependence, his Pride being equally powerful with his other Passions, and appearing in the Form of Insolence at one Time, and of Vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent Species of Pride, was most frequently predominant: He could not easily leave off, when he had once began to mention himself or his Works, nor ever read his Verses without stealing his Eyes from the Page, to discover in the Faces of his Audience, how they were affected with any favourite Passage.

A kinder Name than that of Vanity ought to be given to the Delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own Merit from every other Man's, and to reject that Praise to which he had no Claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his Performances, to mark every Line that had been suggested or amended, and was so accurate as to relate that he owed *Three Words in The Wanderer* to the Advice of his Friends.

His Veracity was questioned, but with little Reason; his Accounts, though not indeed always the same, were generally consistent. When he loved any Man, he suppressed all his Faults; and when he had been offended by him, concealed all his Virtues; but his Characters were generally true, so far as he proceeded; though it cannot be denied that his Partiality might have sometimes the Effect of Falsehood.

In Cases indifferent, he was zealous for Virtue, Truth, and Justice; he knew very well the Necessity of Goodness to the present and future Happiness of Mankind; nor is there perhaps any Writer, who has less endeavoured to please, by flattering the Appetites, or perverting the Judgment.

As an Author, therefore, and he now ceases to influence Mankind in any other Character, if one Piece, which he had resolved to suppress, be excepted, he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious Censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the Objections of the Critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his Works are the Productions of a Genius truly poetical; and, what many Writers, who have been more lavishly applauded, cannot boast, that they have an original Air, which has no Resemblance of any foregoing Writer; that the Versification and Sentiments have a Cast peculiar to themselves, which no Man can imitate with Success;

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE. 171

cess; because, what was Nature in *Savage*, would in another be Affectation. It must be confessed, that his Descriptions are striking, his Images animated, his Fictions justly imagined, and his Allegories artfully persued; that his Diction is elevated, though sometimes forced, and his Numbers sonorous and majestick, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his Stile, the general Fault is Harshness, and the general Excellence is Dignity; of his Sentiments, the prevailing Beauty is Sublimity, and Uniformity the prevailing Defect.

For his Life, or for his Writings, none who candidly consider his Fortune, will think an Apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed in his Subject, his Knowledge was at least greater than could have been attained by others in the same State. If his Works were sometimes unfinished, Accuracy cannot reasonably be exacted from a Man oppressed with Want, which he has no Hope of relieving but by a speedy Publication. The Insolence and Resentment of which he is accused, were not easily to be avoided by a great Mind, irritated by perpetual Hardships, and constrained hourly to return the Spurns of Contempt, and repress the Insolence of Prosperity; and Vanity surely may be readily pardoned in him, to whom Life afforded no other Comforts than barren Praises, and the Consciousness of deserving them.

## 172 LIFE OF MR. SAVAGE.

Those are no proper Judges of his Conduct, who have slumbered away their Time on the Down of Abundance; nor will a wise Man easily presume to say, "Had I been in *Savage's* Condition, I should have lived, or written, better than *Savage*."

This Relation will not be wholly without its Use, if those, who languish under any Part of his Sufferings, shall be enabled to fortify their Patience by reflecting, that they feel only those Afflictions from which the Abilities of *Savage* did not exempt him; or if those, who, in Confidence of superior Capacities or Attainments, disregard the common Maxims of Life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the Want of Prudence; and that Negligence and Irregularity, long continued, will make Knowledge useless, Wit ridiculous, and Genius contemptible.

*End of the Life of Mr. SAVAGE.*



---

T H E  
L I F E  
O F  
S I R F R A N C I S D R A K E .

**F**RANCIS DRAKE was the Son of a Clergyman in *Devonshire*, who being inclined to the Doctrine of the Protestants, at that Time much opposed by *Henry VIII.* was obliged to fly from his Place of Residence into *Kent* for Refuge, from the Persecution raised against him, and those of the same Opinion, by the Law of the Six Articles.

How long he lived there, or how he was supported, is not known; nor have we any Account of the first Years of *Sir Francis Drake's Life*, of any Disposition to Hazards and Adventures which might have been discovered in his Childhood; or of the Education which qualified him for such wonderful Attempts.

We are only informed, that he was put Apprentice by his Father to the Master of a small Vessel that traded to *France* and the *Low Countries*, under whom he probably learned the Rudiments

of Navigation, and familiarised himself to the Dangers and Hardships of the Sea.

But how few Opportunities soever he might have in this Part of his Life for the Exercise of his Courage, he gave so many Proofs of his Diligence and Fidelity, that his Master, dying unmarried, left him his little Vessel in Reward of his Service; a Circumstance that deserves to be remembered, not only as it may illustrate the private Character of this brave Man, but as it may hint to all those who may hereafter propose his Conduct for their Imitation, That Virtue is the surest Foundation both of Reputation and Fortune, and that the first Step to Greatness is to be honest.

If it were not improper to dwell longer on an Incident at the first View so inconsiderable, it might be added, that it deserves the Reflection of those, who, when they are engaged in Affairs not adequate to their Abilities, pass them over with a contemptuous Neglect; and while they amuse themselves with chimerical Schemes, and Plans of future Undertakings, suffer every Opportunity of smaller Advantage to slip away as unworthy their Regard. They may learn, from the Example of *Drake*, that Diligence in Employments of less Consequence is the most successful Introduction to greater Enterprizes.

After having followed for some Time his Master's Profession, he grew weary of so narrow a Province;

Province; and having sold his little Vessel, ventured his Effects in the new Trade to the *West-Indies*, which having not been long discovered, and very little frequented by the *English* till that Time, were conceived so much to abound in Wealth, that no Voyage thither could fail of being recompensed by great Advantages. Nothing was talked of among the mercantile or adventurous Part of Mankind, but the Beauty and Riches of this new World. Fresh Discoveries were frequently made, new Countries and Nations never heard of before were daily described; and it may easily be concluded, that the Relaters did not diminish the Merit of their Attempts, by suppressing or diminishing any Circumstance that might produce Wonder, or excite Curiosity. Nor was their Vanity only engaged in raising Admirers, but their Interest likewise in procuring Adventurers, who were indeed easily gained by the Hopes which naturally arise from new Prospects, tho' through Ignorance of the *American* Seas, and by the Malice of the *Spaniards*, who from the first Discovery of those Countries considered every other Nation that attempted to follow them, as Invaders of their Rights, the best concerted Designs often miscarried.

Among those who suffered most from the *Spanish* Injustice, was Captain *John Hawkins*, who having been admitted by the Viceroy to traffic in the Bay of *Mexico*, was, contrary to the Stipulation then

made between them, and in Violation of the Peace between *Spain* and *England*, attacked without any Declaration of Hostilities, and obliged, after an obstinate Resistance, to retire with the Loss of four Ships, and a great Number of his Men, who were either destroyed, or carried into Slavery.

In this Voyage *Drake* had adventured almost all his Fortune, which he in vain endeavoured to recover, both by his own private Interest, and by obtaining Letters from Queen *Elizabeth*; for the *Spaniards*, deaf to all Remonstrances, either vindicated the Injustice of the Viceroy, or at least forbore to redress it.

*Drake*, thus oppressed and impoverished, retained at least his Courage and his Industry, that ardent Spirit that prompted him to Adventures, and that indefatigable Patience that enabled him to surmount Difficulties. He did not sit down idly to lament Misfortunes which Heaven had put it in his Power to remedy, or to repine at Poverty while the Wealth of his Enemies was to be gained. But having made two Voyages to *America*, for the sake of gaining Intelligence of the State of the *Spanish* Settlements, and acquainted himself with the Seas and Coasts, he determined on a third Expedition of more Importance, by which the *Spaniards* should find how imprudently they always act, who injure and insult a brave Man.

On the 24th of *May*, 1572, *Francis Drake* set sail from *Plymouth*, in the *Pascha* of 70 Tons, accom-

accompanied by the *Swan* of 25 Tons, commanded by his Brother *John Drake*; having in both Vessels seventy-three Men and Boys, with a Year's Provision, and such Artillery and Ammunition as was necessary for his Undertaking; which, however incredible it may appear to such as consider rather his Force than his Fortitude, was no less than to make Reprisals upon the most powerful Nation in the World.

The Wind continuing favourable, they entered *June 29*, between *Guadalupe* and *Dominica*; and on *July 6th* saw the High-land of *Santa Martha*; then continuing their Course, after having been becalmed for some Time, they arrived at *Port Pheasant*, so named by *Drake* in a former Voyage, to the East of *Nombre de Dios*. Here he proposed to build his Pinnaces, which he had brought in Pieces ready framed from *Plymouth*, and was going ashore with a few Men, unarmed; but discovering a Smoke at a Distance, ordered the other Boat to follow him with a greater Force.

Then marching towards the Fire, which was in the Top of a high Tree, he found a Plate of Lead nailed to another Tree, with an Inscription engraved upon it by one *Garret*, an *Englishman*, who had left that Place but five Days before, and had taken this Method of informing him, that the *Spaniards* had been advertised of his Intention to anchor at that Place, and that it therefore would be prudent to make a very short Stay there.

But *Drake*, knowing how convenient this Place was for his Designs, and considering that the Hazard and Waste of Time, which could not be avoided in seeking another Station, was equivalent to any other Danger which was to be apprehended from the *Spaniards*, determined to follow his first Resolution; only, for his greater Security, he ordered a kind of Palisade, or Fortification, to be made, by felling large Trees, and laying the Trunks and Branches one upon another by the Side of the River.

On *July 20*, having built their Pinnaces, and being joined by one Captain *Rouse*, who happened to touch at the same Place with a Bark of 50 Men, they set sail towards *Nombre de Dios*, and taking two Frigates at the Island of *Pines*, were informed by the Negroes which they found in them, that the Inhabitants of that Place were in Expectation of some Soldiers, which the Governor of *Panama* had promised, to defend them from the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes, who having escaped from the Tyranny of their Masters in great Numbers, had settled themselves under two Kings, or Leaders, on each Side of the Way between *Nombre de Dios* and *Panama*, and not only asserted their natural Right to Liberty and Independence, but endeavoured to revenge the Cruelties they had suffered; and had lately put the Inhabitants of *Nombre de Dios* into the utmost Consternation.

These

These Negroes the Captain set on Shore on the main Land, so that they might, by joining the *Symerons*, recover their Liberty, or at least might not have it in their Power to give the People of *Nombre de Dios* any speedy Information of his Intention to invade them.

Then selecting 53 Men from his own company, and 20 from the Crew of his new Associate Captain *Rouse*, he embarked with them in his Pinnaces, and set sail for *Nombre de Dios*.

On *July* the 28th, at Night, he approached the Town undiscovered, and dropt his Anchors under the Shore, intending, after his Men were refreshed, to begin the Attack; but finding that they were terrifying each other with formidable Accounts of the Strength of the Place, and the Multitude of the Inhabitants, he determined to hinder the Panic from spreading farther, by leading them immediately to Action; and therefore ordering them to their Oars, he landed without any Opposition, there being only one Gunner upon the Bay, tho' it was secured with six Brass Cannons of the largest Size, ready mounted. But the Gunner, while they were throwing the Cannon from their Carriages, alarmed the Town, as they soon discovered, by the Bell, the Drums, and the Noise of the People.

*Drake* leaving twelve Men to guard the Pinnaces, marched round the Town with no great Opposition, the Men being more hurt by treading

on the Weapons left on the Ground by the flying Enemy, than by the Resistance which they encountered.

At length having taken some of the *Spaniards*, *Drake* commanded them to shew him the Governor's House, where the Mules that bring the Silver from *Panama* were unloaded; there they found the Door open, and entering the Room where the Silver was repositied, found it heaped up in Bars in such Quantities as almost exceed Belief, the Pile being, they conjectured, seventy Feet in Length, ten in Breadth, and twelve in Height, each Bar weighing between 30 and 45 Pounds.

It is easy to imagine, that at the Sight of this Treasure, nothing was thought on by the *English* but by what Means they might best convey it to their Boats; and doubtless it was not easy for *Drake*, who, considering their Distance from the Shore, and the Numbers of their Enemies, was afraid of being intercepted in his Retreat, to hinder his Men from encumbering themselves with so much Silver as might have retarded their March, and obstructed the Use of their Weapons; however, by promising to lead them to the King's Treasure-House, where there was Gold and Jewels to a far greater Value, and where the Treasure was not only more portable, but nearer the Coast, he persuaded them to follow him, and rejoin the main Body of his Men, then drawn up under the Command of his Brother in the Market-place. Here



Here he found his little Troop much discouraged by the Imagination, that if they stayed any longer, the Enemy would gain Possession of their Pinnaces; and that they should then, without any Means of Safety, be left to stand alone against the whole Power of that Country: *Drake*, not indeed easily terrified, but sufficiently cautious, sent to the Coast to enquire the Truth, and see if the same Terror had taken Possession of the Men whom he had left to guard his Boats; but finding no Foundation for these dreadful Apprehensions, he persisted in his first Design, and led the Troop forward to the Treasure-House. In their Way there fell a violent Shower of Rain, which wet some of their Bow-strings, and extinguished many of their Matches; a Misfortune which might soon have been repaired, and which perhaps the Enemy might suffer in common with them, but which however, on this Occasion, very much embarrassed them, as the Delay produced by it repressed that Ardour which sometimes is only to be kept up by continued Action, and gave Time to the Timorous and Slothful to spread their Insinuations, and propagate their Cowardice.— Some, whose Fear was their predominant Passion, were continually magnifying the Numbers and Courage of their Enemies, and represented whole Nations as ready to rush upon them; others, whose Avarice mingled with their Concern for their own Safety, were more solicitous to preserve

serve what they had already gained, than to acquire more; and others, brave in themselves, and resolute, began to doubt of Success in an Undertaking in which they were associated with such cowardly Companions. So that scarcely any Man appeared to proceed in their Enterprize with that Spirit and Alacrity which could give *Drake* a Prospect of Success.

This he perceived, and with some Emotion told them, that if, after having had the chief Treasure of the World within their Reach, they should go home and languish in Poverty, they could blame nothing but their own Cowardice; that he had performed his Part, and was still desirous to lead them to Riches and to Honour.

Then finding that either Shame or Conviction made them willing to follow him, he ordered the Treasure-house to be forced; and commanding his Brother, and *Oxenham* of *Plymouth*, a Man known afterwards for his bold Adventures in the same Parts, to take Charge of the Treasure, he commanded the other Body to follow him to the Market-place, that he might be ready to oppose any scattered Troops of the *Spaniards*, and hinder them from uniting into one Body.

But as he stepped forward, his Strength failed him on a sudden, and he fell down speechless. Then it was that his Companions perceived a Wound in his Leg, which he had received in the first Encounter, but hitherto concealed, lest his  
Men,

Men, easily discouraged, should make their Concern for his Life a Pretence for returning to their Boats. Such had been his Loss of Blood, as was discovered upon nearer Observation, that it had filled the Prints of his Footsteps, and it appeared scarce credible that, after such Effusion of Blood, Life should remain.

The Bravest were now willing to retire; neither the Desire of Honour nor of Riches was thought enough to prevail in any Man over his Regard for his Leader. *Drake*, whom *Cordials* had now restored to his Speech, was the only Man who could not be prevailed on to leave the Enterprize unfinished. It was to no Purpose that they advised him to submit to go on board to have his Wound dressed, and promised to return with him and complete their Design; he well knew how impracticable it was to regain the Opportunity when it was once lost; and could easily foresee that a Respite, of but a few Hours, would enable the *Spaniards* to recover from their Consternation, to assemble their Forces, refit their Batteries, and remove their Treasure. What he had undergone so much Danger to obtain was now in his Hands, and the Thoughts of leaving it untouched was too mortifying to be patiently borne. However, as there was little Time for Consultation, and the same Danger attended their Stay in that Perplexity and Confusion, as their Return, they bound up his Wound with his Scarf, and,

partly

partly by Force, partly by Entreaty, carried him to the Boats, in which they all embarked by Break of Day.

Then taking with them, out of the Harbour, a Ship loaded with Wines, they went to the *Bastimentes*, an Island about a League from the Town, where they stayed two Days to repose the wounded Men, and to regale themselves with the Fruits which grew in great Plenty in the Gardens of that Island.

During their Stay here, there came over from the Main Land a *Spanish* Gentleman, sent by the Governor with Instructions to enquire, whether the Captain was that *Drake* who had been before on their Coast; whether the Arrows with which many of their Men were wounded, were not poisoned; and whether they wanted Provisions, or other Necessaries. The Messenger likewise extolled their Courage with the highest Encomiums, and expressed his Admiration of their daring Undertaking. *Drake*, though he knew the Civilities of an Enemy are always to be suspected, and that the Messenger, amidst all his Professions of Regard, was no other than a Spy; yet, knowing that he had nothing to apprehend, treated him with the highest Honours that his Condition admitted of; in answer to his Enquiries, he assured him, that he was the same *Drake* with whose Character they were before acquainted, that he was a rigid Observer of the Laws of War, and  
never

never permitted his Arrows to be poisoned; he then dismissed him with considerable Presents, and told him, that, though he had unfortunately failed in this Attempt, he would never desist from his Design, till he had shared with *Spain* the Treasures of *America*.

They then resolved to return to the Isle of *Pines*, where they had left their Ships, and consult about the Measures they were now to take; and having arrived, *August 1*, at their former Station, they dismissed Captain *Rouse*, who judging it unsafe to stay any longer on the Coast, desired to be no longer engaged in their Designs.

But *Drake*, not to be discouraged from his Purpose by a single Disappointment, after having enquired of a Negroe, whom he took aboard at *Nombre de Dios*, the most wealthy Settlements, and weakest Parts of the Coast, resolved to attack *Carthagena*; and setting sail without Loss of Time, came to Anchor, *August 13*, between *Charesba* and *St. Barnard's*, two Islands at a little Distance from the Harbour of *Carthagena*; then passing with his Boats round the Island, he entered the Harbour, and in the Mouth of it found a Frigate with only an old Man in it, who voluntarily informed them, that about an Hour before a Pinnace had passed by with Sails and Oars, and all the Appearance of Expedition and Importance; that as she passed, the Crew on board her bid them take care of themselves; and that as soon as she touched

touched the Shore, they heard the Noise of Cannon fired as a Warning, and saw the Shipping in the Port draw up under the Guns of the Castle.

The Captain, who had himself heard the Discharge of the Artillery, was soon convinced that he was discovered, and that therefore nothing could be attempted with any Probability of Success. He therefore contented himself with taking a Ship of *Seville*, of 240 Tons, which the Relater of this Voyage mentions as a very large Ship, and two small Frigates, in which he found Letters of Advice from *Nombre de Dios*, intended to alarm that Part of the Coast.

*Drake*, now finding his Pinnaces of great Use, and not having a sufficient Number of Sailors for all his Vessels, was desirous of destroying one of his Ships, that his Pinnaces might be better manned: This, necessary as it was, could not easily be done without disgusting his Company, who having made several prosperous Voyages in that Vessel, would be unwilling to have it destroyed. *Drake* well knew that nothing but the Love of their Leaders could animate his Followers to encounter such Hardships as he was about to expose them to, and therefore rather chose to bring his Designs to pass by Artifice than Authority. He sent for the Carpenter of the *Swan*, took him into his Cabin, and having first engaged him to Secrecy, ordered him, in the Middle of the Night, to go down into the Well of the Ship,  
and

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. 187

and bore three Holes through the Bottom, laying something against them that might hinder the Bubbling of the Water from being heard. To this the Carpenter, after some Expostulation, consented, and the next Night performed his Promise.

In the Morning, *August 15*, *Drake* going out with his Pinnace a fishing, rowed up to the *Swan*, and having invited his Brother to partake of his Diversion, enquired with a negligent Air, why their Bark was so deep in the Water; upon which the Steward going down, returned immediately with an Account, that the Ship was leaky, and in danger of sinking in a little Time. They had Recourse immediately to the Pump, but having laboured till Three in the Afternoon, and gained very little upon the Water, they willingly, according to *Drake's* Advice, set the Vessel on Fire, and went on board the Pinnaces.

Finding it now necessary to lie concealed for some Time, till the *Spaniards* should forget their Danger, and remit their Vigilance, they set sail for the Sound of *Darien*; and without approaching the Coast, that their Course might not be observed, they arrived there in six Days.

This being a convenient Place for their Reception, both on account of Privacy, as it was out of the Road of all Trade, and as it was well supplied with Wood, Water, wild Fowl, Hogs, Deer, and all Kinds of Provisions, he stayed here fifteen Days,

Days, to careen his Vessels, and refresh his Men, who worked interchangeably, on one Day the one half, and on the next the other.

On the fifth Day of *September*, *Drake* left his Brother with the Ship at *Darien*, and set out with two Pinnaces towards the *Rio Grande*, which they reached in three Days, and on the ninth were discovered by a *Spaniard* from the Bank, who believing them to be his Countrymen, made a Signal to them to come on Shore, with which they very readily complied; but he, soon finding his Mistake, abandoned his Plantation, where they found great Plenty of Provisions, with which having laden their Vessels, they departed. So great was the Quantity of Provisions which they amassed here and in other Places, that in different Parts of the Coast they built four Magazines, or Store-houses, which they filled with Necessaries for the Prosecution of their Voyage. These they placed at such a Distance from each other, that the Enemy, if he should surprize one, might yet not discover the rest.

In the mean time, his Brother, Captain *John Drake*, went, according to the Instructions that had been left him, in search of the *Symerons*, or fugitive Negroes, from whose Assistance alone they had now any Prospect of a successful Voyage; and touching upon the main Land, by means of the Negro whom they had taken from *Nombre de Dios*, engaged two of them to come  
on



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. 189

on board his Pinnace, leaving two of their own Men as Hostages for their returning. These Men, having assured *Drake* of the Affection of their Nation, appointed an Interview between him and their Leaders. So leaving Port Plenty, in the Isle of *Pines*, so named by the *English*, from the great Stores of Provisions which they had amassed at that Place, they came, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, into a secret Bay, among beautiful Islands covered with Trees, which concealed their Ship from Observation, and where the Channel was so narrow and rocky, that it was impossible to enter it by Night, so that there was no Danger of a sudden Attack.

Here they met, and entered into Engagements, which common Enemies and common Dangers preserved from Violation. But the first Conversation informed the *English*, that their Expectations were not immediately to be gratified; for, upon their Enquiries after the most probable Means of gaining Gold and Silver, the *Symerons* told them, that had they known sooner the chief End of their Expedition, they could easily have gratified them, but that during the rainy Season, which was now begun, and which continues six Months, they could not recover the Treasure, which they had taken from the *Spaniards*, out of the Rivers in which they had concealed it.

*Drake*, therefore, proposing to wait in this Place till the Rains were past, built, with the Assistance

sistance of the *Symerons*, a Fort of Earth and Timber, and leaving Part of his Company with the *Symerons*, set out with three Pinnaces towards *Carthagena*, being of a Spirit too active to lie still patiently, even in a State of Plenty and Security, and with the most probable Expectations of immense Riches.

On the 16th of *October*, he anchored within sight of *Carthagena*, without landing; and on the 17th, going out to Sea, took a *Spanish* Bark, with which they entered the Harbour, where they were accosted by a *Spanish* Gentleman, whom they had some time before taken, and set at Liberty, who coming to them in a Boat (as he pretended) without the Knowledge of the Governor, made them great Promises of Refreshment, and Professions of Esteem; but *Drake* having waited till the next Morning without receiving the Provisions he had been prevailed upon to expect, found that all this pretended Kindness was no more than a Stratagem to amuse him, while the Governor was raising Forces for his Destruction.

*October* 20, they took two Frigates coming out of *Carthagena* without Lading. — Why the *Spaniards*, knowing *Drake* to be at the Mouth of the Harbour, sent out their Vessels on purpose to be taken, does not appear. Perhaps they thought that, in order to keep Possession of his Prizes, he would divide his Company, and by that Division be more easily destroyed.

In a few Hours afterwards, they sent out two Frigates well manned, which *Drake* soon forced to retire; and having sunk one of his Prizes, and burnt the other in their Sight, leaped afterwards ashore, single, in Defiance of their Troops, which hovered at a Distance in the Woods and on the Hills, without ever venturing to approach within Reach of the Shot from the Pinnaces.

To leap upon an Enemy's Coast in Sight of a superior Force, only to show how little they were feared, was an Act that would in these Times meet with little Applause, nor can the General be seriously commended, or rationally vindicated, who exposes his Person to Destruction, and, by Consequence, his Expedition to Miscarriage, only for the Pleasure of an idle Insult, an insignificant Bravado. All that can be urged in his Defence, is, that perhaps it might contribute to heighten the Esteem of his Followers, as few Men, especially of that Class, are philosophical enough to state the exact Limits of Prudence and Bravery, or not to be dazzled with an Intrepidity, how improperly soever exerted. It may be added, that perhaps the *Spaniards*, whose Notions of Courage are sufficiently romantic, might look upon him as a more formidable Enemy, and yield more easily to a Hero of whose Fortitude they had so high an Idea.

However, finding the whole Country advertised of his Attempts, and in Arms to oppose him,

he thought it not proper to stay longer where there was no Probability of Success, and where he might in Time be overpowered by Multitudes, and therefore determined to go forwards to *Rio de Heba*.

This Resolution, when it was known by his Followers, threw them into Astonishment, and the Company of one of his Pinnaces remonstrated to him, that though they placed the highest Confidence in his Conduct, they could not think of undertaking such a Voyage without Provisions, having only a Gammon of Bacon, and a small Quantity of Bread, for seventeen Men: *Drake* answered them, that there was on board his Vessel even a greater Scarcity; but yet, if they would adventure to share his Fortune, he did not doubt of extricating them from all their Difficulties.

Such was the heroic Spirit of *Drake*, that he never suffered himself to be diverted from his Designs by any Difficulties, nor ever thought of relieving his Exigencies, but at the Expence of his Enemies.

Resolution and Success reciprocally produce each other. He had not sailed more than three Leagues, before they discovered a large Ship, which they attacked with all the Intrepidity that Necessity inspires, and happily found it laden with excellent Provisions.

But finding his Crew growing faint and sickly with their Manner of Living in the Pinnaces, which

which was less commodious than on board the Ships, he determined to go back to the *Symerons*, with whom he left his Brother and Part of his Force, and attempt, by their Conduct, to make his Way over, and invade the *Spaniards* in the Inland Parts, where they would probably never dream of an Enemy.

When they arrived at Port *Diego*, so named from the Negro who had procured them their Intercourse with the *Symerons*, they found Captain *John Drake*, and one of his Company dead, being killed in attempting, almost unarmed, to board a Frigate, well provided with all Things necessary for its Defence. The Captain was unwilling to attack it, and represented to them the Madness of their Proposal; but being overborne by their Clamours and Importunities, to avoid the Imputation of Cowardice, complied to his Destruction. So dangerous is it for the chief Commander to be absent!

Nor was this their only Misfortune; for, in a very short Time, many of them were attacked by the *Calenture*, a malignant Fever, very frequent in the hot Climates, which carried away, among several others, *Joseph Drake*, another Brother of the Commander.

While *Drake* was employed in taking care of the sick men, the *Symerons*, who ranged the Country for Intelligence, brought him an Account, that the *Spanish Fleet* was arrived at *Nombre de*

*Dios*, the Truth of which was confirmed by the Pinnacle, which he sent out to make Observations.

This, therefore, was the Time for their Journey, when the Treasures of the *American* Mines were to be transported from *Panama*, over Land, to *Nombre de Dios*. He therefore, by the Direction of the *Symerons*, furnished himself with all Things necessary, and on *February 3*, set out from *Port Diego*.

Having lost already 28 of his Company, and being under a Necessity of leaving some to guard his Ship, he took with him only 18 *English*, and 30 *Symerons*, who not only served as Guides to show the Way, but as Purveyors to procure Provisions.

They carried not only Arrows for War, but for Hunting and Fowling; the Heads of which are proportioned in Size to the Game which they are pursuing; for Oxen, Stags, or wild Boars, they have Arrows, or Javelins, with Heads weighing a Pound and half, which they discharge near Hand, and which scarcely ever fail of being mortal. The second Sort are about half as heavy as the other, and are generally shot from their Bows; these are intended for smaller Beasts. With the third Sort, of which the Heads are an Ounce in weight, they kill Birds.

As this Nation is in a State that does not set them above continual Cares for the immediate Necessaries of Life, he that can temper Iron best,

is among them most esteemed ; and, perhaps, it would be happy for every Nation, if Honours and Applauses were as justly distributed, and he were most distinguished whose Abilities were most useful to Society. How many chimerical Titles to Precedence, how many false Pretences to Respect, would this Rule bring to the Ground !

Every Day, by Sun-rising, they began to march, and having travelled till ten, rested near some River till twelve ; then travelling again till four, they reposed all Night in Houses, which the *Symerons* had either left standing in their former Marches, or very readily erected for them, by setting up three or four Posts in the Ground, and laying Poles from one to another in Form of a Roof, which they thatched with Palmetto Boughs and Plantane Leaves. In the Valleys, where they were sheltered from the Winds, they left three or four Feet below open ; but on the Hills, where they were more exposed to the chill Blasts of the Night, they thatched them close to the Ground, leaving only a Door for Entrance, and a Vent in the Middle of the Room, for the Smoke of three Fires, which they made in every house.

In their March, they met not only with Plenty of Fruits upon the Banks of the Rivers, but with wild Swine in great abundance, of which the *Symerons*, without Difficulty, killed, for the most Part, as much as was wanted. One day, however, they found an Otter, and were about to dress

it; at which *Drake* expressing his Wonder, was asked by *Pedro*, the chief *Symeron*, *Are you a Man of War, and in Want, and yet doubt whether this be Meat that bath Blood in it?* For which *Drake* in private rebuked him, says the Relator, whether justly or not, it is not very important to determine. There seems to be in *Drake's* Scruple somewhat of Superstition, perhaps not easily to be justified; and the *Negroe's* Answer was, at least, martial, and will I believe be generally acknowledged to be rational.

On the third Day of their March, *February 6*, they came to a Town of the *Symerons*, situated on the Side of a Hill, and encompassed with a Ditch and a Mud Wall, to secure it from any sudden Surprise: Here they lived with great Neatness and Plenty, and some Observation of Religion, paying great Reverence to the Cross; a Practice which *Drake* prevailed upon them to change for the Use of the Lord's Prayer. Here they importuned *Drake* to stay for a few Days, promising to double his Strength; but he, either thinking greater Numbers unnecessary, or fearing that if any Difference should arise, he should be overborne by the Number of the *Symerons*, or that they would demand to share the Plunder that should be taken, in common, or for some other Reason, that might easily occur, refused any Addition to his Troop, endeavouring to express his Refusal in such Terms as might heighten their Opinion of his Bravery.



He then proceeded on his Journey, through cool Shades, and lofty Woods, which sheltered them so effectually from the Sun, that their March was less toilsome than if they had travelled in *England* during the Heat of the Summer. Four of the *Symerons*, that were acquainted with the Way, went about a Mile before the Troop, and scattered Branches to direct them; then followed twelve *Symerons*, after whom came the *English* with the two Leaders, and the other *Symerons* closed the Rear.

On *February 11*, they arrived at the Top of a very high Hill, on the Summit of which grew a Tree of wonderful Greatness, in which they had cut Steps for the more easy Ascent to the Top, where there was a Kind of Tower, to which they invited *Drake*, and from thence shewed him not only the North Sea, from whence they came, but the great *South Sea*, on which no *English* Vessel had ever sailed. This Prospect exciting his natural Curiosity and Ardour for Adventures and Discoveries, he lifted up his Hands to God, and implored his Blessing upon the Resolution; which he then formed, of sailing in an *English* Ship on that Sea.

Then continuing their March, they came, after two Days, into an open, level Country, where their Passage was somewhat incommoded by the Grass, which is of a peculiar Kind, consisting of a Stalk like that of *Wheat*, and a Blade,

on which the Oxen and other Cattle feed, till it grows too high for them to reach ; then the Inhabitants set it on fire, and in three Days it springs up again ; this they are obliged to do thrice a Year, so great is the Fertility of the Soil.

At length, being within view of *Panama*, they left all frequented Roads, for fear of being discovered, and posted themselves in a Grove, near the Way between *Panama* and *Nombre de Dios* ; then they sent a *Symeron*, in the Habit of a Negro of *Panama*, to enquire on what Night the *Recoes*, or Drivers of Mules, on which the Treasure is carried, were to set forth. The Messenger was so well qualified for his Undertaking, and so industrious in the Prosecution of it, that he soon returned with an Account, that the Treasurer of *Lima*, intending to return to *Europe*, would pass that Night, with eight Mules laden with Gold, and one with Jewels.

Having received this Information, they immediately marched to *Venta Cruz*, the first Town on the Way to *Nombre de Dios*, sending, for Security, two *Symerons* before, who, as they went, perceived, by the Scent of a Match, that some *Spaniard* was before them, and, going silently forwards, surprized a Soldier asleep upon the Ground. They immediately bound him, and brought him to *Drake*, who, upon Enquiry, found that their Spy had not deceived them in his Intelligence. The Soldier having informed himself of the Captain's

tain's Name, conceived such a Confidence in his well-known Clemency, that, after having made an ample Discovery of the Treasure that was now at hand, he petitioned not only that he would command the *Symerons* to spare his Life, but that when the Treasure should fall into his Hands, he would allow him as much as might maintain him and his Mistress, since they were about to gain more than their whole Company could carry away.

*Drake* then ordered his Men to lie down in the long Grass, about fifty Paces from the Road, half on one Side, with himself, and half on the other, with *Oxenham* and the Captain of the *Symerons*, so much behind, that one Company might seize the foremost *Recoes*, and the other the hindermost; for the Mules of these *Recoes*, or *Drovers*, being tied together, travel in a Line, and are all guided by leading the first.

When they had lain about an Hour in this Place, they began to hear the Bells of the Mules on each Hand, upon which Orders were given, that the Drovers which came from *Venta Cruz* should pass unmolested, because they carried nothing of great Value, and those only be intercepted which were travelling thither, and that none of the men should rise up till the Signal should be given. But one *Robert Pike*, heated with strong Liquor, left his Company, and prevailed upon one of the *Symerons* to creep with him to the Way-side, that they might signalize them-

selves by seizing the first Mule; and hearing the Trampling of a Horse, as he lay, could not be restrained by the *Symeron* from rising up to observe who was passing by. This he did so imprudently, that he was discovered by the Passenger; for, by *Drake's Order*, the *English* had put their Shirts on over their Coats, that the Night and the Tumult might not hinder them from knowing one another.

The Gentleman was immediately observed by *Drake* to change his Trot into a Gallop; but the Reason of it not appearing, it was imputed to his Fear of the Robbers that usually infest that Road, and the *English* still continued to expect the Treasure.

In a short Time, one of the *Racos* that were passing towards *Vanta Cruz*, came up, and was eagerly seized by the *English*, who expected nothing less than half the Revenue of the *Indies*; nor is it easy to imagine their Mortification and Perplexity, when they found only two Mules laden with Silver, the rest having no other Burthen than Provisions.

The Driver was brought immediately to the Captain, and informed him, that the Horseman whom he had observed pass by with so much Precipitation, had informed the Treasurer of what he had observed, and advised him to send back the Mules that carried his Gold and Jewels, and suffer only the rest to proceed, that he might, by  
that

that cheap Experiment, discover whether there was any Ambush on the Way.

That *Drake* was not less disgusted than his Followers, at the Disappointment, cannot be doubted; but there was now no Time to be spent in Complaints. The whole Country was alarmed, and all the Force of the *Spaniards* was summoned to overwhelm him. He had no Fortrefs to retire to, every Man was his Enemy, and every Retreat better known to the *Spaniards* than to himself.

This was an Occasion that demanded all the Qualities of an Hero, an Intrepidity never to be shaken, and a Judgment never to be perplexed. He immediately considered all the Circumstances of his present Situation, and found that it afforded him only the Choice of marching back by the same Way through which he came, or of forcing his Passage to *Venta Cruz*.

To march back, was to confess the Superiority of his Enemies, and to animate them to the Pursuit; the Woods would afford Opportunities of Ambush, and his Followers must often disperse themselves in search of Provisions, who would become an easy Prey, dispirited by their Disappointment, and fatigued by their March. On the Way to *Venta Cruz* he should have nothing to fear but from open Attacks, and expected Enemies.

Determining therefore to pass forward to *Venta Cruz*, he asked *Pacho*, the Leader of the *Symons*, whether he was resolv'd to follow him; and

having received from him the strongest Assurances that nothing should separate them, commanded his Men to refresh themselves, and prepare to set forward.

When they came within a Mile of the Town, they dismissed the Mules which they had made use of for their more easy and speedy Passage, and continued their March along a Road cut through thick Woods, in which a Company of Soldiers, who were quartered in the Place to defend it against the *Symerons*, had posted themselves, together with a Convent of Friars headed by one of the Brethren, whose Zeal against the Northern Heresy had incited him to hazard his Person, and assume the Province of a General.

*Drake*, who was advertised by two *Symerons*, whom he sent before, of the Approach of the *Spaniards*, commanded his Followers to receive the first Volley without firing.

In a short Time he heard himself summoned by the *Spanish* Captain to yield, with a Promise of Protection and kind Treatment; to which he answered with Defiance, Contempt, and the Discharge of his Pistol.

Immediately the *Spaniards* poured in their Shot, by which only one Man was killed, and *Drake*, with some others, slightly wounded; upon which the Signal was given by *Drake's* Whistle to fall upon them. The *English*, after discharging their Arrows and Shot, pressed furiously forward, and  
drove

drove the *Spaniards* before them, which the *Symerons*, whom the Terror of the Shot had driven to some Distance, observed, and recalling their Courage, animated each other with Songs in their own Language, and rushed forward with such Impetuosity, that they overtook them near the Town, and, supported by the *Englisb*, dispersed them, with the Loss of only one Man, who, after he had received his Wound, had Strength and Resolution left to kill his Assailant.

They pursued the Enemy into the Town, in which they met with some Plunder, which was given to the *Symerons*, and treated the Inhabitants with great Clemency, *Drake* himself going to the *Spanish Ladies*, to assure them that no Injuries should be offered them; so inseparable is Humanity with true Courage.

Having thus broken the Spirits, and scattered the Forces, of the *Spaniards*, he pursued his March to his Ship, without any Apprehension of Danger, yet with great Speed, being very solicitous about the State of the Crew; so that he allowed his Men, harrassed as they were, but little Time for Sleep or Refreshment; but, by kind Exhortations, gentle Authority, and a chearful Participation of all their Hardships, prevailed upon them to bear, without Murmurs, not only the Toil of Travelling, but on some Days the Pain of Hunger.

In this March, he owed much of his Expedition to the Assistance of the *Symerons*, who being

accustomed to the Climate, and naturally robust, not only brought him Intelligence, and shewed the Way, but carried Necessaries, provided Victuals, and built Lodgings; and when any of the *English* fainted in the Way, two of them would carry him between them for two Miles together: nor was their Valour less than their Industry, after they had learned, from their *English* Companions, to despise the Fire-arms of the *Spaniards*.

When they were within five Leagues of the Ships, they found a Town built in their Absence by the *Symerons*, at which *Drake* consented to bait, sending a *Symeron* to the Ship with his Gold Tooth-pick as a Token, which, though the Master knew it, was not sufficient to gain the Messenger Credit, till, upon Examination, he found that the Captain, having ordered him to regard no Message without his Hand-writing, had engraven his Name upon it with the Point of his Knife. He then sent the Pinnace up the River, which they met and afterwards sent to the Town for those whose Weariness had made them unable to march farther. On *February 23*, the whole Company was re-united; and *Drake*, whose good or ill Success never prevailed over his Piety, celebrated their Meeting with Thanks to God:

*Drake*, not yet discouraged, now turned his Thoughts to new Prospects, and, without languishing in Melancholy Reflections upon his past Mis-carriages, employed himself in forming Schemes  
for



for repairing them. Eager of Action, and acquainted with Man's nature, he never suffered Idleness to infect his Followers with Cowardice, but kept them from sinking under any Disappointment, by diverting their Attention to some new Enterprize.

Upon Consultation with his own Men and the *Symerons*, he found them divided in their Opinions: Some declaring, that before they engaged in any new Attempt, it was necessary to increase their Stores of Provisions; and others urging, that the Ships in which the Treasure was conveyed should be immediately attacked. The *Symerons* proposed a third Plan, and advised him to undertake another March over Land to the House of one *Pezora* near *Veragua*, whose Slaves brought him every Day more than two hundred Pounds Sterling from the Mines, which he heaped together in a strong Stone House, which might, by the Help of the *English*, be easily forced.

*Drake*, being unwilling to fatigue his Followers with another Journey, determined to comply with both the other Opinions; and manning his two Pinnaces, the *Bear* and the *Minion*, he sent *John Owenham*, in the *Bear*, towards *Tolon*, to seize upon Provisions; and went himself, in the *Minion*, to the *Cabezas*, to intercept the Treasure that was to be transported from *Veragua* and that Coast, to the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*; first dismissing with Presents those *Symerons* that desired  
to

to return to their Wives, and ordering those that chose to remain, to be entertained in the Ship.

*Drake* took at the *Cabezas* a Frigate of *Nicaragua*, the Pilot of which informed him, that there was in the Harbour of *Veragua* a Ship freighted with more than a Million of Gold, to which he offered to conduct him (being well acquainted with the Soundings) if he might be allowed his Share of the Prize; so much was his Avarice superior to his Honesty.

*Drake*, after some Deliberation, complying with the Pilot's Importunities, sailed towards the Harbour, but had no sooner entered the Mouth of it than he heard the Report of Artillery, which was answered by others at a greater Distance, upon which the Pilot told him that they were discovered, this being the Signal appointed by the Governor to alarm the Coast.

*Drake* now thought it convenient to return to the Ship, that he might enquire the Success of the other Pinnace, which he found with a Frigate that she had taken, with twenty-eight fat Hogs, two hundred Hens, and great Store of Maiz, or *Indian* Corn. The Vessel itself was so strong, and well built, that he fitted it out for War, determining to attack the Fleet at *Nombre de Dios*.

On *March* the 21st he set Sail, with the new Frigate and the *Bear*, towards the *Cabezas*, at which he arrived in about two Days, and found there *Tetu*, a *Frenchman*, with a Ship of War, who

who, after having received from him a Supply of Water, and other Necessaries, intreated that he might join with him in his Attempt, which *Drake* consenting to, admitted him to accompany him with twenty of his Men, stipulating to allow them an equal Share of whatever Booty they should gain. Yet were they not without some Suspensions of Danger from this new Ally, he having eighty Men, and they being now reduced to thirty-one.

Then, manning the Frigate and two Pinnaces, they set sail for the *Cebezas*, where they left the Frigate, which was too large for the Shallows over which they were to pass, and proceeded to *Rio Francisco*. Here they landed; and, having ordered the Pinnaces to return to the same Place on the fourth Day following, travelled through the Woods towards *Nombre de Dios*, with such Silence and Regularity as surpris'd the *French*, who did not imagine the *Symerons* so discreet or obedient as they appeared, and were therefore in perpetual Anxiety about the Fidelity of their Guides, and the Probability of their Return. Nor did the *Symerons* treat them with that Submission and Regard which they paid to the *English*, whose Bravery and Conduct they had already tried.

At length, after a laborious March of more than seven Leagues, they began to hear the Hammers of the Carpenters in the Bay, it being the Custom in that hot Season to work in the Night; and

and in a short Time they perceived the Approach of the *Recoas*, or Drovers of Mules, from *Panama*. They now no longer doubted that their Labours would be rewarded, and every Man imagined himself secure from Poverty and Labour for the remaining Part of his Life. They, therefore, when the Mules came up, rushed out and seized them, with an Alacrity proportioned to their Expectations. The three Drovers consisted of one hundred and nine Mules, each of which carried three hundred Pounds Weight of Silver. It was to little Purpose that the Soldiers, ordered to guard the Treasure, attempted Resistance. After a short Combat, in which the *French* Captain and one of the *Symerons* were wounded, it appeared with how much greater ardour Men are animated by Interest than Fidelity.

As it was possible for them to carry away but a small Part of this Treasure, after having wearied themselves with hiding it in Holes and shallow Waters, they determined to return by the same Way, and, without being pursued, entered the Woods, where the *French* Captain, being disabled by his Wound, was obliged to stay, two of his Company continuing with him.

When they had gone forward about two Leagues, the *Frenchmen* missed another of their Company, who, upon Enquiry, was known to be intoxicated with Wine, and supposed to have lost himself in the Woods, by neglecting to observe the Guides. But

But common Prudence not allowing them to hazard the whole Company, by too much Solitude for a single Life, they travelled on towards *Rio Francisco*, at which they arrived *April* the 30; but looking out for their Pinnaces, were surprized with the Sight of seven *Spanish* Shallops, and immediately concluded, that some Intelligence of their Motions had been carried to *Nombre de Dios*, and that these Vessels had been fitted out to pursue them, which might undoubtedly have overpowered the Pinnaces and their feeble Crew: Nor did their Suspicion stop here, but immediately it occurred to them, that their Men had been compelled by Torture to discover where their Frigate and Ship were stationed, which being weakly manned, and without the Presence of the chief Commanders, would fall into their Hands, almost without Resistance, and all Possibility of escaping be entirely cut off.

These Reflections sunk the whole Company into Despair; and every one, instead of endeavouring to break through the Difficulties that surrounded him, resigned up himself to his ill Fortune; when *Drake*, whose Intrepidity was never to be shaken, and whose Reason was never to be surprized, or embarrassed, represented to them, that though the *Spaniards* should have made themselves Masters of their Pinnaces, they might yet be hindered from discovering the Ships. He put them in mind, that the Pinnaces could not be taken,

taken, the Men examined, their Examinations compared, their Resolutions formed, the Vessels sent out, and the Ships taken in an Instant. Some Time must necessarily be spent before the last Blow could be struck, and if that Time were not negligently-lost, it might be possible for some of them to reach the Ships before the Enemy, and direct them to change their Station.

They were animated with this Discourse, by which they discovered that their Leader was not without Hope; but, when they came to look more nearly into their Situation, they were unable to conceive upon what it was founded. To pass by Land was impossible, as the Way lay over high Mountains, through thick Woods, and deep Rivers, and they had not a single Boat in their Power, so that a Passage by Water seemed equally impracticable. But *Drake*, whose Penetration immediately discovered all the Circumstances and Inconveniencies of every Scheme, soon determined upon the only Means of Succour which their Condition afforded them; and ordering his Men to make a Raft out of the Trees that were then floating on the River, offered himself to put off to Sea upon it, and chearfully asked who would accompany him. *John Owen*, *John Smith*, and two *Frenchmen*, who were willing to share his Fortune, embarked with him on the Raft, which was fitted out with a Sail made of a Biscuit-sack, and an Oar to direct its Course instead of a Rudder.

Then

Then having comforted the rest with Assurances of his Regard for them, and Resolution to leave nothing unattempted for their Deliverance, he put off to Sea, and after having, with much Difficulty, sailed three Leagues, descried two Pinnaces hast-ing towards him, which, upon a nearer Approach, he discovered to be his own, and perceiving that they anchored behind a Point that jutted out into the Sea, he put to Shore, and crossing the Land on foot, was received by his Company with that Satisfaction which is only known to those that have been acquainted with Dangers and Distresses.

The same Night they rowed to *Rio Francisco*, where they took in the rest, with what Treasure they had been able to carry with them through the Woods; then sailing back with the utmost Expedition, they returned to their Frigate, and soon after to their Ship, where *Drake* divided the Gold and Silver equally between the *French* and the *English*.

Here they spent about fourteen Days in fitting out their Frigate more completely; and then dismissing the *Spaniards* with their Ship, lay a few Days among the *Cabezas*, while twelve *English* and sixteen *Symerons* travelled once more into the Country, as well to recover the *French* Captain, whom they had left wounded, as to bring away the Treasure which they had hid in the Sands. *Drake*, whom his Company would not suffer to hazard his Person in another Land Expedition, went

went with them to *Rio Francisco*, where he found one of the *Frenchmen* who had stayed to attend their Captain, and was informed by him, upon his Enquiries after his Fortune, that half an Hour after their Separation, the *Spaniards* came upon them, and easily seized upon the wounded Captain; but that his Companion might have escaped with him, had he not preferred Money to Life; for seeing him throw down a Box of Jewels that retarded him, he could not forbear taking it up, and with that, and the Gold which he had already, was so loaded that he could not escape. With regard to the Bars of Gold and Silver, which they had concealed in the Ground, he informed them, that two thousand Men had been employed in digging for them.

The Men, however, either mistrusting the Informer's Veracity, or confident that what they had hidden, could not be found, pursued their Journey; but upon their Arrival at the Place, found the Ground turned up for two Miles round, and were able to recover no more than thirteen Bars of Silver, and a small Quantity of Gold. They discovered afterwards, that the *Frenchman* who was left in the Woods, falling afterwards into the Hands of the *Spaniards*, was tortured by them, till he confessed where *Drake* had concealed his Plunder. So fatal to *Drake's Expedition* was the Drunkenness of his Followers.

Then



Then dismissing the *French*, they passed by *Carthage* with their Colours flying, and soon after took a Frigate laden with Provisions and Honey, which they valued, as a great Restorative, and then sailed away to the *Cabezas*.

Here they stayed about a Week, to clean their Vessels, and fit them for a long Voyage, determining to set Sail for *England*. And that the faithful *Symarons* might not go away unrewarded, broke up their Pinnaces, and gave them the Iron, the most valuable Present in the World to a Nation whose only Employments were War and Hunting, and amongst whom Show and Luxury had no Place.

*Pedro*, their Captain, being desired by *Drake* to go through the Ship, and to chuse what he most desired, fixed his Eye upon a Scymeter set with Diamonds, which the *French* Captain had presented to *Drake*; and being unwilling to ask for so valuable a Present, offered for it four large Quoits, or thiek Plates of Gold, which he had hitherto concealed; but *Drake*, desirous to show him that Fidelity seldom is without a Recompence, gave it him with the highest Professions of Satisfaction and Esteem. *Pedro*, receiving it with the utmost Gratitude, informed him, that by bestowing it, he had conferred Greatness and Honour upon him; for by presenting it to his King, he doubted not of obtaining the highest Rank amongst the *Symarons*. He then persisted in his Resolution

solution of leaving the Gold, which was generously thrown by *Drake* into the common Stock; for he said, that those at whose Expences he had been sent out, ought to share in all the Gain of the Expedition, whatever Pretence, Caviel, or Chicanery might supply for the Appropriation of any Part of it. Thus was *Drake's* Character consistent with itself; he was equally superior to Avarice and Fear; and through whatever Danger he might go in quest of Gold, he thought it not valuable enough to be obtained by Artifice or Dishonesty.

They now forsook the Coast of *America*, which for many Months they had kept in perpetual Alarms, having taken more than two hundred Ships of all Sizes, between *Carthagena* and *Nombre de Dios*, of which they never destroyed any, unless they were fitted out against them, nor ever detained the Prisoners longer than was necessary for their own Security or Concealment, providing for them in the same Manner as for themselves, and protecting them from the Malice of the *Symerons*: a Behaviour, which Humanity dictates; and which, perhaps, even Policy cannot disapprove. He must certainly meet with obstinate Opposition, who makes it equally dangerous to yield as to resist, and who leaves his Enemies no Hopes but from Victory.

What Riches they acquired, is not particularly related; but it is not to be doubted, that the Plunder of so many Vessels, together with the

Silver

Silver which they seized at *Nombre de Dios*, must amount to a very large Sum, though the Part that was allotted to *Drake* was not sufficient to lull him into Effeminacy, or to repress his natural Inclination to Adventures.

They arrived at *Plymouth* on the 9th of *August*, 1573, on *Sunday* in the Afternoon; and so much were the People delighted with the News of their Arrival, that they left the Preacher, and ran in Crouds to the Key with Shouts and Congratulations.

**DRAKE** having, in his former Expedition, had a View of the *South Sea*, and formed a Resolution to sail upon it, did not suffer himself to be diverted from his Design, by the Prospect of any Difficulties that might obstruct the Attempt, nor any Dangers that might attend the Execution; Dangers, which brave Men often find it much more easy to overcome, than secret Envy, and domestic Treachery.

*Drake's* Reputation was now sufficiently advanced to incite Detraction and Opposition; and it is easy to imagine that a Man, by Nature superior to mean Artifices, and bred, from his earliest Years, to the Labour and Hardships of a Sea-life, was very little acquainted with Policy and Intrigue, very little versed in the Methods of Application to the Powerful and Great, and unable to obviate the Practices of those whom his Merit had made his Enemies.

Nor

Nor are such the only Opponents of great Enterprizes : There are some Men of narrow Views, and grovelling Conceptions, who, without the Instigation of personal Malice, treat every new Attempt as wild and chimerical, and look upon every Endeavour to depart from the beaten Track as the rash Effort of a warm Imagination, or the glittering Speculation of an exalted Mind, that may please and dazzle for a Time, but can produce no real or lasting Advantage.

These Men value themselves upon a perpetual Scepticism, upon believing nothing but their own Senses, upon calling for Demonstration where it cannot possibly be obtained, and sometimes upon holding out against it when it is laid before them ; upon inventing Arguments against the Success of any new Undertaking ; and, where Arguments cannot be found, upon treating it with Contempt and Ridicule.

Such have been the most formidable Enemies of the great Benefactors to Mankind, and to these we can hardly doubt but that much of the Opposition which *Drake* met with is to be attributed ; for their Notions and Discourse are so agreeable to the Lazy, the Envious, and the Timorous, that they seldom fail of becoming popular, and directing the Opinions of Mankind.

Whatsoever were his Obstacles, and whatsoever the Motives that produced them, it was not till the Year 1577, that he was able to assemble a  
Force

Force proportioned to his Design, and to obtain a Commission from the Queen, by which he was constituted Captain General of a Fleet, consisting of five Vessels, of which the *Reliance*, Admiral, of an hundred Tons, was commanded by himself; the *Elizabeth*, Vice-Admiral, of 80 Tons, by *John Winter*; the *Marigold*, of 30 Tons, by *John Thomas*; the *Swan*, of 50 Tons, by *John Chester*; the *Christopher*, of 25 Tons, by *Thomas Mocha*, the same, as it seems, who was Carpenter in the former Voyage, and destroyed one of the Ships by *Drake's* Direction. These Ships, equipped partly by himself, and partly by other private Adventurers, he manned with 164 stout Sailors, and furnished with such Provisions as he judged necessary for the long Voyage in which he was engaged. Nor did he confine his Concern to naval Stores, or military Preparations, but carried with him whatever he thought might contribute to raise in those Nations, with which he should have any Intercourse, the highest Ideas of the Politeness and Magnificence of his native Country. He therefore not only procured a complete Service of Silver for his own Table, and furnished the Cook-room with many Vessels of the same Metal, but engaged several Musicians to accompany him, rightly judging, that nothing would more excite the Admiration of any Savage and uncivilized People.

Having been driven back by a Tempest to their

a longer Residence among the *Moors*, was afterwards sent home in a Merchant's Ship.

On *January 16*, they arrived at *Cape Blanc*; having, in their Passage, taken several *Spanish Vessels*. Here, while *Drake* was employing his Men in catching Fish, of which this Coast affords great Plenty, and various Kinds, the Inhabitants came down to the Sea-side with their *Alisorges*, or Leather Bottles, to traffic for Water, which they were willing to purchase with Ambergrise, and other Gums. But *Drake*, compassionating the Misery of their Condition, gave them Water whenever they asked for it, and left them their Commodities to traffic with, when they should be again reduced to the same Distress, without finding the same Generosity to relieve them.

Here having discharged some *Spanish Ships*, which they had taken, they set sail towards the *Isles of Cape Verd*, and on *January 28*, came to anchor before *Mayo*; hoping to furnish themselves with fresh Water; but having landed, they found the Town by the Water's-side entirely deserted, and marching farther up the Country, saw the Vallies extremely fruitful, and abounding with ripe Figs, Coccoes, and Plantains, but could by no Means prevail upon the Inhabitants to converse or traffic with them: However, they were suffered by them to range the Country without Molestation, but found no Water, except at such a Distance from the Sea, that the Labour of conveying it

it to their Ships was greater than it was at that time necessary for them to undergo. Salt, had they wanted it, might have been obtained without Trouble, being left by the Sea upon the Sand, and hardened by the Sun, during the Ebb, in such Quantities, that the chief Traffic of their Island is carried on with it.

January 31, they passed by *St. Yago*, an Island at that Time divided between the Natives and the *Portuguese*, who, first entering these Islands under the Show of Traffic, by Degrees established themselves, and claimed a Superiority over the original Inhabitants, and harrassed them with such Cruelty, that they obliged them either to fly to the Woods and Mountains, and perish with Hunger, or to take Arms against their Oppressors, and under the insuperable Disadvantages with which they contended, to die almost without a Battle in Defence of their natural Rights, and ancient Possessions.

Such Treatment had the Natives of *St. Yago* received, which had driven them into the rocky Parts of the Island, from whence they made Incursions into the Plantations of the *Portuguese*, sometimes with Loss, but generally with that Success which Desperation naturally procures: so that the *Portuguese* were in continual Alarms, and lived with the natural Consequences of Guilt, Terror, and Anxiety. They were wealthy, but not happy, and possessed the Island, but not enjoyed it.

They then sailed on within Sight of *Fogo*, an Island so called from a Mountain, about the Middle of it, continually burning, and like the rest inhabited by the *Portuguese*, two Leagues to the South of which lies *Brava*, which has received its Name from its Fertility, abounding, though uninhabited, with all Kinds of Fruits, and watered with great Numbers of Springs and Brooks, which would easily invite the Possessors of the adjacent Islands to settle in it, but that it affords neither Harbour nor Anchorage. *Drake*, after having sent out his Boats with Plummets, was not able to find any Ground about it, and it is reported that many Experiments have been made with the same Success; however, he took in Water sufficient, and on the 2d of *February* set sail for the Straits of *Magellan*.

On *February* 17, they passed the Equator, and continued their Voyage, with sometimes Calms, and sometimes contrary Winds, but without any memorable Accident till *March* 28, when one of their Vessels, with 28 Men, and the greatest Part of their fresh Water on board, was, to their great Discouragement, separated from them; but their Perplexity lasted not long, for on the next Day they discovered and rejoined their Associates.

In their long Course, which gave them Opportunities of observing several Animals, both in the Air and Water, at that Time very little known, nothing entertained, or surpris'd them more, than the



the *Flying Fish*, which is near of the same Size with a Herring, and has Fins of the Length of his whole Body, by the Help of which, when he is pursued by the *Bonito*, or Great Mackerel, as soon as he finds himself upon the Point of being taken, he springs up into the Air, and flies forward as long as his Wings continue wet, moisture being, as it seems, necessary to make them pliant and moveable; and when they become dry and stiff, he falls down into the Water, unless some Bark or Ship intercept him, and dips them again for a second Flight. This unhappy Animal is not only pursued by Fishes in his natural Element, but attacked in the Air, where he hopes for Security, by the *Don*, or *Spar-kite*, a great Bird that preys upon Fish; and their Species must surely be destroyed, were not their Increase so great, that the young Fry, in one Part of the Year, covers the Sea.

There is another Fish, named the *Cuttill*, of which whole Shoals will sometimes rise at once out of the Water, and of which a great Multitude fell into their Ship.

At length, having sailed without Sight of Land for sixty-three Days, they arrived, *April 5*, at the Coasts of *Brasil*, where, on the 7th, the *Christopher* was separated again from them by a Storm, after which they sailed near the Land to the southward, and on the 14th anchored under a Cape, which they afterwards called *Cape Joy*, because

in two Days, the Vessel which they had lost returned to them.

Having spent a Fortnight in the River of *Plate*, to refresh his Men after their long Voyage, and then standing out to Sea, he was again surprized by a sudden Storm, in which they lost Sight of the *Swan*. This Accident determined *Drake* to contract the Number of his Fleet, that he might not only avoid the Inconvenience of such frequent Separations, but ease the Labour of his Men, by having more Hands in each Vessel.

For this Purpose he sailed along the Coast in quest of a commodious Harbour, and, on *May 13*, discovered a Bay, which seemed not improper for their Purpose, but which they durst not enter till it was examined, an employment in which *Drake* never trusted any, whatever might be his Confidence in his Followers on other Occasions. He well knew how fatal one Moment's Inattention might be, and how easily almost every Man suffers himself to be surprized by Indolence and Security. He knew that the same Credulity that might prevail upon him to trust another, might induce another to commit the same Office to a third; and it must be, at length, that some of them would be deceived. He therefore, as at other Times, ordered the Boat to be hoisted out, and taking the Line into his Hand, went on sounding the Passage till he was three Leagues from his Ship; when, on a sudden, the Weather changed,

changed, the Skies blackened, the Winds whistled, and all the usual Forerunners of a Storm began to threaten them: Nothing was now desired but to return to the Ship; but the Thickness of the Fog intercepting it from their Sight, made the Attempt little other than desperate. By so many unforeseen Accidents is Prudence itself liable to be embarrassed! So difficult it is sometimes for the quickest Sagacity, and most enlightened Experience, to judge what Measures ought to be taken! To trust another to sound an unknown Coast, appeared to *Drake* Folly and Presumption; to be absent from his Fleet, though but for an Hour, proved nothing less than to hazard the Success of all their Labours, Hardships and Dangers:

In this Perplexity, which *Drake* was not more sensible of than those whom he had left in the Ships, nothing was to be omitted, however dangerous, that might contribute to extricate them from it, as they could venture nothing of equal Value with the Life of their General. Captain *Thomas*, therefore, having the lightest Vessel, steered boldly into the Bay, and taking the General aboard, dropped Anchor, and lay out of Danger, while the rest, that were in the open Sea, suffered much from the Tempest; and the *Mary*, a Portuguese Prize, was driven away before the Wind; the others, as soon as the Tempest was over, discovering by the Fires which were made on Shore, where *Drake* was, repaired to him.

Here, going on Shore, they met with no Inhabitants, though there were several Houses or Huts standing, in which they found a good Quantity of dried Fowls, and among them a great Number of Ostriches, of which the Thighs were as large as those of a Sheep. These Birds are too heavy and unweildy to rise from the Ground, but, with the Help of their Wings, run so swiftly, that the *English* could never come near enough to shoot at them. The *Indians*, commonly, by holding a large Plume of Feathers before them, and walking gently forward, drive the Ostriches into some narrow Neck, or Point of Land, then spreading a strong Net from one Side to the other, to hinder them from returning back to the open Fields, set their Dogs upon them; thus they are confined between the Net and the Water, and when thrown on their backs, they rush in and take them.

Not finding this Harbour convenient, or well stored with Wood and Water, they left it on the 5th of *May*, and on the 18th entered another much safer, and more commodious, which they no sooner arrived at, than *Drake*, whose restless Application never remitted, sent *Winter* to the Southward, in quest of those Ships which were absent, and immediately after sailed himself to the Northward, and happily meeting with the *Swan*, conducted it to the rest of the Fleet; after which, in pursuance of his former Resolution, he ordered it to be broken up, reserving the Iron  
Work

Work for a future Supply. The other Vessel which they lost in the late Storm could not be discovered.

While they were thus employed upon an Island about a Mile from the main Land, to which, at low Water, there was a Passage on Foot, they were discovered by the Natives, who appeared upon a Hill at a Distance, dancing, and holding up their Hands, as beckoning the *English* to them; which *Drake* observing, sent out a Boat with Knives, Bells, and Bugles, and such Things, as, by their Usefulness or Novelty, he imagined would be agreeable. As soon as the *English* landed, they observing two Men running towards them, as deputed by the Company, who came within a little Distance, and then standing still, could not be prevailed upon to come nearer. The *English* therefore tied their Presents to a Pole, which they fixed in the Ground, and then retiring, saw the *Indians* advance, who taking what they found upon the Pole, left, in return, such feathers as they wear upon their Heads, with a small Bone about six Inches in Length, carved round the Top, and burnished.

*Drake*, observing their Inclination to Friendship and Traffic, advanced with some of his Company towards the Hill, upon Sight of whom the *Indians* ranged themselves in a Line from East to West, and one of them running from one End of the Rank to the other, backwards and forwards,

bowed himself towards the Rising and Setting of the Sun, holding his Hands over his Head, and frequently stopping in the Middle of the Rank, leaped up towards the Moon, which then shone directly over their Heads; thus calling the Sun and Moon, the Deities they worship, to witness the Sincerity of their Professions of Peace and Friendship. While this Ceremony was performed, *Drake* and his Company ascended the Hill, to the apparent Terror of the *Indians*, whose Apprehensions when the *English* perceived, they peaceably retired; which gave the Natives so much Encouragement, that they came forward immediately, and exchanged their Arrows, Feathers, and Bones, for such Trifles as were offered them.

Thus they traded for some Time; but, by frequent Intercourse, finding that no Violence was intended, they became familiar, and mingled with the *English* without the least Distrust.

They go quite naked, except a Skin of some Animal, which they throw over their Shoulders when they lie in the open Air. They knit up their Hair, which is very long, with a Roll of Ostrich Feathers, and usually carry their Arrows wrapped up in it, that they may not encumber them, they being made with Reeds, headed with Flint, and therefore not heavy. Their Bows are about an Ell long.

Their chief Ornament is Paint, which they

use of several Kinds, delineating generally upon their Bodies the Figures of the Sun and Moon, in Honour of their Deities.

It is observable, that most Nations, amongst whom the Use of Cloathes is unknown, paint their Bodies. Such was the Practice of the first Inhabitants of our own Country. From this Custom did our earliest Enemies, the *Picts*, owe their Denomination. As it is not probable that Caprice or Fancy should be uniform, there must be, doubtless, some Reason for a Practice so general and prevailing in distant Parts of the World, which have no Communication with each other. The original End of painting their Bodies was, probably, to exclude the Cold; an End which, if we believe some Relations, is so effectually produced by it, that the Men thus painted never shiver at the most piercing blasts. But, doubtless, any People so hardened by continual Severities would, even without Paint, be less sensible of the Cold than the civilised Inhabitants of the same Climate. However this Practice may contribute, in some Degree, to defend them from the Injuries of Winter, and in those Climates where little evaporates by the Pores, may be used with no great Inconvenience; but in hot Countries, where Perspiration in a greater Degree is necessary, the Natives only use Uction to preserve them from the other Extreme of Weather: So well do either Reason or Experience supply the Place of Science in Savage Countries!

They

They had no Canoes like the other *Indians*, nor any Method of crossing the Water, which was probably the Reason why the Birds in the adjacent Islands were so tame, that they might be taken with the Hand, having never been before frighted or molested. The great Plenty of Fowls and Seals, which crowded the Shallows in such Numbers, that they killed at their first Arrival two Hundred of them in an Hour, contributed much to the Refreshment of the *English*, who named the Place *Seal Bay* from that Animal.

These Seals seem to be the chief Food of the Natives; for the *English* often found raw Pieces of their Flesh half-eaten, and left, as they supposed, after a full Meal by the *Indians*, whom they never knew to make use of Fire, or any Art, in dressing or preparing their Victuals.

Nor were their other Customs less wild or uncouth, than their Way of feeding; one of them having received a Cap off the General's Head, and being extremely pleased as well with the Honour as the Gift, to express his Gratitude, and confirm the Alliance between them, retired to a little Distance, and thrusting an Arrow into his Leg, let the Blood run upon the Ground, testifying, as it is probable, that he valued *Drake's* Friendship above Life.

Having stayed fifteen Days among these friendly Savages, in 47 Deg. 30 Min. S. Latitude, on June 3, they set sail towards the South Sea, and  
 six



six Days afterwards stopped at another little Bay to break up the *Christopher*. Then passing on, they cast Anchor in another Bay, not more than 20 Leagues distant from the Straits of *Magellan*.

It was now Time seriously to deliberate in what Manner they should act with regard to the *Portuguese Prize*, which having been separated from them by the Storm, had not yet rejoined them. To return in search of it was sufficiently mortifying; to proceed without it, was not only to deprive themselves of a considerable Part of their Force, but to expose their Friends and Companions, whom common Hardships and Dangers had endeared to them, to certain Death or Captivity. This Consideration prevailed, and therefore on the 18th, after Prayers to God, with which *Drake* never forgot to begin an Enterprize, he put to Sea, and the next Day, near *Port Julian*, discovered their Associates, whose Ship was now grown leaky, having suffered much, both in the first Storm by which they were dispersed, and afterwards in fruitless Attempts to regain the Fleet.

*Drake*, therefore, being desirous to relieve their Fatigues, entered *Port Julian*; and as it was his Custom always to attend in Person, when any important Business was in Hand, went ashore with some of the chief of his Company, to seek for Water, where he was immediately accosted by two Natives, of whom *Magellan* left a very terrible Account, having described them as a Nation

tion of Giants and Monsters; nor is his Narrative entirely without Foundation, for they are of the largest Size, though not taller than some *Englishmen*; their Strength is proportioned to their Bulk, and their Voice loud, boisterous, and terrible. What were their Manners before the Arrival of the *Spaniards*, it is not possible to discover; but the Slaughter made of their Countrymen, perhaps without any Provocation, by these cruel Intruders, and the general Massacre with which that Part of the World is depopulated, have raised in them a Suspicion of all Strangers, and by Consequence made them inhospitable, treacherous, and bloody.

The two who associated themselves with the *English*, appeared much pleased with their new Guests, received willingly what was given them, and very exactly observed every thing that passed, seeming more particularly delighted with seeing *Oliver*, the Master Gunner, shoot an *English* Arrow, they shot themselves likewise, in Emulation, but their Arrows always fell to the Ground: far short of his.

Soon after this friendly Contest came another, who observing the Familiarity of his Countrymen with the Strangers, appeared much displeas'd, and, as the *Englishmen* perceived, endeavoured to dissuade them from such an Intercourse. What Effect his Arguments had, was soon after apparent; for another of *Drake's* Companions, being desirous

fious to show the third *Indian* a Specimen of the *English* Valour and Dexterity, attempted likewise to shoot an Arrow, but drawing it with his full Force, burst the Bow-string; upon which the *Indians*, who were unacquainted with their other Weapons, imagining him disarmed, followed the Company, as they were walking negligently down towards their Boat, and let fly their Arrows, aiming particularly at *Winter*, who had the Bow in his Hand. He, finding himself wounded in the Shoulder, endeavoured to refit his Bow, and turning about, was pierced with a second Arrow in the Breast; *Oliver*, the Gunner, immediately presented his Piece at the insidious Assailants, which failing to take Fire, gave them Time to level another Flight of Arrows, by which he was killed; nor, perhaps, had any of them escaped, surprized and perplexed as they were, had not *Drake*, with his usual Presence of Mind, animated their Courage, and directed their Motions, ordering them, by perpetually changing their Places, to elude, as much as they could, the Aim of their Enemies, and to defend their Bodies with their Targets: and instructing them, by his own Example, to pick up, and break the Arrows as they fell; which they did with so much Diligence, that the *Indians* were soon in Danger of being disarmed. Then *Drake* himself taking the Gun, which *Oliver* had so unsuccessfully attempted to make use of, discharged it at the *Indian* that first began the Fray,

and

and had killed the Gunner, aiming it so happily, that the Hail Shot, with which it was loaded, tore open his Belly, and forced him to such terrible Outcries, that the *Indians*, though their Numbers increased, and many of their Countrymen showed themselves from different Parts of the adjoining Wood, were too much terrified to renew the Assault, and suffered *Drake*, without Molestation, to withdraw his wounded Friend, who being hurt in his Lungs, languished two Days, and then dying, was interred with his Companion, with the usual Ceremony of a military Funeral.

They stayed here two Months afterwards, without receiving any other Injuries from the Natives, who, finding the Danger to which they exposed themselves by open Hostilities, and not being able any more to surprize the Vigilance of *Drake*, preferred their Safety to Revenge.

But *Drake* had other Enemies to conquer or escape, far more formidable than those Barbarians; and insidious Practices to obviate, more artful and dangerous than the Ambushes of the *Indians*; for in this Place was laid open a Design, formed by one of the Gentlemen of the Fleet, not only to defeat the Voyage, but to murder the General.

This Transaction is related in so obscure and confused a Manner, that it is difficult to form any Judgment upon it. The Writer who gives the largest Account of it has suppressed the Name of the  
the

the Criminal, which we learn from a more succinct Narrative published in a Collection of Travels, near that Time, to have been *Thomas Doughtie*. What were his Inducements to attempt the Destruction of his Leader, and the Ruin of the Expedition; or what were his Views, if his Designs had succeeded; what Measures he had hitherto taken, whom he had endeavoured to corrupt, with what Arts, or what Success, we are no where told.

The Plot, as the Narrative assures us, was laid before their Departure from *England*, and discovered, in its whole Extent, to *Drake* himself, in his Garden at *Plymouth*, who nevertheless not only entertained the Person so accused as one of his Company, but, as this Writer very particularly relates, treated him with remarkable Kindness and Regard, setting him always at his own Table, and lodging him in the same Cabbin with himself. Nor did he ever discover the least Suspicion of his Intentions, till they arrived at this Place, but appeared, by the Authority with which he invested him, to consider him as one to whom, in his Absence, he could most securely intrust the Direction of his Affairs. At length, in this remote Corner of the World, he found out a Design formed against his Life, called together all his Officers, laid before them the Evidence on which he grounded the Accusation, and summoned the Criminal, who, full of all the Horrors  
of

of Guilt, and confounded at so clear a **Detection** of his whole Scheme, immediately confessed his Crimes, and acknowledged himself unworthy of longer Life; upon which the whole Assembly, consisting of thirty Persons, after having considered the Affair with the Attention which it required, and heard all that could be urged in Extenuation of his Offence, unanimously signed the Sentence by which he was condemned to suffer Death. *Drake*, however, unwilling, as it seemed, to proceed to extreme Severities, offered him his Choice, either of being executed on the Island, or set ashore on the Main Land, or being sent to *England* to be tried before the Council; of which, after a Day's Consideration, he chose the first, alledging the Improbability of persuading any to leave the Expedition for the Sake of transporting a Criminal to *England*, and the Danger of his future State among Savages and Infidels. His Choice, I believe, few will approve: To be set ashore on the Main Land, was indeed only to be executed in a different Manner; for what Mercy could be expected from the Natives, so incensed, but the most cruel and lingering Death? But why he should not rather have requested to be sent to *England*, it is not so easy to conceive. In so long a Voyage, he might have found a thousand Opportunities of escaping, perhaps with the Connivance of his Keepers, whose Resentment must probably in Time have given way to Compassion,

or

or at least by their Negligence, as it is easy to believe, they would, in Times of Ease and Refreshment, have remitted their Vigilance, at least he would have gained longer Life; and to make Death desirable seems not one of the Effects of Guilt. However, he was as it is related, obstinately deaf to all Persuasions, and adhering to his first Choice, after having received the Communion, and dined cheerfully with the General, was executed in the Afternoon, with many Proofs of Remorse, but none of Fear.

How far it is probable that *Drake*, after having been acquainted with this Man's Designs, should admit him into his Fleet, and afterwards care, respect, and trust him, or that *Doughtie*, who is represented as a Man of eminent Abilities, should engage in so long and hazardous a Voyage, with no other View than that of defeating it, is left to the Determination of the Reader. What Designs he could have formed with any Hope of Success, or to what Actions worthy of Death he could have proceeded without Accomplices (for none are mentioned) is equally difficult to imagine; Nor, on the other Hand, though the Obscurity of the Account, and the remote Place chosen for the Discovery of this wicked Project, seem to give some Reason for Suspicion, does there appear any Temptation, from either Hope, Fear, or Interest, that might induce *Drake*, or any Commander in his State, to put to Death an innocent Man upon false Pretences. After

they had a Hut built with Poles and covered with Skins, in which they had Water Vessels and other Utensils, made likewise of the Barks of Trees.

Among these People they had an Opportunity of remarking, what is frequently observable in savage Countries, how natural Sagacity and unwearied Industry may supply the Want of such Manufactures, or natural Productions, as appear to us absolutely necessary for the Support of Life. The Inhabitants of these Islands are wholly Strangers to Iron and its Use, but, instead of it, make use of the Shell of a Muscle of prodigious Size, found upon their Coasts; this they grind upon a Stone to an Edge, which is so firm and solid, that neither Wood nor Stone is able to resist it.

September 6, they entered the Great South Sea, on which no English Vessel had ever been navigated before, and proposed to have directed their Course towards the Line, that their Men, who had suffered by the Severity of the Climate, might recover their Strength in a warmer Latitude. But their Designs were scarce formed before they were frustrated; for on September 7, after an Eclipse of the Moon, a Storm arose, so violent, that it left them little Hopes of surviving it; nor was its Fury so dreadful as its Continuance, for it lasted, with little Intermision, till October 28, fifty-two Days, during which Time they were tossed incessantly from one Part of the Ocean to another, without any Power of spreading their Sails, or  
 lying



lying upon their Anchors, amidst shivering Shores, scattered Rocks, and unknown Islands, the Tempest continually roaring, and the Waves dashing over them.

In this Storm, on the 30th of *September*, the *Marigold*, commanded by Captain *Thomas*, was separated from them. On the 7th of *October*, having entered a Harbour, where they stopt for some Intermision of their Fatigues, they were in a few Hours forced out to Sea by a violent Gust, which broke the Cable, at which Time they lost Sight of the *Elizabeth*, the Vice-Admiral, whose Crew, as was afterwards discovered, wearied with Labour, and discouraged by the Prospect of future Dangers, recovered the Straits on the next Day, and, returning by the same Passage through which they came, sailed along the Coast of *Brazil*, and on the 2d of *June*, in the Year following, arrived in *England*.

From this Bay they were driven southward to 55 Degrees, where, among some Islands, they stayed two Days, to the great Refreshment of the Crew; but being again forced into the main Sea, they were tossed about with perpetual Expectations of perishing, till soon after they came again to anchor near the same Place, where they found the Natives, whom the Continuance of the Storm had probably reduced to equal Distress, rowing from one Island to another, and providing the Necessaries of Life.

It is, perhaps, a just Observation, that, with regard to outward Circumstances, Happiness and Misery are very equally diffused through all States of human Life. In civilized Countries, where regular Policies have secured the Necessaries of Life, Ambition, Avarice, and Luxury, find the Mind at Leisure for their Reception, and soon engage it in new Pursuits; Pursuits that are to be carried on by incessant Labour, and, whether vain or successful, produce Anxiety and Contentment. Among Savage Nations, imaginary Wants find, indeed, no Place, but their Strength is exhausted by necessary Toils, and their Passions agitated, not by Contests about Superiority, Affluence, or Precedence, but by perpetual Care for the present Day, and by Fear of perishing for Want of Food.

But for such Reflections as these they had no Time, for having spent three Days in supplying themselves with Wood and Water, they were, by a new Storm, driven to the Latitude of 56 Deg. where they beheld the Extremities of the *American* Coast, and the Confluence of the Atlantic and Southern Ocean.

Here they arrived on the 28th of *October*, and at last were blessed with the Sight of a calm Sea, having for almost two Months endured such a Storm as no Traveller has given an Account of; and such as in that Part of the World, though accustomed to Hurricanes, they were before unacquainted with.

On

On the 30th of *October* they steered away towards the Place appointed for the Rendezvous of the Fleet, which was in 30 Degrees, and on the next Day discovered two Islands, so well stocked with Fowls, that they victualled their Ships with them, and then sailed forwards along the Coast of *Peru*, till they came to 37 Degrees, where finding neither their Ships, nor any convenient Port, they came to Anchor, *November* the 25th, at *Mucho*, an Island inhabited by such *Indians* as the Cruelty of their *Spanish* Conquerors had driven from the Continent, to whom they applied for Water and Provisions, offering them in return such Things as they imagined most likely to please them. The *Indians* seemed willing to traffic, and having presented them with Fruits, and two fat Sheep, they shewed them a Place whither they should come for Water.

The next Morning, according to Agreement, the *English* landed with their Water-Vessels, and sent two Men forward towards the Place appointed, who, about the Middle of the Way, were suddenly attacked by the *Indians*, and immediately slain. Nor were the rest of the Company out of Danger; for behind the Rocks was lodged an Ambush of five hundred Men, who, starting up from their Retreat, discharged their Arrows into the Boat, with such Dexterity, that every one of the Crew was wounded by them, the Sea being then high, and hindering them from either re-

tiring, or making Use of their Weapons. *Drake* himself received an Arrow under his Eye, which pierced him almost to the Brain, and another in his Head. The Danger of these Wounds was much increased by the Absence of their Surgeon, who was in the Vice-Admiral; so that they had none to assist them but a Boy, whose Age did not admit of much Experience or Skill; yet so much were they favoured by Providence, that they all recovered.

No Reason could be assigned for which the *Indians* should attack them with so furious a Spirit of Malignity, but that they mistook them for *Spaniards*, whose Cruelties might very reasonably incite them to Revenge, whom they had driven, by incessant Persecution, from their Country, wasting immense Tracks of Land, by Massacre and Devastation.

On the Afternoon of the same Day they set sail, and on the 30th of *November* dropped Anchor in *Philips Bay*, where their Boat, having been sent out to discover the Country, returned with an *Indian* in his Canoe, whom they had intercepted. He was of a graceful Stature, dressed in a white Coat or Gown, reaching almost to his Knees, very mild, humble, and docile, such as perhaps were all the *Indians*, till the *Spaniards* taught them Revenge, Treachery, and Cruelty.

This *Indian*, having been kindly treated, was dismissed with Presents, and informed, as far as  
the

the *English* could make him understand, what they chiefly wanted, and what they were willing to give in return, *Drake* ordering his Boat to attend him to his Canoe, and to set him safe on the Land,

When he was ashore, he directed them to wait till his Return, and meeting some of his Countrymen, gave them such an Account of his Reception, that, within a few Hours, several of them repaired with him to the Boat with Fowls, Eggs, and a Hog, and with them one of their Captains, who willingly came into the Boat, and desired to be conveyed by the *English* to their Ship.

By this Man, *Drake* was informed, that no Supplies were to be expected here, but that southward, in a Place to which he offered to be his Pilot, there was great Plenty. This Proposal was accepted, and on the 5th of *December*, under the Direction of the good-natured *Indian*, they came to Anchor in the Harbour called by the *Spaniards* *Kalperizo*, near the Town of *St. James of Chiuti*, where they met not only with sufficient Stores of Provisions, and with Store-houses full of the Wines of *Chili*, but with a Ship called the *Captain of Marzial*, richly laden, having together with large Quantities of the same Wines, some of the fine Gold of *Baldivia*, and a great Cross of Gold, set with Emeralds.

Having spent three Days in storing their Ships with all Kinds of Provision in the utmost Plenty, they departed, and landed their *Indian* Pilot where

they first received him, after having rewarded him much above his Expectations or Desires.

They had now little other Anxiety than for their Friends who had been separated from them, and whom they now determined to seek; but considering that by entering every Creek and Harbour with their Ship, they exposed themselves to unnecessary Dangers, and that their Boat would not contain such a Number as might defend themselves against the *Spaniards*, they determined to station their Ship at some Place, where they might commodiously build a Pinnace, which being of light Burthen, might easily sail where the Ship was in Danger of being stranded, and at the same Time might carry a sufficient Force to resist the Enemy, and afford better Accommodation than could be expected in the Boat.

To this End, on the 19th of *December* they entered a Bay near *Cippo*, a Town inhabited by *Spaniards*, who discovering them, immediately issued out, to the Number of an hundred Horsemen, with about two hundred naked *Indians* running by their Sides. The *English* observing their Approach, retired to their Boat, without any Loss except of one Man, whom no Persuasions or Entreaties could move to retire with the rest, and who, therefore, was shot by the *Spaniards*, who, exulting at the Victory, commanded the *Indians* to draw the dead Carcase from the Rock on which he fell, and, in the Sight of the *English*, beheaded it,

it, then cut off the Right Hand, and tore out the Heart, which they carried away, having first commanded the *Indians* to shoot their Arrows all over the Body. The Arrows of the *Indians* were made of green Wood, for the immediate Service of the Day; the *Spaniards*, with the Fear that always harrasses Oppressors, forbidding them to have any Weapons, when they do not want their present assistance.

Leaving this Place, they soon found a Harbour more secure and convenient, where they built their Pinnace, in which *Drake* went to seek his Companions, but finding the Wind contrary, he was obliged to return in two Days.

Leaving this Place soon after, they sailed along the Coast in search of fresh Water, and landing at *Turapaca*, they found a *Spaniard* asleep, with Silver Bars lying by him to the Value of three thousand Ducats; not all the Insults which they had received from his Countrymen could provoke them to offer any Violence to his Person, and therefore they carried away his Treasure, without doing him any farther Harm.

Landing in another Place, they found a *Spaniard* driving eight *Peruvian* Sheep, which are the Beasts of Burthen in that Country, each laden with an hundred Pounds Weight of Silver, which they seized likewise, and drove to their Boats.

Further along the Coast lay some *Indian* Towns, from which the Inhabitants repaired to the Ship,

on Floats made of Seal-skins, blown full of Wind, two of which they fasten together, and sitting between them, row with great Swiftnefs, and carry considerable Burthens. They very readily traded for Glass, and such Trifles, with which the Old and the Young seemed equally delighted.

Arriving at *Mormorena* on the 26th of *January*, *Drake* invited the *Spaniards* to traffic with him, which they agreed to, and supplied him with Necessaries, selling to him, among other Provisions, some of those Sheep which have been mentioned; whose Bulk is equal to that of a Cow, and whose Strength is such, that one of them can carry three tall Men upon his Back; their Necks are like a Camel's, and their Heads like those of our Sheep. They are the most useful Animals of this Country, not only affording excellent Fleeces, and wholesome Flesh, but serving as Carriages over Rocks and Mountains where no other Beast can travel; for their Foot is of a peculiar Form, which enables them to tread firm in the most steep and slippery Places.

On all this Coast, the whole Soil is so impregnated with Silver, that five Ounces may be separated from an hundred Pounds Weight of common Earth.

Still coasting, in Hopes of meeting their Friends, they anchored on the 7th of *February* before *Aria*, where they took two Barks with about eight hundred Pounds weight of Silver, and  
pursuing



pursuing their Course, seized another Vessel laden with Linens.

On the 15th of February, 1578, they arrived at Lima, and entered the Harbour without Resistance, though thirty Ships were stationed there, of which seventeen were equipped for their Voyage, and many of them were represented in the Narrative as Vessels of considerable Force; so that their Security seems to have consisted not in their Strength, but in their Reputation, which had so intimidated the Spaniards, that the Sight of their own Superiority could not rouse them to Opposition. Instances of such panic Terrors are to be met with in other Relations; but as they are, for the most Part, quickly dissipated by Reason and Reflection; a wise Commander will rarely found his Hopes of Success on them; and, perhaps, on this Occasion, the Spaniards scarcely deserve a severer Censure for their Cowardice, than Drake for his Temerity.

In one of these Ships they found fifteen hundred Bars of Silver, in another a Chest of Money, and very rich Lading in many of the rest, of which the Spaniards tamely suffered them to carry the most valuable Part away, and would have permitted them no less peaceably to burn their Ships; but Drake never made War with a Spirit of Cruelty or Revenge, or carried Hostilities further than was necessary for his own Advantage or Defence.

They set sail the next Morning towards *Panama*, in quest of the *Caca Fuego*, a very rich Ship, which had sailed fourteen Days before, bound thither from *Lima*, which they overtook on the first of *March*, near *Cape Francisco*, and, boarding it, found not only a Quantity of Jewels, and twelve Chests of Ryals of Plate, but 80 Pounds Weight of Gold, and twenty-six Tons of uncoined Silver, with Pieces of wrought Plate, to a great Value. In unlading this Prize they spent six Days, and then dismissing the *Spaniards*, stood off to Sea.

Being now sufficiently enriched, and having lost all Hopes of finding their Associates, and perhaps beginning to be infected with that Desire of Ease and Pleasure, which is the natural Consequence of Wealth obtained by Dangers and Fatigues, they began to consult about their Return home; and, in pursuance of *Drake's* Advice, resolved first to find out some convenient Harbour, where they might supply themselves with Wood and Water, and then endeavour to discover a Passage from the *South Sea* into the *Atlantic Ocean*; a Discovery which would not only enable them to return home with less Danger, and in a shorter Time, but would much facilitate the Navigation in those Parts of the World.

For this Purpose they had Recourse to a Port in the Island of *Caines*, where they met with Fish, Wood, and fresh Water, and in their

Course

Course took a Ship laden with Silk and Linen, which was the last that they met with on this Coast.

But being desirous of storing themselves for a long Course, they touched, *April* the 15th, at *Guatulco*, a *Spanish* Island, where they supplied themselves with Provisions, and seized a Bushel of Ryals of Silver.

From *Guatulco*, which lies in 15 Deg. 40 Min. they stood out to Sea, and, without approaching any Land, sailed forward, till on the Night following, the 3d. of *June*, being then in the Lat. of 38 Deg. they were suddenly benumbed with such cold Blasts, that they were scarcely able to handle the Ropes. This Cold increased upon them, as they proceeded, to such a Degree, that the Sailors were discouraged from mounting upon the Deck; nor were the Effects of the Climate to be imputed to the Warmth of the Regions to which they had been lately accustomed, for the Ropes were stiff with Frost, and the Meat could scarcely be conveyed warm to the Table.

On *June* 17, they came to Anchor in 38 Deg. 30. Min. where they saw the Land naked, and the Trees without Leaves, and in a short Time had Opportunities of observing, that the Natives of that Country were not less sensible of the Cold than themselves; for the next Day came a Man rowing in his Canoe towards the Ship, and at a Distance from it made a long Oration, with very

extraordinary Gesticulations, and great Appearance of Vehemence, and a little Time afterwards made a second Visit in the same Manner; and then returning a third Time, he presented them, after his Harangue was finished, with a Kind of Crown of black Feathers, such as their Kings wear upon their Heads, and a Basket of Rushes filled with a particular Herb, both which he fastened to a short Stick, and threw into the Boat; nor could he be prevailed upon to receive any thing in return, though pushed towards him upon a Board; only he took up a Hat which was flung into the Water.

Three Days afterwards, their Ship having received some Damage at Sea, was brought nearer to Land that the Lading might be taken out. In order to which the *English*, who had now learned not too negligently to commit their Lives to the Mercy of Savage Nations, raised a Kind of Fortification with Stones, and built their Tents within it. All this was not beheld by the Inhabitants without the utmost Astonishment, which incited them to come down in Crowds to the Coast, with no other View, as it appeared, than to worship the new Divinities that had condescended to touch upon their Country.

*Drake* was far from countenancing their Errors, or taking Advantage of their Weakness, to injure or molest them; and therefore, having directed them to lay aside their Bows and Arrows, he presented

sented them with Linen, and other Necessaries, of which he shewed them the Use. They then returned to their Habitations, about three Quarters of a Mile from the *English* Camp, where they made such loud and violent Outcries, that they were heard by the *English*, who found that they still persisted in their first Notions, and were paying them their kind of melancholy Adoration.

Two Days afterwards they perceived the Approach of a far more numerous Company, who stopped at the Top of a Hill which overlooked the *English* Settlement, while one of them made a long Oration, at the End of which all the Assembly bowed their Bodies, and pronounced the Syllable *Oh*, with a solemn Tone, as by Way of Confirmation of what had been said by the Orator. Then the Men, laying down their Bows, and leaving the Women and Children on the Top of the Hill, came down towards the Tents, and seemed transported in the highest Degree at the Kindness of the General, who received their Gifts, and admitted them to his Presence. The Women, at a Distance, appeared seized with a Kind of Frenzy, such as that of Old among the *Pagans* in some of their religious Ceremonies, and in Honour, as it seemed, of their Guests tore their Cheeks and Bosoms with their Nails, and threw themselves upon the Stones with their naked Bodies, till they were covered with Blood.

These cruel Rites, and mistaken Honours,

were by no Means agreeable to *Drake*, whose predominant Sentiments were Notions of Piety ; and, therefore, not to make that criminal in himself by his Concurrence, which, perhaps, Ignorance might make guiltless in them, he ordered his whole Company to fall upon their Knees, and with their Eyes lifted up to Heaven, that the Savages might observe that their Worship was addressed to a Being residing there. They all joined in praying, that this harmless and deluded People might be brought to the Knowledge of the true Religion, and the Doctrines of our blessed Saviour ; after which they sung Psalms, a Performance so pleasing to their wild Audience, that in all their Visits they generally first accosted them with a Request that they would sing.. They then returned all the Presents which they had received, and retired.

Three Days after this, on *June 25, 1579*, our General received two Embassadors from the *Hioh*, or King of the Country, who, intending to visit the Camp, required that some Token might be sent him of Friendship and Peace : This Request was readily complied with, and soon after came the King, attended by a Guard of about an hundred tall Men, and preceded by an Officer of State, who carried a Scepter made of black Wood, adorned with Chairs of a kind of Bone or Horn, which are Marks of the highest Honour among them, and having two Crowns, made as before,  
with

with Feathers fastened to it, with a Bag of the same Herb which was presented to *Drake* at his first Arrival.

Behind him was the King himself, dressed in a Coat of Coney-skins, with a Cawl woven with Feathers upon his Head, an Ornament so much in Estimation there, that none but the Domestics of the King are allowed to wear it; his Attendants followed him, adorned nearly in the same Manner; and after them came the common People, with Baskets plaited so artificially, that they held Water, in which, by way of Sacrifice, they brought Roots and Fish.

*Drake*, not lulled into Security, ranged his Men in Order of Battle, and waited their Approach, who coming nearer, stood still while the Scepter-bearer made an Oration, at the Conclusion of which they again came forward to the Foot of the Hill, and then the Scepter-bearer began a Song, which he accompanied with a Dance, in both which the Men joined, but the Women danced without singing.

*Drake*, now distrusting them no longer, admitted them into his Fortification, where they continued their Song and Dance a short Time, and then both the King, and some others of the Company, made long Harangues, in which it appeared, by the rest of their Behaviour, that they entreated him to accept of their Country, and to take the Government of it into his own Hands;  
for

for the King, with the apparent Concurrence of the rest, placed the Crown upon his Head, graced him with the Chains, and other Signs of Authority, and saluted him by the Title of *Hieb*.

The Kingdom thus offered, though of no farther Value to him than as it furnished him with present Necessaries, *Drake* thought it not prudent to refuse, and therefore took Possession of it in the Name of Queen *Elizabeth*, not without ardent Wishes that this Acquisition might be of Use to his native Country, and that so mild and innocent a People might be united to the Church of *Christ*.

The Kingdom being thus consigned, and the grand Affair at an End, the common People left their King and his Domesticks with *Drake*, and dispersed themselves over the Camp, and when they saw any one that pleased them by his Appearance more than the rest, they tore their Flesh, and vented their Outcries as before, in Token of Reverence and Admiration.

They then proceeded to shew them their Wounds and Diseases, in hopes of a miraculous and instantaneous Cure, to which the *English*, to benefit and undeceive them at the same Time, applied such Remedies as they used on the like Occasions.

They were now grown confident and familiar, and came down to the Camp every Day, repeating their Ceremonies and Sacrifices, till they were  
more



more fully informed how disagreeable they were to those whose Favour they were so studious of obtaining : They then visited them without Adoration, indeed, but with a Curiosity so ardent, that it left them no Leisure to provide the Necessaries of Life, with which the *English* were therefore obliged to supply them.

They had then sufficient Opportunity to remark the Customs and Dispositions of these new Allies, whom they found tractable and benevolent, strong of Body, far beyond the *English*, yet unfurnished with Weapons, either for Assault or Defence, their Bows being too weak for any thing but Sport. Their Dexterity in taken Fish was such, that if they saw them so near the Shore that they could come to them without swimming, they never missed them.

The same Curiosity that had brought them in such Crouds to the Shore, now induced *Drake*, and some of his Company, to travel up into the Country, which they found, at some Distance from the Coast, very fruitful, filled with large Deer, and abounding with a peculiar Kind of Conies, smaller than ours, with Tails like that of a Rat, and Paws such as those of a Mole ; they have Bags under their Chin, in which they carry Provisions to their Young.

The Houses of the Inhabitants are round Holes dug in the Ground, from the Brink of which they raise Rafter, or Piles, shelving towards the  
Middle,

Middle, where they all meet, and are cramped together; they lie upon Rushes, with the Fire in the midst, and let the Smoak fly out at the Door.

The Men are generally naked, but the Women make a Kind of a Petticoat of Bul-rushes, which they comb like Hemp, and throw the Skin of a Deer over their Shoulders. They are very modest, tractable, and obedient to their Husbands.

Such is the Condition of this People; and not very different is, perhaps, the State of the greatest Part of Mankind. Whether more enlightened Nations ought to look upon them with Pity, as less happy than themselves, some Sceptics have made, very unnecessarily, a Difficulty of determining. More, they say, is lost by the Perplexities than gained by the Instructions of Science; we enlarge our Vices with our Knowledge, and multiply our Wants with our Attainments; and the Happiness of Life is better secured by the Ignorance of Vice than by the Knowledge of Virtue.

The Fallacy by which such Reasoners have imposed upon themselves, seems to arise from the Comparison which they make, not between two Men equally inclined to apply the Means of Happiness in their Power, to the End for which Providence conferred them, but furnished in unequal Proportions with the Means of Happiness, which is the true State of savage and polished Nations; but between two Men, of which he to whom  
Pre-

Providence has been most bountiful, destroys the Blessings by Negligence, or obstinate Misuse; while the other, steady, diligent, and virtuous, employs his Abilities and Conveniencies to their proper End. The Question is not, whether a good *Indian*, or bad *Englishman*, be most happy, but which State is most desirable, supposing Virtue and Reason the same in both.

Nor is this the only Mistake which is generally admitted in this Controversy; for these Reasoners frequently confound Innocence with the mere Incapacity of Guilt. He that never saw, or heard, or thought of strong Liquors, cannot be proposed as a Pattern of Sobriety.

This Land was named, by *Drake*, *Albion*, from its white Cliffs, in which it bore some Resemblance to his native Country; and the whole History of the Resignation of it to the *English*, was engraven on a Piece of Brass, then nailed on a Post, and fixed up before their Departure, which being now discovered by the People to be near at Hand, they could not forbear perpetual Lamentations. When the *English*, on the 23d of *July*, weighed Anchor, they saw them climbing to the Tops of Hills, that they might keep them in Sight, and observed Fires lighted up in many Parts of the Country, on which, as they supposed, Sacrificés were offered.

Near this Harbour they touched at some Islands, where they found great Numbers of Seals, and de-

despairing now to find any Passage through the northern Parts, he, after a general Consultation, determined to steer away to the *Moluccas*, and setting sail *July* 25th, he sailed sixty-eight Days without Sight of Land; and on *September* 30th, arrived within View of some Islands, situate about eight Degrees northward from the Line, from whence the Inhabitants resorted to them in Canoes, hollowed out of the solid Trunk of a Tree, and raised at both Ends so high above the Water, that they seemed almost a Semicircle; they were furnished in such a Manner, that they shone like Ebony, and were kept steady by a Piece of Timber fixed on each Side of them, with strong Canes, that were fastened at one End to the Boat, and at the other to the End of the Timber.

The first Company that came brought Fruits, Potatoes, and other Things of no great Value, with an Appearance of Traffic, and exchanged their Lading for other Commodities, with great Show of Honesty and Friendship; but having, as they imagined, laid all Suspicion asleep, they soon sent another Fleet of Canoes, of which the Crews behaved with all the Insolence of Tyrants, and all the Rapacity of Thieves; for whatever was suffered to come into their Hands, they seemed to consider as their own, and would neither pay for it nor restore it; and at length, finding the *English* resolved to admit them no longer, they discharged a Shower of Stones from their Boats; which

which Insult, *Drake* prudently and generously returned, by ordering a Piece of Ordnance to be fired without hurting them; at which they were so terrified, that they leaped into the Water, and hid themselves under the Canoes.

Having for some Time but little Wind, they did not arrive at the *Moluccas* till the 3d of *November*, and then designing to touch at *Tidore*, they were visited, as they sailed by a little Island, belonging to the King of *Ternate*, by the Viceroy of the Place, who informed them, that it would be more advantageous for them to have recourse to his Master for Supplies and Assistance, than to the King of *Ternate*, who was in some Degree dependent on the *Portuguese*, and that he would himself carry the News of their Arrival, and prepare their Reception.

*Drake* was, by the Arguments of the Viceroy, prevailed upon to alter his Resolution, and on *November 5*, cast Anchor before *Ternate*. Scarcely was he arrived, before the Viceroy, with others of the chief Nobles, came out in three large Boats, rowed by forty Men on each Side, to conduct the Ship into a safe Harbour; and soon after the King himself, having received a Velvet Cloak, by a Messenger from *Drake*, as a Token of Peace, came with such a Retinue, and Dignity of Appearance, as was not expected in those remote Parts of the World. He was received with Discharges of Cannon, and every kind of Musick, with

with which he was so much delighted, that desiring the Musicians to come down into the Boat, he was towed along in it to the Stern of the Ship.

The King was of a graceful Stature, and regal Carriage; of a mild Aspect, and low Voice; his Attendants were dressed in white Cotton or Calicoe, of whom some, whose Age gave them a venerable Appearance, seemed his Counsellors, and the rest Officers or Nobles; his Guards were not ignorant of Fire-Arms, but had not many among them, being equipped for the most Part with Bows and Darts.

The King, having spent some Time in admiring the Multitude of new Objects that presented themselves, retired as soon as the Ship was brought to Anchor, and promised to return on the Day following; and, in the mean Time, the Inhabitants having leave to traffic, brought down Provisions in great Abundance.

At the Time when the King was expected, his Brother came aboard, to request of *Drake* that he would come to the Castle, proposing to stay himself as a Hostage for his Return; *Drake* refused to go, but sent some Gentlemen, detaining the King's Brother in the mean Time.

These Gentlemen were received by another of the King's Brothers, who conducted them to the Council-house near the Castle, in which they were directed to walk: there they found threescore old Men, Privy Counsellors to the King,  
and

and on each Side of the Door without stood four old Men of foreign Countries, who served as Interpreters in Commerce.

In a short Time the King came from the Castle, dressed in Cloth of Gold, with his Hair woven into Gold Rings, a Chain of Gold upon his Neck, and on his Hands Rings very artificially set with Diamonds and Jewels of great Value; over his Head was borne a rich Canopy, and by his Chair of State, on which he sat down when he had entered the House, stood a Page with a Fan set with Sapphires, to moderate the Excess of the Heat. Here he received the Compliments of the *English*, and then honourably dismissed them.

The Castle, which they had some Opportunity of observing, seemed of no great Force; it was built by the *Portuguese*, who, attempting to reduce this Kingdom into absolute Subjection, murdered the King, and intended to pursue their Scheme, by the Destruction of all his Sons; but the general Abhorrence, which Cruelty and Perfidy naturally excites, armed all the Nation against them; and procured their total Expulsion from all the Dominions of *Ternate*, which from that Time increasing in Power, continued to make new Conquests, and to deprive them of other Acquisitions.

While they lay before *Ternate*, a Gentleman came on board, attended by his Interpreter. He was dressed somewhat in the *European* Manner, and soon distinguished himself from the Natives  
of

of *Ternate*, or any Country that they had seen, by his Civility and Apprehension. Such a Vifitant may easily be imagined to excite their Curiosity, which he gratified, by informing them that he was a Native of *China*, of the Family of the King then reigning; and that, being accused of a capital Crime, of which, though he was innocent, he had not Evidence to clear himself, he had petitioned the King, that he might not be exposed to a Trial, but that his Cause might be referred to Divine Providence, and that he might be allowed to leave his Country, with a Prohibition against returning, unless Heaven, in Attestation of his Innocence, should enable him to bring back to the King some Intelligence, that might be to the Honour and Advantage of the Empire of *China*. In search of such Information, he had now spent three Years, and had left *Tidore* for the Sake of conversing with the *English* General, from whom he hoped to receive such Accounts as would enable him to return with Honour and Safety.

*Drake* willingly recounted all his Adventures and Observations, to which the *Chinese* Exile listened with the utmost Attention and Delight, and having fixed them in his Mind, thanked God for the Knowledge he had gained. He then proposed to the *English* General to conduct him to *China*, recounting, by way of Invitation, the Wealth, Extent, and Felicity of that Empire; but *Drake* could not be induced to prolong his Voyage.

He



He therefore set sail, on the 9th of *November*, in quest of some convenient Harbour, in a desert Island, to refit his Ship; not being willing, as it seems, to trust the Generosity of the King of *Ternate*. Five Days afterwards, he found a very commodious Harbour in an Island overgrown with Wood, where he repaired his Vessel, and refreshed his Men, without Danger or Interruption.

Leaving this Place the 12th of *December*, they sailed towards the *Celebes*; but having a Wind not very favourable, they were detained among a Multitude of Islands, mingled with dangerous Shallows, till *January* 9, 1580. When they thought themselves clear, and were sailing forwards with a strong Gale, they were, at the Beginning of the Night, surpris'd in their Course by a sudden Shock, of which the Cause was easily discovered, for they were thrown upon a Shoal, and, by the Speed of their Course, fix'd too fast for any Hope of escaping. Here even the Intrepidity of *Drake* was shaken, and his Dexterity baffled; but his Piety, however, remained still the same, and what he could not now promise himself from his own Ability, he hop'd from the Assistance of Providence. The Pump was ply'd, and the Ship found free from new Leakes.

The next Attempt was to discover, towards the Sea, some Place where they might fix their Boat, and from thence drag the Ship into deep Water; but, upon Examination it appeared, that

the Rock on which they had struck rose perpendicularly from the Water, and that there was no Anchorage, nor any Bottom to be found a Boat's Length from the Ship. But this Discovery, with its Consequences, was by *Drake* wisely concealed from the common Sailors, lest they should abandon themselves to Despair, for which there was indeed Cause, there being no Prospect left, but that they must there sink with the Ship, which must undoubtedly be soon dashed to Pieces; or perish in attempting to reach the Shore in their Boat; or be cut to Pieces by *Barbarians*, if they should arrive at Land.

In the Midst of this Perplexity and Distress, *Drake* directed that the Sacrament should be administered, and his Men, fortified with all the Consolation which Religion affords, then persuaded them to lighten the Vessel, by throwing into the Sea Part of their Lading, which was cheerfully complied with, but without Effect. At length, when their Hopes had forsaken them, and no new Struggles could be made, they were on a sudden relieved, by a Remission of the Wind, which having hitherto blown strongly against the Side of the Ship which lay towards the Sea, held it upright against the Rock; but when the Blast slackened, (being then low Water) the Ship lying nigher with that Part which rested on the Rock than with the other, and being borne up no longer with

the

the Wind, reeled into the deep Water, to the Surprise and Joy of *Drake* and his Companions.

This was the greatest, and most inextricable Distress which they had ever suffered, and made such an Impression upon their Minds, that for some Time afterwards they durst not adventure to spread their Sails, but went slowly forward with the utmost Circumspection.

They thus continued their Course without any observable Occurrence, till on the 11th of *March* they came to Anchor before the Island *Java*, and sending to the King a Present of Cloth and Silks, received from him, in Return, a large Quantity of Provisions, and the Day following *Drake* went himself on Shore, and entertained the King with his Music, and obtained Leave to store his Ship with Provisions.

The Island is governed by a great Number of petty Kings, or *Raias*, subordinate to one Chief; of these Princes, three came on board together a few Days after their Arrival; and having upon their Return recounted the Wonders which they had seen, and the Civility with which they had been treated, incited others to satisfy their Curiosity in the same Manner, and *Raia Donan*, the Chief King, came himself to view the Ship, with the warlike Armaments and Instruments, of Navigation.

This Intercourse of Civilities somewhat retarded the Business for which they came; but at

length they not only victualled their Ship, but cleansed the Bottom, which, in the long Course, was overgrown with a Kind of Shell-fish that impeded her Passage.

Leaving *Java* on *March* the 26th, they sailed homewards by the *Cape of Good Hope*; which they saw on *June* the 5th. On the 15th of *August* they passed the Tropic, and on the 26th of *September* arrived at *Plymouth*, where they found that by passing through so many different Climates, they had lost a Day in their Account of Time, it being *Sunday* by their Journals, but *Monday* by the general Computation.

In this hazardous Voyage they had spent two Years, ten Months, and some odd Days; but were recompensed for their Toils by great Riches, and the universal Applause of their Countrymen.—*Drake* afterwards brought his Ship up to *Deptford*, where *Queen Elizabeth* visited him on Board his Ship, and conferred the Honour of Knighthood upon him; an Honour, in that illustrious Reign, not made cheap by Prostitution, nor even bestowed without uncommon Merit.

It is not necessary to give an Account equally particular of the remaining Part of his Life, as he was no longer a private Man, but engaged in public Affairs, and associated in his Expeditions with other Generals, whose Attempts, and the Success of them, are related in the Histories of those Times.

In

In 1585, on the 12th of *September*, Sir *Francis Drake* set sail from *Plymouth*, with a Fleet of five and twenty Ships and Pinnaces, of which himself was Admiral; Captain *Martin Forbisher* Vice-Admiral, and Captain *Francis Knollis* Rear-Admiral: They were fitted out to cruize upon the *Spaniards*, and having touched at the Isle of *Bayonne*, and plundered *Vigo*, put to Sea again, and on the 16th of *November* arrived before *St. Jago*, which they entered without Resistance, and rested there fourteen Days, visiting in the mean Time *San Domingo*, a Town within the Land, which they found likewise deserted; and carrying off what they pleased of the Produce of the Island, they at their Departure destroyed the Town and Villages, in Revenge of the Murder of one of their Boys, whose Body they found mangled in a most inhuman Manner.

From this Island they pursued their Voyage to the *West-Indies*, determining to attack *St. Domingo* in *Hispaniola*, as the richest Place in that Part of the World; they therefore landed a thousand Men, and with small Loss entered the Town, of which they kept Possession for a Month, without Interruption or Alarm; during which Time a remarkable Accident happened, which deserves to be related:

*Drake* having some Intention of treating with the *Spaniards*, sent to them a Negro Boy with a Flag of Truce, which one of the *Spaniards* so

little regarded, that he stabbed him through the Body with a Lance. The Boy, notwithstanding his Wound, came back to the General, related the Treatment which he had found, and died in his Sight. *Drake* was so incensed at this Outrage, that he ordered two Friars, then his Prisoners, to be conveyed with a Guard to the Place where the Crime was committed, and hanged up in the Sight of the *Spaniards*, declaring that two *Spanish* Prisoners should undergo the same Death every Day, till the Offender should be delivered up by them: They were too well acquainted with the Character of *Drake* not to bring him on the Day following, when, to impress the Shame of such Actions more effectually upon them, he compelled them to execute him with their own Hands. Of this Town, at their Departure, they demolished Part, and admitted the rest to be ransomed for five and twenty thousand Ducats.

From thence they sailed to *Carthagena*, where the Enemy, having received Intelligence of the Fate of *St. Domingo*, had strengthened their Fortifications, and prepared to defend themselves with great Obstinacy. But the *English* landing in the Night, came upon them by a Way which they did not suspect; and being better armed, partly by surprize, and partly by Superiority of Order and Valour, became Masters of the Place, where they stayed without Fear or Danger six Weeks, and at their Departure received an hundred

dred and ten thousand Ducats for the Ransom of the Town.

They afterwards took *St. Augustine*; and touching at *Virginia*, took on board the Governor, Mr. *Lane*, with the *English* that had been left there the Year before by Sir *Walter Raleigh*, and arrived at *Portsmouth* on the 28th of *July*, 1586; having lost in the Voyage 750 Men. The Gain of this Expedition amounted to sixty thousand Pounds, of which forty were the Share of the Adventurers, who fitted out the Ships, and the rest, distributed among the several Crews, amounted to six Pounds each Man. So cheap is Life sometimes hazarded.

The Transactions against the ARMADA, 1588, are in themselves far more memorable, but less necessary to be recited in this succinct Narrative; only let it be remembered, that the Post of Vice-Admiral of *England*, to which Sir *Francis Drake* was then raised, is a sufficient Proof, that no Obscurity of Birth, or Meanness of Fortune, is unsurmountable to Bravery and Diligence.

In the Year 1595, Sir *Francis Drake*, and Sir *John Hawkins*, were sent with a Fleet to the *West Indies*; which Expedition was only memorable for the Destruction of *Nombre de Dios*, and the Death of the two Commanders, of whom Sir *Francis Drake* died the 9th of *January*, 1597, and was thrown into the Sea in a Leaden Coffin,

with all the Pomp of Naval Obsequies. It is reported by some, that the ill Success of this Voyage hastened his Death. Upon what this Conjecture is grounded, does not appear; and we may be allowed to hope, for the Honour of so great a Man, that it is without Foundation; and that he, whom no Series of Success could ever betray to Vanity, or Negligence, could have supported a Change of Fortune, without Impatience or Dejection.

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

**THE**

*[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*



T H E  
L I F E

O F

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

**R**OBERT BLAKE was born at *Bridgewater*, in *Somersetshire*, in *August 1598*, his Father being a Merchant of that Place, who had acquired a considerable Fortune by the *Spanish Trade*. Of his earliest Years we have no Account, and therefore can amuse the Reader with none of those Prognosticks of his future Actions, so often met with in Memoirs.

In 1615, he entered into the University of *Oxford*, where he continued till 1623, though without being much countenanced or caressed by his Superiors; for he was more than once disappointed in his Endeavours after Academical Preferments. It is observable that Mr. *Wood*, (in his *Athenæ Oxoniensis*) ascribes the Repulse he met with at *Wadham* College, where he was Competitor for a Fellowship, either to Want of Learning, or of Stature. With regard to the first Ob-

jection, the same Writer had before informed us, that he was *an early Riser*, and *studious*, though he sometimes relieved his Attention by the Amusements of Fowling and Fishing. As it is highly probable that he did not want Capacity, we may therefore conclude, upon this Confession of his Diligence, that he could not fail of being learned, at least in the Degree requisite to the Enjoyment of a Fellowship, and may safely ascribe his Disappointment to his Want of Stature, it being the Custom of Sir *Henry Savil*, then Warden of that College, to pay much Regard to the outward Appearance of those who solicited Preferment in that Society. So much do the greatest Events owe sometimes to Accident or Folly.

He afterwards retired to his native Place, where “ he lived (says *Clarendon*) without any Appearance of Ambition to be a greater Man than he was; but inveighed with great Freedom against the Licence of the Times, and Power of the Court.”

In 1640, he was chosen Burgess for *Bridgewater* by the Puritan Party, to whom he had recommended himself by his Disapprobation of Bishop *Laud's* Violence and Severity, and his Non-compliance with those new Ceremonies which he was then endeavouring to introduce.

When the Civil War broke out, *Blake*, in Conformity with his avowed Principles, declared for the Parliament; and, thinking a bare Declaration

ration for Right not all the Duty of a good Man, raised a Troop of Dragoons for his Party, and appeared in the Field with so much Bravery, that he was in a short Time advanced, without meeting any of those Obstructions which he had encountered in the University.

In 1645, he was Governor of *Taunton*, when the Lord *Goring* came before it with an Army of 10,000 Men. The Town was ill fortified, and unsupplied with almost every thing necessary for supporting a Siege. The State of this Garrison encouraged Col. *Windham*, who was acquainted with *Blake*, to propose a Capitulation; which was rejected by *Blake* with Indignation and Contempt: Nor were either Menaces or Persuasions of any Effect; for he maintained the Place, under all its Disadvantages, till the Siege was raised by the Parliament's Army.

He continued, on many other Occasions, to give Proofs of an insuperable Courage, and a Steadiness of Resolution not to be shaken: and, as a Proof of his firm Adherence to the Parliament, joined with the Borough of *Taunton* in returning Thanks for their Resolution to make no more Addresses to the King. Yet he was so far from approving the Death of *Charles I.* that he made no Scruple of declaring, that he would venture his Life to save him, as willingly as he had done to serve the Parliament.

In *February* 1648-9, he was made a Com-  
 N 6 missioner

missioner of the Navy, and appointed to serve on that Element, for which he seems by Nature to have been designed. He was soon afterwards sent in pursuit of Prince *Rupert*, whom he shut up in the Harbour of *Kingsale* in *Ireland* for several Months, till Want of Provisions, and Despair of Relief, excited the Prince to make a daring Effort for his Escape, by forcing through the Parliament's Fleet: This Design he executed with his usual Intrepidity, and succeeded in it, though with the Loss of three Ships. He was pursued by *Blake* to the Coast of *Portugal*, where he was received into the *Tagus*, and treated with great Distinction by the *Portuguese*.

*Blake* coming to the Mouth of that River, sent to the King a Messenger, to inform him, that the Fleet in his Port belonging to the public Enemies of the Commonwealth of *England*, he demanded Leave to fall upon it. This being refused, though the Refusal was in very soft Terms, and accompanied with Declarations of Esteem, and a Present of Provisions, so exasperated the Admiral, that, without any Hesitation, he fell upon the *Portuguese* Fleet, then returning from *Brazil*, of which he took seventeen Ships, and burnt three. It was to no Purpose that the King of *Portugal*, alarmed at so unexpected a Destruction, ordered Prince *Rupert* to attack them, and retake the *Brazil* Ships. *Blake* carried home his Prizes without Molestation, the Prince not having  
Force

Force enough to pursue him, and well pleased with the Opportunity of quitting a Port where he could no longer be protected,

*Blake* soon supplied his Fleet with Provisions, and received Orders to make Reprisals upon the *French*, who had suffered their Privateers to molest the *English* Trade; an Injury which, in those Days, was always immediately resent'd, and, if not repaired, certainly punished.

Sailing with this Commission, he took in his Way a *French* Man of War, valued at a Million. How this Ship happened to be so rich, we are not informed; but as it was a Cruiser, it is probable the rich Lading was the accumulated Plunder of many Prizes. Then following the unfortunate *Rupert*, whose Fleet by Storms and Battles was now reduced to five Ships, into *Carthagera*, he demanded Leave of the *Spanish* Governor to attack him in the Harbour, but received the same Answer which had been returned by the *Portuguese*, that they had a Right to protect all Ships that came into their Dominions; that if the Admiral were forced in thither, he should find the same Security; and that he required him not to violate the Peace of a neutral Port. *Blake* withdrew upon this Answer into the *Mediterranean*; and *Rupert* then leaving *Carthagera*, entered the Port of *Malaga*, where he burnt and sunk several *English* Merchant Ships. *Blake* judging this to be an Infringement of the Neutrality professed by the  
Spa-

*Spaniards*, now made no Scruple to fall upon *Rupert's* Fleet in the Harbour of *Malaga*, and having destroyed three of his Ships, obliged him to quit the Sea, and take Sanctuary at the *Spanish* Court.

In *February*, 1650-1, *Blake*, still continuing to cruise in the *Mediterranean*, met with a *French* Ship of considerable Force, and commanded the Captain to come on board, there being no War declared between the two Nations. The Captain, when he came, was asked by him, *whether he was willing to lay down his Sword, and yield*; which he gallantly refused, though in his Enemy's Power: *Blake*, scorning to take Advantage of an Artifice, and detesting the Appearance of Treachery, told him that *he was at Liberty to go back to his Ship, and defend it as long as he could*. The Captain willingly accepted his Offer, and after a Fight of two Hours, confessed himself conquered, kissed his Sword, and surrendered it.

In 1652, broke out the memorable War between the two Commonwealths of *England* and *Holland*; a War, in which the greatest Admirals that perhaps any Age has produced, were engaged on each Side; in which nothing less was contested than the Dominion of the Sea, and which was carried on with Vigour, Animosity, and Resolution, proportioned to the Importance of the Dispute. The chief Commanders of the *Dutch* Fleets were *Van Trump*, *de Ruyter*, and *de Witt*, the most celebrated Names of their own Nation,  
and

and who had been perhaps more renowned, had they been opposed by any other Enemies. The States of *Holland* having carried on their Trade without Opposition, and almost without Competition, not only during the unactive Reign of King *James I.* but during the Commotions of *England*, had arrived to that Height of Naval Power, and that Affluence of Wealth, that, with the Arrogance which a long-continued Prosperity naturally produces, they began to invent new Claims, and to treat other Nations with Insolence, which nothing can defend but Superiority of Force. They had for some Time made uncommon Preparations at a vast Expence, and had equipped a large Fleet, without any apparent Danger threatening them, or any avowed Design of attacking their Neighbours. This unusual Armament was not beheld by the *English* without some Jealousy; and Care was taken to fit out such a Fleet as might secure the Trade from Interruption, and the Coasts from Insults: Of this, *Blake* was constituted Admiral for nine Months. In this Situation the two Nations remained, keeping a watchful Eye upon each other, without actual Hostilities on either Side, till the 18th of *May*, 1652, when *Van Trump* appeared in the *Downs* with a Fleet of Forty-five Men of War. *Blake*, who had then but twenty Ships, upon the Approach of the *Dutch* Admiral, saluted him with three single Shots, to require that he should, by striking

striking his Flag, shew that Respect to the *English*; which is due to every Nation in their own Dominions: To which the *Dutchman* answered with a Broadside; and *Blake*, perceiving that he intended to dispute the Point of Honour, advanced with his own Ship before the rest of his Fleet, that, if it were possible, a general Battle might be prevented. But the *Dutch*, instead of admitting him to treat, fired upon him from their whole Fleet, without any Regard to the Customs of War, or the Law of Nations. *Blake* for some Time stood alone against their whole Force, till the rest of his Squadron coming up, the Fight was continued from between 4 and 5 in the Afternoon till 9 at Night, when the *Dutch* retired with the Loss of two Ships, having not destroyed a single Vessel, nor more than 15 Men, most of which were on board the Admiral, who, as he wrote to the Parliament, was himself engaged for four Hours with the main Body of the *Dutch* Fleet, being the Mark at which they aimed; and, as *Whitlock* relates, received above a thousand Shot. *Blake*, in his Letter, acknowledges the particular Blessing and Preservation of God, and ascribes his Success to the Justice of his Cause, the *Dutch* having first attacked him upon the *English* Coast. It is indeed little less than miraculous that a thousand great Shot should not do more Execution; and those who will not admit the Interposition of Providence, may draw at least this

this



this Inference from it, that *the bravest Man is not always in the most Danger.*

In July he met the *Dutch Fishery Fleet*, with a Conyoy of twelve Men of War, all which he took with 100 of their Herring Busses. And in September, being stationed in the *Downs* with about sixty Sail, he discovered the *Dutch Admirals de Witt and de Ruyter*, with near the same Number, and advanced towards them; but the *Dutch* being obliged, by the Nature of their Coast, and Shallowness of their Rivers, to build their Ships in such a Manner that they require less Depth of Water than the *English Vessels*, took Advantage of the Form of their Shipping, and sheltered themselves behind a Flat, called *Kentish-knock*; so that the *English*, finding some of their Ships a-ground, were obliged to alter their Course; but perceiving early the next Morning, that the *Hollanders* had forsaken their Station, they pursued them with all the Speed that the Wind, which was weak and uncertain, allowed; but found themselves unable to reach them with the Bulk of their Fleet, and therefore detached some of the lightest Frigates to chase them. These came so near as to fire upon them about three in the Afternoon; but the *Dutch*, instead of tacking about, hoisted their Sails, steered towards their own Coast, and finding themselves the next Day followed by the whole *English Fleet*, retired into *Goree*. The Sailors were eager to attack them in their own Har-

Harbours, but a Council of War being convened, it was judged imprudent to hazard the Fleet upon the Shoals, or to engage in any important Enterprize, without a fresh Supply of Provisions.

That in this Engagement the Victory belonged to the *English*, is beyond Dispute; since, without the Loss of one Ship, and with no more than forty Men killed, they drove the Enemy into his own Ports; took the Rear-Admiral and another Vessel, and so discouraged the *Dutch* Admirals, who had not agreed in their Measures, that *de Ruyter*, who had declared against hazarding a Battle, desired to resign his Commission; and *de Witt*, who had insisted upon fighting, fell sick, as it was supposed, with Vexation. But how great the Loss of the *Dutch* was is not certainly known; that two were taken they are too wise to deny; but affirm that those two were all that were destroyed. The *English*, on the other Side, affirm that three of their Vessels were disabled at the first Encounter, that their Numbers on the second Day were visibly diminished, and that on the last Day they saw three or four Ships sink in their Flight.

*De Witt* being now discharged by the *Hollanders*, as unfortunate, and the chief Command restored to *Van Trump*, great Preparations were made for retrieving their Reputation, and repairing their Losses. Their Endeavours were assisted by the *English* themselves, now made factious by Success; the Men who were intrusted with the  
civil

civil Administration, being jealous of those whose military Commands had procured so much Honour, lest they who raised them should be eclipsed by them. Such is generally the Revolution of Affairs in every State: Danger and Distress produce Unanimity and Bravery, Virtues which are seldom unattended with Success; but Success is the Parent of Pride, and Pride of Jealousy and Faction: Faction makes way for Calamity; and happy is that Nation whose Calamities renew their Unanimity. Such is the Rotation of Interests, that equally tend to hinder the total Destruction of a People, and to obstruct an exorbitant Increase of Power.

*Blake* had weakened his Fleet by many Detachments, and lay with no more than 40 Sail in the *Downs*, very ill provided both with Men and Ammunition, and expecting new Supplies from those whose Animosity hindered them from providing them, and who chose rather to see the Trade of their Country distressed, than the Sea Officers exalted by a new Acquisition of Honour and Influence.

*Van Trump*, desirous of distinguishing himself at the Resumption of his Command, by some remarkable Action, had assembled 80 Ships of War, and 10 Fireships, and steered towards the *Downs*, where *Blake*, with whose Condition and Strength he was probably acquainted, was then stationed. *Blake*, not able to restrain his natural Ardour, or perhaps

perhaps not fully informed of the Superiority of his Enemies, put out to encounter them, though his Fleet was so weakly manned, that half his Ships were obliged to lie idle, without engaging, for want of Sailors. The Force of the whole *Dutch Fleet* was therefore sustained by about 22 Ships. Two of the *English Frigates*, named the *Vanguard* and the *Victory*, after having for a long Time stood engaged amidst the whole *Dutch Fleet*, broke through without much Injury, nor did the *English* lose any Ships till the Evening, when the *Garland*, carrying 40 Guns, was boarded at once by two great Ships, which were opposed by the *English*, till they had scarcely any Men left to defend the Decks; then retiring into the lower Part of the Vessel, they blew up their Decks, which were now possessed by the Enemy, and at length were overpowered and taken. The *Bohaventure*, a stout well-built Merchant-ship, going to relieve the *Garland*, was attacked by a Man-of-War, and after a stout Resistance, in which the Captain, who defended her with the utmost Bravery, was killed, was likewise carried off by the *Dutch*. *Blake*, in the *Triumph*, seeing the *Garland* in Distress, pressed forward to relieve her, but in his Way had his Foremast shattered, and was himself boarded, but beating off the Enemies, he disengaged himself, and retired into the *Thames*, with the Loss only of two Ships of Force, and four small Frigates, but with his whole Fleet  
much

much shattered. Nor was the Victory gained at a cheap Rate, notwithstanding the unusual Disproportion of Strength; for of the *Dutch* Flagships, one was blown up, and the other two disabled. A Proof of the *English* Bravery, which should have induced *Van Trump*, to have spared the Insolence of carrying a Broom at his Top-mast, in his triumphant Passage through the Channel, which he intended as a Declaration that he would sweep the Seas of the *English* Shipping: This, which he had little Reason to think of accomplishing, he soon after perished in attempting.

There are sometimes Observations and Enquiries, which all Historians seem to decline by Agreement, of which this Action may afford us an Example: Nothing appears at the first View more to demand our Curiosity, or afford Matter for Examination, than this wild Encounter of 22 Ships with a Force, according to their Accounts who favour the *Dutch*, three Times superior. Nothing can justify a Commander in fighting under such Disadvantages, but the Impossibility of retreating. But what hindered *Blake* from retiring as well before the Fight as after it? To say he was ignorant of the Strength of the *Dutch* Fleet, is to impute to him a very criminal Degree of Negligence; and, at least, it must be confessed, that, from the Time he saw them, he could not but know, that they were too powerful to be opposed by him, and even then there was Time for  
Retreat.

Retreat. To urge the Ardour of his Sailors, is to divest him of the Authority of a Commander, and to charge him with the most reproachful Weakness that can enter into the Character of a General. To mention the Impetuosity of his own Courage, is to make the Blame of his Temerity equal to the Praise of his Valour; which seems indeed to be the most gentle Censure that the Truth of History will allow. We must then admit, amidst our Eulogies and Applauses, that the great, the wise, and the valiant *Blake*, was once betrayed to an inconsiderate and desperate Enterprize, by the resistless Ardour of his own Spirit, and a noble Jealousy of the Honour of his Country.

It was not long before he had an Opportunity of revenging his Loss, and restraining the Insolence of the *Dutch*. On the 18th of *February*, 1652-3, *Blake* being at the Head of 80 Sail, and assisted, at his own Request, by the Colonels *Monk* and *Dean*, espied *Van Trump* with a Fleet of above 100 Men of War, as *Clarendon* relates; of 70, by their own public Accounts, and 300 Merchant-ships under his Convoy. The *English*, with their usual Intrepidity, advanced towards them, and *Blake* in the *Triumph*, in which he always led his Fleet, with 12 Ships more, came to an Engagement with the main Body of the *Dutch* Fleet, and by the Desparity of their Force, was reduced to the last Extremity, having received in his

his Hull no fewer than 700 Shots, when *Lawson*, in the *Fairfax*, came to his Assistance. The rest of the *English* Fleet now came in, and the Fight was continued with the utmost Degree of Vigour and Resolution, till the Night gave the *Dutch* an Opportunity of retiring, with the Loss of one Flag-ship, and six other Men of War. The *English* had many Vessels damaged, but none lost. On board *Lawson's* Ship were killed 100 Men, and as many on board *Blake's*, who lost his Captain and Secretary, and himself received a Wound in the Thigh.

*Blake*, having set ashore his wounded Men, sailed in pursuit of *Van Trump*, who sent his Convoy before, and himself retired fighting towards *Bulloign*. *Blake*, ordering his light Frigates to follow the Merchantmen, still continued to harrass *Van Trump*, and on the third Day, the 20th of *February*, the two Fleets came to another Battle, in which *Van Trump* once more retired before the *English*; and making use of the peculiar Form of his Shipping, secured himself in the Shoals. The Accounts of this Flight, as of all the others, are various; but the *Dutch* Writers themselves confess that they lost eight Men of War, and more than twenty Merchant-ships; and it is probable that they suffered much more than they are willing to allow; for those repeated Defeats provoked the common People to Riots  
and

and Insurrections, and obliged the States to ask, though ineffectually, for Peace.

In *April* following, the Form of Government in *England* was changed, and the Supreme Authority assumed by *Cromwell*; upon which Occasion, *Blake*, with his Associates, declared, that, notwithstanding the Change in the Administration, they should still be ready to discharge their Trust, and to defend the Nation from Insults, Injuries and Encroachments. “It is not, says *Blake*, the Business of a Seaman to mind State-Affairs, but to hinder Foreigners from fooling us.” This was the Principle from which he never deviated, and which he always endeavoured to inculcate in the Fleet, as the surest Foundation of Unanimity and Steadiness. “Disturb not one another with domestic Disputes, but remember that we are *English*, and our Enemies are Foreigners. Enemies! which let what Party soever prevail, it is equally the Interest of our Country to humble and restrain.”

After the 30th of *April*, 1653, *Blake*, *Monk*, and *Dean* sailed out of the *English* Harbours with 100 Men of War, and finding the *Dutch* with 70 Sail on their own Coasts, drove them to the *Texel*, and took 50 Doggers. Then they sailed northward in pursuit of *Van Trump*, who having a Fleet of Merchants under his Convoy, durst not enter the Channel, but steered towards the *Sound*, and by great Dexterity and Address escaped



the three *English* Admirals, and brought all his Ships into their Harbour; then knowing that *Blake* was still in the North, came before *Dover*, and fired upon the Town, but was driven off by the Castle.

*Monk* and *Dean* stationed themselves again at the Mouth of the *Texel*, and blocked up the *Dutch* in their own Ports with 80 Sail; but hearing that *Van Trump* was at *Goree*, with 120 Men of War, they ordered all Ships of Force in the River and Ports to repair to them.

On *June* the 3d, the two Fleets came to an Engagement, in the Beginning of which *Dean* was carried off by a Cannon Ball; yet the Fight continued from about 12 to 6 in the Afternoon, when the *Dutch* gave Way, and retreated fighting.

On the 4th in the Afternoon, *Blake* came up with 18 fresh Ships, and procured the *English* a complete Victory; nor could the *Dutch* any otherwise preserve their Ships than by retiring once more into the Flats and Shallows, where the largest of the *English* Vessels could not approach.

In this Battle *Van Trump* boarded Vice-Admiral *Penn*, but was beaten off, and himself boarded, and reduced to blow up his Decks, of which the *English* had gotten Possession. He was then entered at once by *Penn* and another, nor could possibly have escaped, had not *de Ruyter* and *de Witt* arrived at that Instant and rescued him.

However the *Dutch* may endeavour to extenuate

ate their Loss in this Battle, by admitting no more than eight Ships to have been taken or destroyed, it is evident that they must have received much greater Damages, not only by the Accounts of more impartial Historians, but by the Remonstrances and Exclamations of their Admirals themselves: *Van Trump* declaring, before the States, that, *without a numerous Reinforcement of large Men of War, he could serve them no more*; and *de Witt* crying out before them, with the natural Warmth of his Character, *Why should I be silent before my Lords and Masters? The English are our Masters and by Consequence Masters of the Sea.*

In November, 1654, *Blake* was sent by *Cromwell* into the *Mediterranean*, with a powerful Fleet, and may be said to have received the Homage of all that Part of the World; being equally courted by the haughty *Spaniards*, the surly *Dutch*, and the lawless *Algerines*.

In March, 1666, having forced *Algiers* to Submission, he entered the Harbour of *Tunis*, and demanded Reparation for the Robberies practised upon the *English* by the Pirates of that Plate, and insisted that the Captives of his Nation should be set at Liberty. The Governour having planted Batteries along the Shore, and drawn up his Ships under the Castles, sent *Blake* an haughty and insolent Answer, *There are our Castles of Goletta and Porto Fefino, said he, upon which you may do*  
your

-your worst; adding other Menaces and Insults, and mentioning, in Terms of Ridicule, the Inequality of a Fight between Ships and Castles. *Blake* had likewise demanded Leave to take in Water, which was refused him. Fired with this inhuman and insolent Treatment, he curled his Whiskers, as was his Custom when he was angry, and entering *Porto Ferino* with his great Ships, discharged his Shot so fast upon the Batteries and Castles, that in two Hours the Guns were dismounted, and the Works forsaken, though he was at first exposed to the Fire of 60 Cannon. He then ordered his Officers to send out their Long-boats, well manned, to seize nine of the Piratical Ships lying in the Road, himself continuing to fire upon the Castle. This was so bravely executed, that with the Loss of only 25 Men killed, and 48 wounded, all the Ships were fired in the Sight of *Tunis*. Thence sailing to *Tripoli*, he concluded a Peace with that Nation; then returning to *Tunis*, he found nothing but Submission: And such, indeed, was his Reputation, that he met with no farther Opposition, but collected a kind of Tribute from the Princes of those Countries, his Business being to demand Reparation for all the Injuries offered to the *English* during the Civil Wars. He exacted from the Duke of *Tusany* 60,000*l.* and, as it is said, sent home 16 Ships, laden with the Effects which he had received from several States.

The Respect with which he obliged all Foreigners to treat his Countrymen, appears from a Story related by Bishop Burnet. When he lay before *Malaga*, in a Truce of Peace with Spain, some of his Sailors went ashore, and, meeting a Procession of the Host, not only refused to pay any Respect to it, but laughed at those that did. The People, being put by one of the Priests upon resenting this Indignity, fell upon them, and beat them severely. When they returned to their Ship, they complained of their ill Treatment; upon which *Blake* sent to demand the Priest who had procured it. The Viceroy answered, that having no Authority over the Priests, he could not send him: To which *Blake* replied, *That he did not enquire into the Extent of the Vicary's Authority; but that if the Priest was not sent within three Hours, he would burn the Town.* The Viceroy then sent the Priest to him, who pleaded the Provocation given by the Seamen. *Blake* bravely and rationally answered, *That if he had complained to him, he would have punished them severely; for he would not have his Men affront the established Religion of any Place; but that he was angry that the Spaniards should assume what Power; for he would have all the World know, that an Englishman was only to be punished by an Englishman.* So having used the Priest civilly, he sent him back, being satisfied that he was in his Power. This Conduct so much pleased *Grinwell,*

well; that he read the Letter in Council with great Satisfaction, and said, *he hoped to make the Name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been.*

In 1656, the Protector having declared War against *Spain*, dispatched *Blake* with 25 Men of War to infest their Coasts, and intercept their Shipping. In Pursuance of these Orders, he cruised all Winter about the *Streights*, and then lay at the Mouth of the Harbour of *Cales*, where he received Intelligence that the *Spanish* Plate-Fleet lay at Anchor in the Bay of *Santa Cruz* in the Isle of *Teneriffe*. On the 13th of *April*, 1657, he departed from *Cales*, and on the 20th arrived at *Santa Cruz*, where he found 16 *Spanish* Vessels. The Bay was defended on the North Side by a Castle, well mounted with Cannon, and in other Parts with seven Forts, with Cannon proportioned to their Bigness, all united by a Line of Communication manned with Musqueteers. The *Spanish* Admiral drew up his small Ships under the Cannon of the Castle, and stationed six great Galleons with their Broadides to the Sea: an advantageous and prudent Disposition, but of little Effect against the *English* Commander; who, determining to attack them, ordered *Stayner* to enter the Bay with his Squadron; then posting some of his largest Ships to play upon the Fortifications, himself attacked the Galleons, which, after a gallant Resistance, were at length abandoned

done by the *Spaniards*, though the least of them was bigger than the biggest of *Blake's* Ships. The Forts and smaller Vessels being now shattered and forsaken, the whole Fleet was set on fire, the Galleons by *Blake*, and the smallest Vessels by *Stayer*, the *English* Vessels being too much shattered in the Fight to bring them away. Thus was the whole Plate-Fleet destroyed, and the *Spaniards*, according to *Rapin's* Remark, *sustained a great Loss of Ships, Money, Men, and Merchandise, while the English gained nothing but Glory*. As if he that increases the military Reputation of a People did not increase their Power, and he that weakens his Enemy, in effect strengthens himself.

“ The whole Action, says *Clarendon*, was so  
 “ incredible, that all Men, who knew the Place,  
 “ wondered that any sober Man, with what Cou-  
 “ rage soever endued, would ever have under-  
 “ taken it; and they could hardly persuaded them-  
 “ selves to believe what they had done: While  
 “ the *Spaniards* comforted themselves with the  
 “ Belief, that they were Devils, and not Men,  
 “ who had destroyed them in such a Manner. So  
 “ much a strong Resolution of bold and cou-  
 “ rageous Men can bring to pass, that no Resist-  
 “ ance or Advantage of Ground can disappoint  
 “ them; and it can hardly be imagined how small  
 “ a Loss the *English* sustained in this unparal-  
 “ leled Action, not one Ship being left behind,  
 “ and

and the Killed and Wounded not exceeding 11000 Men; when the Slaughtor on board the *Spanish* Ships and on Shore was incalculable. The General cruised for some Time afterwards with his victorious Fleet at the Mouth of *Gales*, to intercept the *Spanish* Shipping; but finding his Constitution broken by the Fatigue of the last three Years, determin'd to return home; and died before he came to Land.

His Body was embalm'd, and having lain some Time in State at *Greenwich* House, was buried in *Henry* the Seventh's Chapel, with all the Funeral Solemnity due to the Remains of a Man so famous for his Bravery, and so spotless in his Integrity; nor is it without Regret that I am oblig'd to relate the Treatment his Body met a Year after the *Restoration*, when it was taken up by express Command, and buried in a Pit in *St. Margaret's* Church-yard. Had he been guilty of the Murder of *Charles* the First, to insult his Body had been a mean Revenge; but as he was innocent, it was at least Inhumanity, and, perhaps, Ingratitude. *Let no Man*, says the *Oriental* Proverb, *pull a dead Lion by the Beard.*

But that Regard which was denied his Body, has been paid to his better Remains,—his Name and his Memory. Nor has any Writer dared to deny him the Praise of Intrepidity, Honesty, Contempt of Wealth, and Love of his Country.—

“ Ho

“ He was the first Man, says *Clarendon*, that de-  
 “ clined the old Track, and made it appear  
 “ that the Sciences might be attained in less  
 “ Time than was imagined. — He was the first  
 “ Man that brought Ships to contend Castles  
 “ on Shore, which had ever been thought very  
 “ formidable, but were discovered by him to  
 “ make a Noise only, and to fright those who  
 “ could rarely be hurt by them. He was the  
 “ first that infused that Proportion of Courage  
 “ into Seamen, by making them see, by Expe-  
 “ rience, what mighty Things they could do, if  
 “ they were resolved, and taught them to fight  
 “ in Fire as well as upon the Water; and, tho’  
 “ he has been very well imitated and followed,  
 “ was the first that gave the Example of that  
 “ Kind of naval Courage, and bold and resolute  
 “ Achievements.”

To this Attestation of his military Excellence,  
 it may be proper to subjoin an Account of his  
 moral Character, from the Author of *Lives Eng-  
 lish and Foreign*.

“ He was jealous, says that *Writer*, of the Li-  
 “ berty of the Subject, and the Glory of his  
 “ Nation; and as he made Use of no mean Arti-  
 “ fices to raise himself to the highest Command  
 “ at Sea, so he needed no Interest but his Merit  
 “ to support him in it. He scorned nothing  
 “ more than Money, which, as fast as it came  
 “ in



“ in, was laid out by him in the Service of the  
 “ State, and to shew that he was animated by  
 “ that brave, publick Spirit, which has since been  
 “ reckoned rather romantick than herbick. And  
 “ he was so disinterested, that though no Man  
 “ had more Opportunities to enrich himself than  
 “ he, who had taken so many Millions from  
 “ the Enemies of *England*, yet he threw it all  
 “ into the publick Treasury, and did not die  
 “ five hundred Pounds richer than his Father  
 “ left him ; which the Author avers from his  
 “ personal Knowledge of his Family and their  
 “ Circumstances, having been bred up in it, and  
 “ often heard his Brother give this Account of  
 “ him. He was religious, according to the pre-  
 “ tended Purity of those Times, but would fre-  
 “ quently allow himself to be merry with his  
 “ Officers ; and, by his Tenderness and Genero-  
 “ sity to the Seamen, had so endeared himself  
 “ to them, that when he died, they lamented his  
 “ Loss as that of a common Father.”

Instead of more Testimonies, his Character  
 may be properly concluded with one Incident of  
 his Life, by which it appears how much the  
 Spirit of *Blake* was superior to all private Views.  
 His Brother, in the last Action with the *Spa-  
 niards*, having not done his Duty, was, at *Blake's*  
 Desire, discarded, and the Ship was given to an-  
 other ; yet he was not less regardful of him as  
 a Bro-

a Brother, for when he died, he left him his Estate, knowing him well qualified to adorn or enjoy a private Fortune, though he had found him unfit to serve his Country in a publick Character, and had therefore not suffered him to rob it.

F I N I S.

BOOKS printed for F. Newbery, at the Corner of  
St. Paul's Church-yard.

1. **S**IR *Thomas Overbury*, a Tragedy; altered from  
a Manuscript of the late Mr. *Richard Savage*,  
as it is performed at the *Theatre Royal, Covent Gar-  
den*, Price 1s. 6d.

2. *She Stoops to Conquer; or, The Mistakes of a  
Night*, a Comedy, by Dr. *Goldsmith*, price 1s. 6d.

3. *An Essay on Crimes and Punishments*, translated  
from the *Italian* of the *Marquis Beccaria*, with a Com-  
mentary attributed to *Voltaire*, translated from the  
*French*, price 5s.

4. *A Modern System of Natural History*, containing  
accurate Descriptions, and faithful Histories of Ani-  
mals, Vegetables, and Minerals, together with their  
Properties, and various Uses in Medicine, Mecha-  
nics, Manufactures, &c. illustrated with a great Va-  
riety of Copper Plates, accurately drawn from Na-  
ture, and beautifully engraved. By the Reverend  
*Samuel Ward*, Vicar of *Cotterstock cum Glapthorne*,  
*Northamptonshire*, and others, 12 vols, 18vo. price  
18s. bound.

5. *An Historical Account of all the Voyages round the  
World*, performed by English Navigators, including  
those lately undertaken by Order of His present Ma-  
jesty; the whole faithfully extracted from the Journals  
of the Voyagers, viz. *Drake*, *Cavendish*, *Cowley*,  
*Dampier*, *Cooke*, *Rogers*, *Cliputon*, and *Shelvell*,  
*Anson*, *Byron*, *Wallis*, *Carteret*, and *Cook*; together  
with the Voyage of *Monf. Bougainville*, round the  
World, performed by Order of the *French King*; to  
which

BOOKS printed for F. Newbury.

which is added an Appendix, containing the Journal of a Voyage to the North Pole, by the Hon. Commodore Phipps, and Capt. Lutwidge, 4 vol. 8vo. price 1l. 5s.

6. *Memoirs of a Man of Quality*, written originally in the French Tongue, by himself, after his Retirement from the World, 2 vol. 12mo. price 5s.

7. *The Curate of Coventry*, a Tale, written by Mr. Potter, 2 vol. 12mo. price 5s.

8. *The Frugal Housewife; or, Complete Woman's Cook*. Wherein the Art of Dressing all Sorts of Viands with Cleanliness, Decency, and Elegance is explained in Five Hundred approved Receipts in Roasting, Boiling, Frying, Broiling, Gravies, Sauces, Stews, Hashes, Soups, Fricassées, Ragouts, Pasties, Pies, Tarts, Cakes, Puddings, Syllabubs, Creams, Flummery, Jellies, Giams, and Custards; together with the best Method of Potting, Collaring, Preserving, Drying, Candying, Pickling, and making of *English Wines*. To which are added, Twelve new Prints, exhibiting a proper Arrangement of Dinners of two Courses, for every Month in the Year, with various Bills of Fare. By *Susannah Carter of Clerkenwell*, price 1s.